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JUNE 13, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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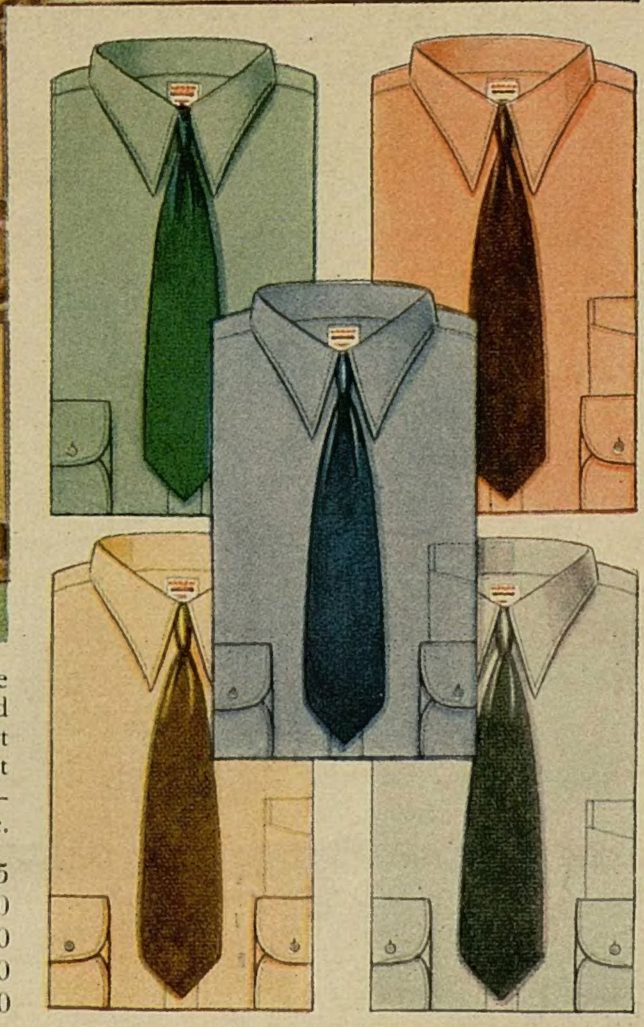
eslie Thrasher

AGATHA CHRISTIE'S Greatest Detective Novel

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE — Begins in This Issue



. . . from start to finish is a LONG, LONG RACE

A LOT of men are still buying carelessly shrunk shirts—guessing at the size—and starting a race with the laundry to see how soon the shirts will bind at the collar, creep up the arms, and climb in the body. With an uncertainly shrunk shirt the race is mighty short. A lot more men have discovered something; they have learned to speak the words "Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk"—right out loud—they have insisted on spotting those words on the label of Arrow's famous lustrous broadcloths. They don't want to be offered something "pretty well shrunk" or "just as good." Most men know that Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk broadcloths are magnificent broadcloth absolutely *guaranteed for permanent fit.* They know the label reading "Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk" *is* that guarantee; that the collar on the shirt is a genuine Arrow, made as only Arrow can tailor a collar; that the broadcloth, in texture and style, is beyond reproach—in short, that there is extra value in every Arrow Broadcloth—which makes it a certain winner for a far longer race. You'd better say "Arrow Sanforized-Shrunk" over half a dozen times right now—and then insist on this label:

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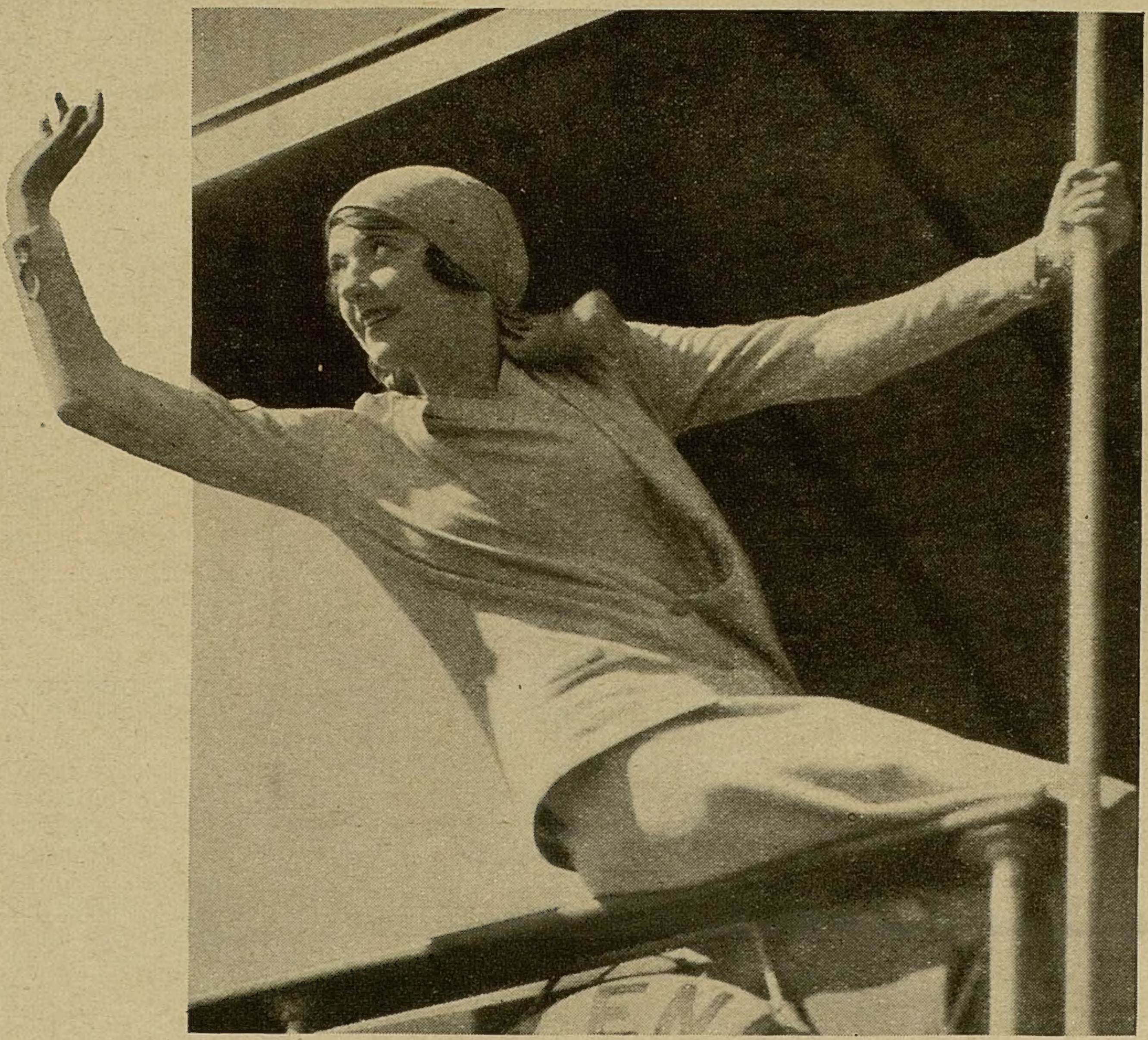

Compared with dentifrices in the 50 cent class, Listerine Tooth Paste at 25 cents saves you $3 a year. Let your fancy dictate what you buy with the money. The bandana is merely a suggestion.

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JUNE 13, 1931

Liberty

VOL. 8 No. 24

A Weekly for Everybody

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. —Abraham Lincoln.

LOST! THE NATION'S MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION

Our pioneer ancestors were governed by a few fundamental laws. They were covered, to a large extent, by the Ten Commandments. These laws were respected by everyone.

But in the last two or three generations our laws have increased by the hundreds of thousands.

Ex-Secretary Hughes on one occasion classed our legislatures as "law factories."

Lawmaking has become so complicated that it is absolutely impossible for one to familiarize himself with the intricate details of these innumerable regulations.

It is not at all an exaggeration to say that our average citizen breaks one or more laws every day of his life. And if there were a really dependable method of punishing every lawbreaker one-half of the population would be confined to jail and the other half engaged in putting them there.

Laws are essential as a governing force just as system is necessary in the conduct of a business enterprise. But system can be carried out in such detail that its original purpose—economical management—would be lost. And laws can be made so stringent in attempting to govern the people's activities in such detail that they become foolishly unjust.

We have so many laws it is difficult and sometimes impossible to get justice.

The outstanding purpose of all law is to promote justice.

But our courts, for example, instead of keeping in view at all times the promotion of justice, try to make decisions in accordance with the letter of the law.

Lawyers and judges will quote decisions that have been handed down by noted jurists; and though the case quoted may be different in many details from that before the court, it is used as a precedent. And such decisions often promote injustice instead of justice.

Prohibitory laws that endeavor to control the morals of the people are poor substitutes for education. You cannot make people good by law. That is a truth which is self-evident.

The prohibition law attempted to stop people from drinking, but no means were adopted to carry on an educational campaign to convince the people of the harmful influence of the liquor habit and the results aimed at cannot possibly be carried out.

And the reason for this is that anyone can make alcoholic liquor by the simple process of fermentation. Fruit juices of any kind if left in a warm place will ferment and become an alcoholic drink. Any sweet fruit can be soaked in water—sugar or honey can be added to water and the fermenting process soon changes it to alcoholic liquor.

Now, what are we gaining by trying to prevent those who want liquor from getting it? We cannot stop them except by one method—and that is education.

But the outstanding query that should be given attention in this country at this time is: What can be done to regain respect for law which apparently has been lost beyond recall?

The citizens of this country must respect its laws! We cannot get anywhere as a nation, our future will be dark and doubtful, if this object cannot be accomplished. That is one of the gravest problems that confronts this nation.

Why, we have laws on the statute books of some of our states that are so inconceivably foolish you would think all the lunatics in all the asylums had had a grand conference at which they were conceived.

Laws of that kind should be annulled. Our laws must be respected. Our statesmen everywhere deplore the attitude of the people throughout the country in reference to some of our legislative restrictions.

"You can take a horse to water but you can't make him drink." And when we have laws on our statute books which any twelve-year-old boy would consider foolish, how can we expect them to be generally respected? To demand respect for laws of this character is nothing more than childish prattle.

We should sift our legal enactments, separate the wheat from the chaff, throw out, annul, the foolishness that we find on our records. Hold on to the real fundamental laws that punish real criminals and stop wasting the time of our police officials in an attempt to punish citizens for minor infractions mostly the products of foolish legislation.

To a large extent such activities on the part of our police are responsible for making us the most lawless nation on earth. They haven't the time to detect and arrest real criminals. Thieves and murderers are now reaping a rich harvest in this country. In New York, for example, only one killer out of every five is arrested and convicted. In Chicago last year there were 350 homicides with only fifty-five convictions.

If we want our laws to be respected we must make them worthy. The annulment of thousands upon thousands of inconceivably ridiculous laws that clutter up our statute books is a necessity if this important object is to be attained.

Our country has grown to be the world's greatest power largely because of our adherence to the principles of good government, and now that we have lost respect for law, our most precious possession, what will be our ultimate fate? We can only guess as to the outcome.

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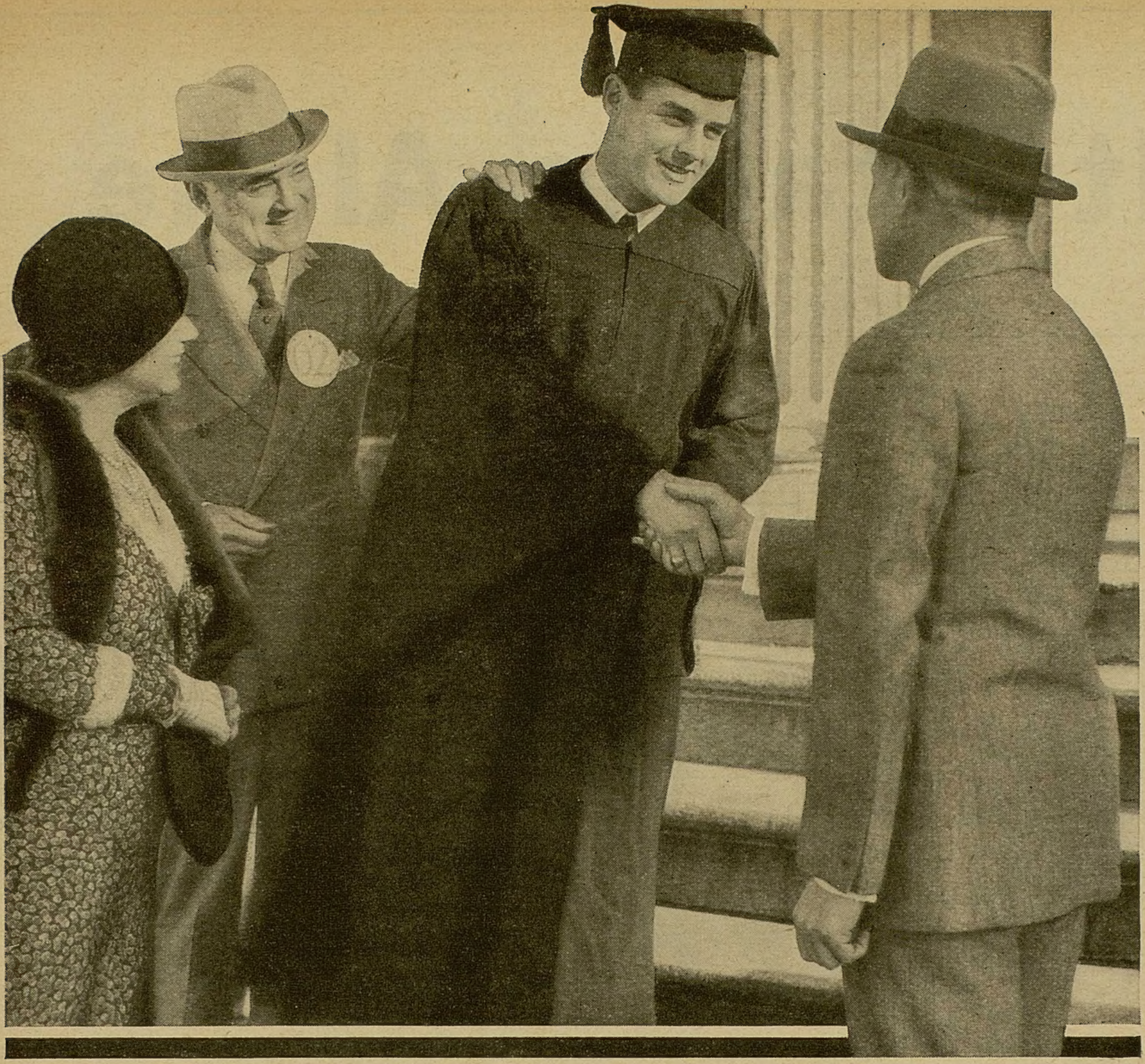


MAKING
NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING
THE OLD

HEARTY APPROVAL OF THE TASK WELL DONE

Don't you think this is true about commencement: It isn't the ceremonies that count so much, nor even one's satisfaction in a job well finished, but, isn't it rather the generous appreciation—the hearty approval of friends, relatives and the family—that makes the day so very happy and memorable?

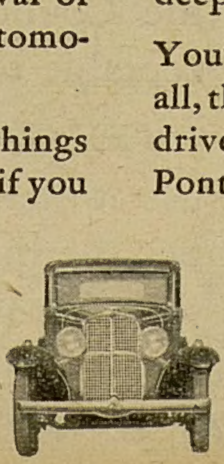
That very same thing is true of business. The 1931 Oaklands and Pontiacs have been very successful. We like that, of course, but what we like a great deal more is the hearty manner in which our friends express approval of these cars whenever and wherever automobiles are discussed.

Of course, different people like different things about automobiles, but we believe that if you ask almost any Oakland or Pontiac owner about his car, the first thing he would say would be about this:

He likes the way his car performs—the fact that it gets away quickly, never labors and has a top speed he'll hardly ever use. He likes the appearance of his car—his friends like it, and his family is proud of it. And, finally, both he and his family like the comfort of their car—the quiet ease of its Fisher body, insulated against heat and cold, and with adjustable, deep-cushioned seats.

You'll probably like the same things, but after all, the only satisfactory way to know a car is to drive it. Won't you visit your nearest Oakland-Pontiac dealer and take the wheel yourself?

OAKLAND 8 PONTIAC 6



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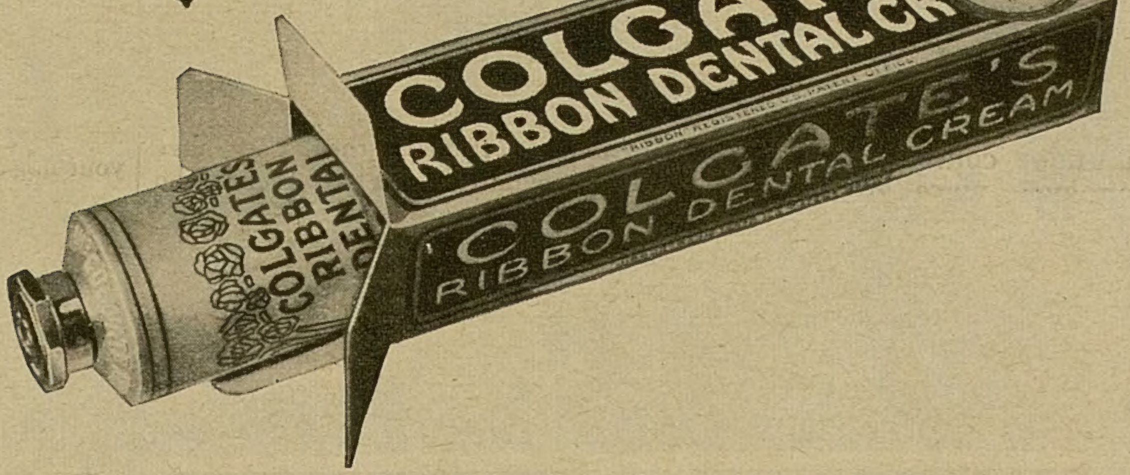

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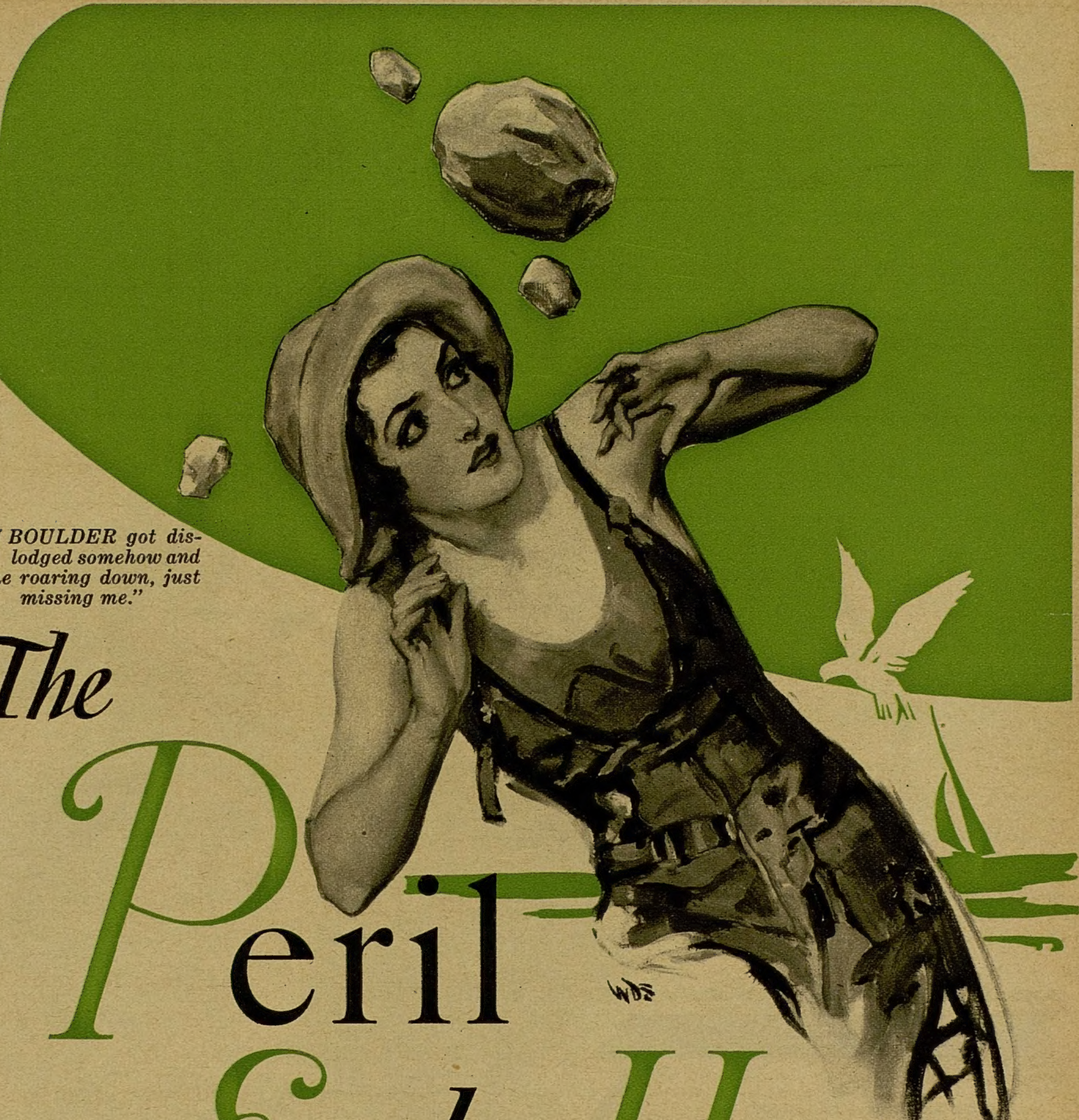

"A BOULDER got dislodged somehow and came roaring down, just missing me."

The Peril at End House

A Story of Death That Struck from the Dark

By

AGATHA CHRISTIE

whose father was a New Yorker, though she was born and brought up in England. She is the author of a dozen-odd widely known novels, among them The Big Four, The Mystery of the Blue Train, Partners in Crime, and Murder at the Vicarage. She is married and has one daughter.

Pictures by W. D. STEVENS

PART ONE
Enter the Girl

(Reading time: 31 minutes.)

NO seaside town in the south of England is, I think, as attractive as St. Loo. It reminds one forcibly of the Riviera. The Cornish coast is to my mind every bit as fascinating as that of the south of France.

I remarked as much to my friend, Hercule Poirot.

"So it said on our menu in the restaurant car yesterday, *mon ami.* Your remark is not original."

"But don't you agree?"

He was smiling to himself and did not at once answer my question. I repeated it.

"A thousand pardons, Hastings. My thoughts were wandering. Wandering, indeed, to that part of the world you mentioned just now."

"The south of France?"

"Yes. I was thinking of that last winter that I spent

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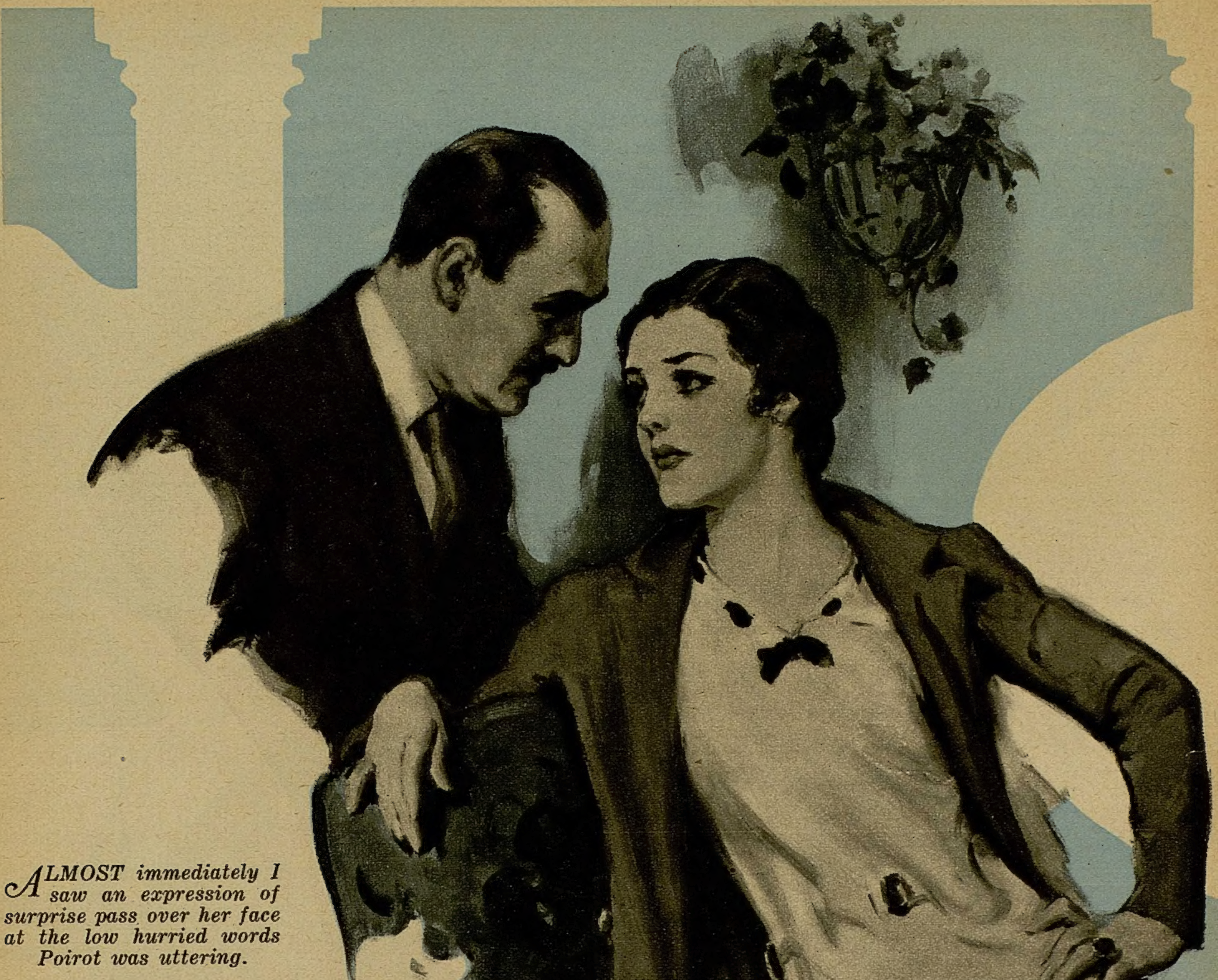


ALMOST immediately I saw an expression of surprise pass over her face at the low hurried words Poirot was uttering.

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page seven

there and of the events which occurred."

I remembered. A murder had been committed on the Blue Train, and the mystery had been solved by Poirot.

"How I wish I had been with you," I said with deep regret.

"I, too," said Poirot. "Your experience would have been invaluable to me."

I looked at him sideways. As a result of long habit, I distrust his compliments, but he appeared perfectly serious. And, after all, why not? I have had a very long experience of the methods he employs.

"WHAT I particularly missed was your vivid imagination, Hastings," he went on. "One needs a certain amount of light relief. My valet, Georges, an admirable man with whom I sometimes permitted myself to discuss a point, has no imagination whatever."

This remark seemed to me quite irrelevant.

"Tell me, Poirot," I said, "are you never tempted to renew your activities? This passive life—"

"—suits me admirably, my friend. To sit in the sun—what could be more charming? To step from your pedestal at the zenith of your fame—what could be a grander gesture? They say of me—'That is Hercule Poirot! The great! The unique! There was never anyone like him; there never will be!' *Eh bien,* I am satisfied. I ask no more. I am modest."

It seemed to me that my little friend's egotism had certainly not declined with his years.

We were sitting on one of the terraces of the Majestic

Hotel. It is the biggest hotel in St. Loo and stands in its own grounds on a headland overlooking the sea. The gardens of the hotel lay below us freely interspersed with palm trees. The sea was of a deep and lovely blue, the sky clear, and the sun shining. There was a vigorous humming of bees, a pleasant sound.

We had arrived only last night, and this was the first morning of what we proposed should be a week's stay.

I picked up the morning paper which had fallen from my hand and resumed my perusal of the morning's news.

I turned a page.

" Still no news of that flying fellow, Seton, in his round-the-world flight. Pretty plucky, these fellows. That amphibian machine of his, the Albatross, must be a great invention. Too bad if he's gone west. Not that they've given up hope yet. He may have made one of the Pacific islands."

" The Solomon Islanders are still cannibals, are they not? " inquired Poirot pleasantly.

My attention had strayed to political news.

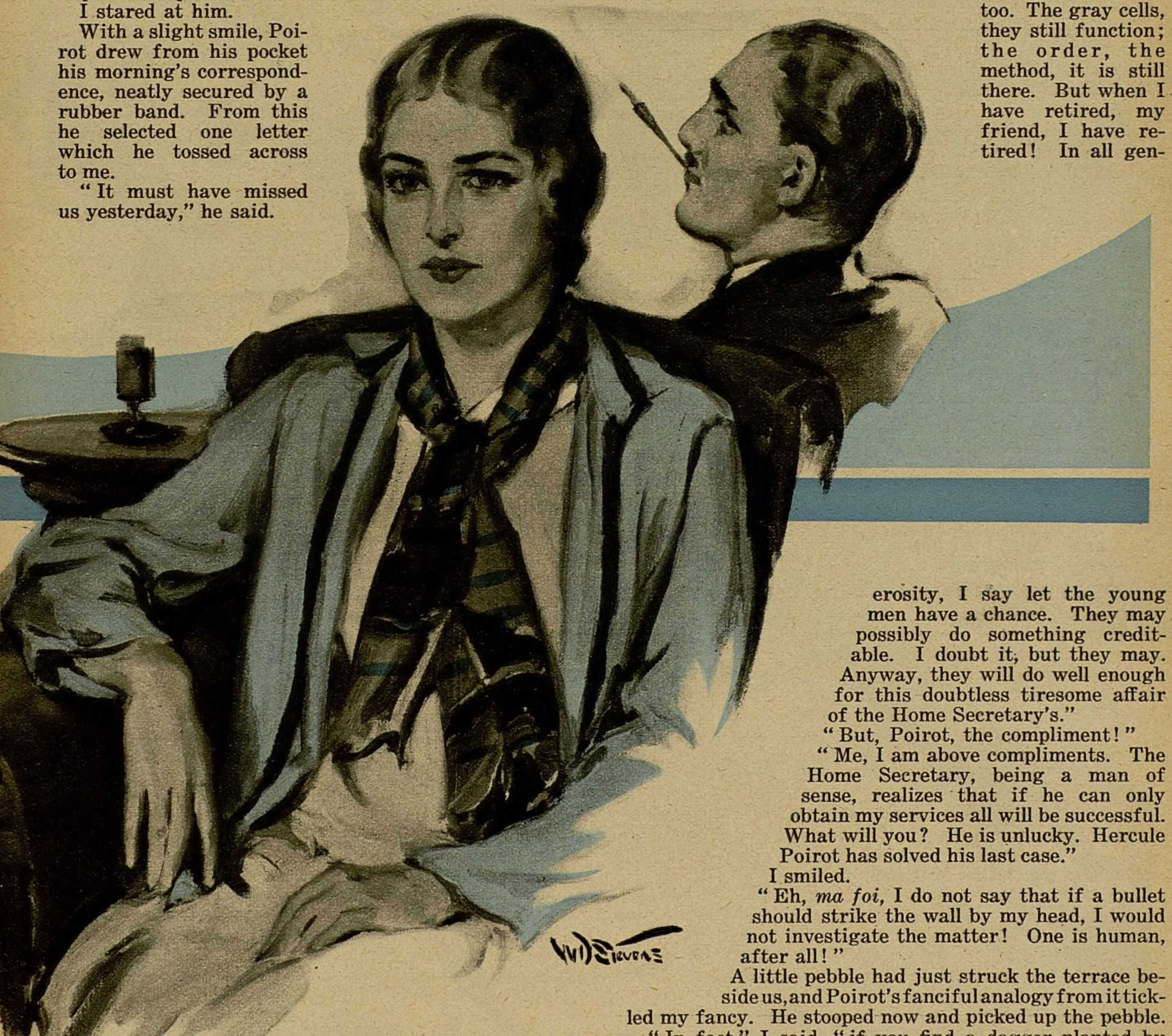
" They seem to be giving the Home Secretary a pretty bad time of it," I remarked with a chuckle.

" The poor man. He has his troubles, that one. Ah, yes. So much so that he seeks for help in the most improbable quarters."

I stared at him.

With a slight smile, Poirot drew from his pocket his morning's correspondence, neatly secured by a rubber band. From this he selected one letter which he tossed across to me.

" It must have missed us yesterday," he said.



I read the letter with a pleasurable feeling of excitement.

" But, Poirot," I cried, " this is most flattering! He begs you to investigate this matter for him—puts it as a personal favor."

" Quite so."

" It's too bad! " I cried. " This will put an end to our holiday."

" No, no—*calmez-vous*—there is no question of that."

" But the Home Secretary says the matter is urgent. Surely we ought to be making arrangements? The express to London has gone—it leaves at twelve o'clock. The next—"

"CALM yourself, Hastings, I pray of you! Always the excitement, the agitation. We are not going to London today—nor yet tomorrow. I am asked to undertake a case as a private investigator. I refuse."

" You *refuse?* "

" Certainly. I write with perfect politeness, tender my regrets, my apologies, explain that I am completely desolated—but what will you? I have retired—I am finished."

" You are not finished! " I exclaimed warmly.

Poirot patted my knee.

" There speaks the good friend—the faithful dog. And you have reason, too. The gray cells, they still function; the order, the method, it is still there. But when I have retired, my friend, I have retired! In all generosity, I say let the young men have a chance. They may possibly do something creditable. I doubt it, but they may. Anyway, they will do well enough for this doubtless tiresome affair of the Home Secretary's."

" But, Poirot, the compliment! "

" Me, I am above compliments. The Home Secretary, being a man of sense, realizes that if he can only obtain my services all will be successful. What will you? He is unlucky. Hercule Poirot has solved his last case."

I smiled.

" Eh, *ma foi,* I do not say that if a bullet should strike the wall by my head, I would not investigate the matter! One is human, after all! "

A little pebble had just struck the terrace beside us, and Poirot's fanciful analogy from it tickled my fancy. He stooped now and picked up the pebble.

" In fact," I said, " if you find a dagger planted by your pillow tomorrow morning, let the criminal who put it there beware! "

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page nine

He nodded, but rather absently.

Suddenly, to my surprise, he rose and descended the couple of steps that led from the terrace to the garden. As he did so, a girl came into sight hurrying toward us. I had just registered the impression that she was a decidedly pretty girl when my attention was drawn to Poirot, who, not looking where he was going, had stumbled over a root and fallen heavily. He was just abreast of the girl at the time and she and I between us helped him to his feet. My attention was, naturally, on my friend, but I was conscious of an impression of dark hair, an impish face, and big dark-blue eyes.

"A thousand pardons," stammered Poirot. "Mademoiselle, you are most kind. I regret exceedingly—Ouch! My foot he pains me considerably. No, no, it is nothing really—the turned ankle, that is all. In a few minutes all will be well. But if you could help me, Hastings—you and mademoiselle between you, if she will be so very kind. I am ashamed to ask it of her."

We soon got Poirot on to a chair on the terrace. I then suggested fetching a doctor, but this my friend negatived sharply.

"It is nothing, I tell you. The ankle turned, that is all. Painful for the moment, but soon over." He made a grimace. "See, in a little minute I shall have forgotten. Mademoiselle, I thank you a thousand times. You were most kind. Sit down, I beg of you."

THE girl took a chair. "It's nothing," she said, "but I wish you would let it be seen to."

"Mademoiselle, it is a bagatelle! In the pleasure of your society the pain passes already."

The girl laughed.

"What about a cocktail?" I suggested. "It's just about the time."

"Well" — she hesitated — "thanks very much."

"Martini?"

"Yes, please—dry Martini."

I went off. On my return, after having ordered the drinks, I found Poirot and the girl engaged in animated conversation. "Imagine, Hastings," he said, "that house there—the one on the point, that we have admired so much—it belongs to mademoiselle here."

"Indeed?" I said, though I was unable to recall having expressed any admiration. In fact, I had hardly noticed the house. "It looks rather eerie and imposing, standing there by itself, far from anything."

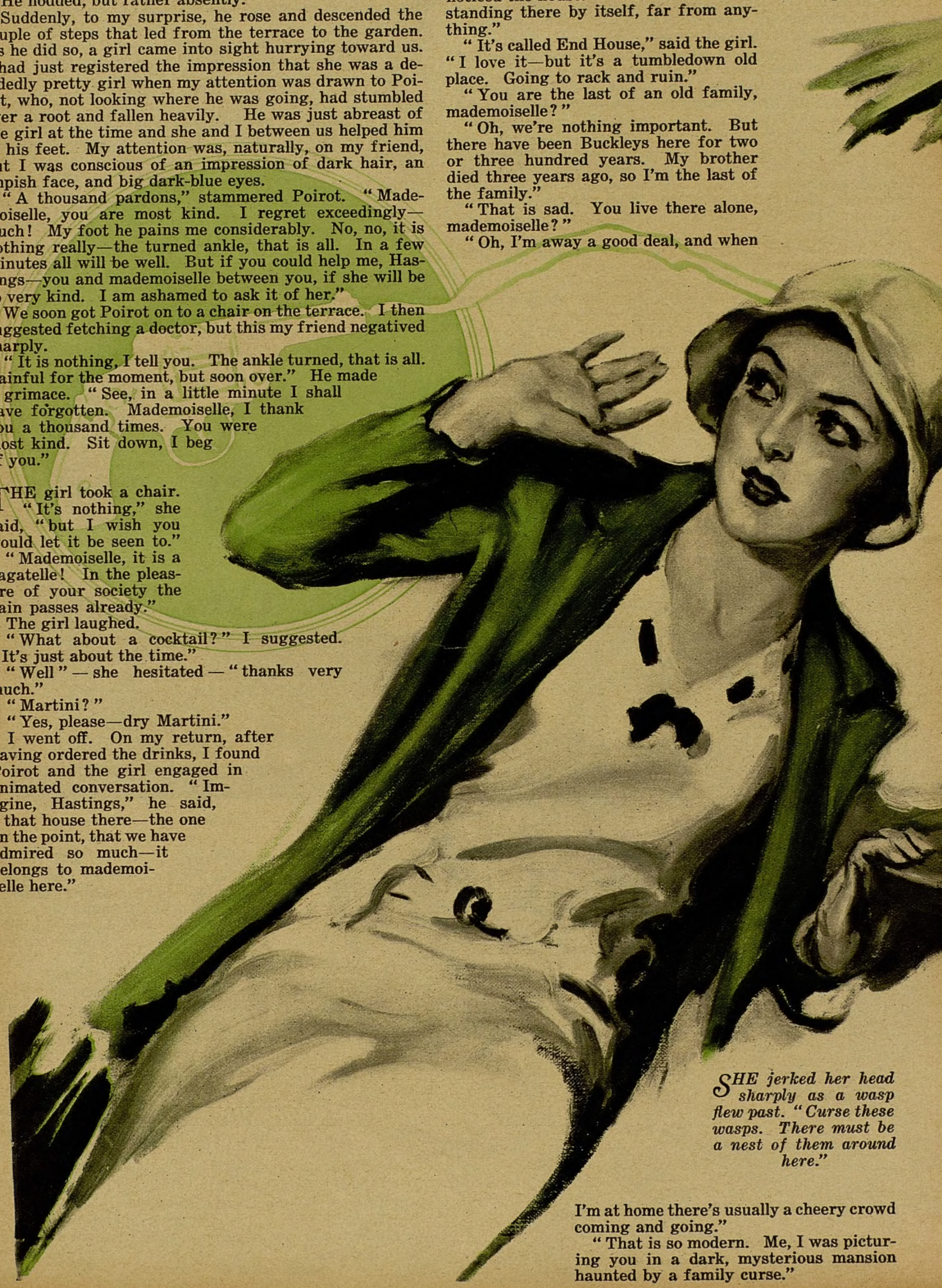
"It's called End House," said the girl. "I love it—but it's a tumbledown old place. Going to rack and ruin."

"You are the last of an old family, mademoiselle?"

"Oh, we're nothing important. But there have been Buckleys here for two or three hundred years. My brother died three years ago, so I'm the last of the family."

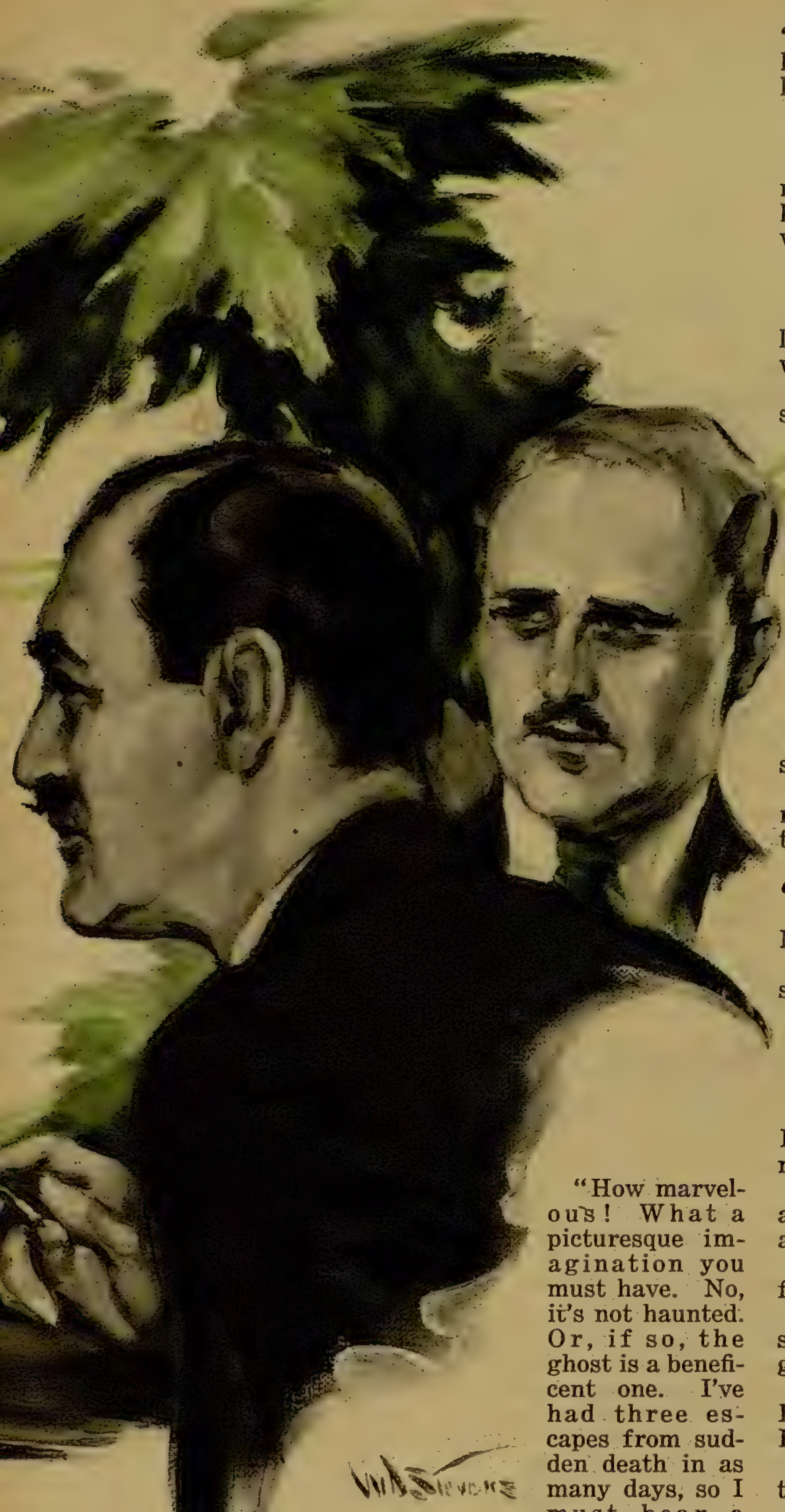
"That is sad. You live there alone, mademoiselle?"

"Oh, I'm away a good deal, and when I'm at home there's usually a cheery crowd coming and going."



SHE jerked her head sharply as a wasp flew past. "Curse these wasps. There must be a nest of them around here."

"That is so modern. Me, I was picturing you in a dark, mysterious mansion haunted by a family curse."



"How marvelous! What a picturesque imagination you must have. No, it's not haunted. Or, if so, the ghost is a beneficent one. I've had three escapes from sudden death in as many days, so I must bear a charmed life."

Poirot sat up alertly.

"Escapes from death? That ounds interesting, mademoiselle."

"Oh, they weren't very thrilling. Just accidents, you know." She jerked her head sharply as a wasp flew past. "Curse these wasps. There must be a nest of them around here."

"The bees and the wasps, you do not like them, mademoiselle? You have been stung, yes?"

"No, but I hate the way they come right past your face."

"The bee in the bonnet," said Poirot. "Your English phrase."

At that moment the cocktails arrived. We all held up our glasses and made the usual inane observations.

"I'm due in the hotel for cocktails really," said Miss Buckley. "I expect they're wondering what has become of me."

Poirot cleared his throat and set down his glass.

"Ah, for a cup of good rich chocolate," he murmured. "But in England they make it not. Still, in England you have some very pleasing customs. The young girls, their hats they come on and off—so prettily—so easily—"

The girl stared at him.

"What do you mean? Why shouldn't they?"

"You ask that because you are young—so young, mademoiselle. But to me the natural thing seems to have a coiffure high and rigid—so—and the hat attached with many hatpins—*là—là—là—et là.*"

He executed four vicious jabs in the air.

"But how frightfully uncomfortable!"

"Ah! I should think so," said Poirot. No martyred lady could have spoken with more feeling. "When the wind blew, it was the agony—it gave you the migraine."

Miss Buckley dragged off the simple wide-brimmed felt she was wearing and cast it down beside her.

"And now we do this," she laughed.

"Which is sensible and charming," said Poirot with a little bow.

I looked at her with interest. Her dark hair was ruffled and gave her an elfin look. There was something elfin about her altogether. The small vivid face, pansy shaped, the enormous dark-blue eyes, and something else—something haunting and arresting. Was it a hint of recklessness? There were dark shadows under the eyes.

The terrace on which we were sitting was a little-used one. The main terrace, where most people sat, was just round the corner at a point where the cliff shelved directly down to the sea.

From round this corner now there appeared a man, a red-faced man with a rolling carriage. There was something breezy and carefree about him—a typical sailor.

"I CAN'T think where the girl's got to," he was saying in tones that easily carried to where we sat. "Nick—Nick."

Miss Buckley rose. "I knew they'd be getting in a state. Attaboy, George. Here I am."

"Freddie's frantic for a drink. Come on, girl."

He cast a glance of frank curiosity at Poirot.

The girl performed a wave of introduction.

"This is Commander Challenger—er—"

But to my surprise Poirot did not supply the name. Instead he rose, bowed, and murmured: "Of the English navy. I have a great regard for the English navy."

This type of remark is not one that an Englishman acclaims most readily. Commander Challenger flushed and Nick Buckley took command of the situation.

"Come on, George." She smiled at Poirot. "Thanks for the cocktail. I hope the ankle will be all right."

With a nod to me she slipped her hand through the sailor's arm and they disappeared round the corner together.

"So that is one of mademoiselle's friends," murmured Poirot thoughtfully. "Give me your expert judgment, Hastings. Is he what you call a good fellow—yes?"

"He seems all right—yes," I said. "So far as one can tell by a cursory glance."

"I wonder," said Poirot.

The girl had left her hat behind. Poirot stooped to pick it up and twirled it round absent-mindedly on his finger. "Has he a *tendresse* for her? What do you think, Hastings?"

"My dear Poirot! How *can* I tell? Here, give me that hat. The lady will want it. I'll take it to her."

Poirot paid no attention to my request. He continued to revolve the hat slowly on his finger.

"*Pas encore. Ca m'amuse.*"

"Really, Poirot!"

"Yes, my friend, I grow old and childish, do I not?"

This was so exactly what I was feeling that I was somewhat disconcerted to have it put into words. Poirot gave a little chuckle, then leaning forward he laid a finger against the side of his nose.

"But no—I am not so completely imbecile as you think! We will return the hat—but assuredly—but later. We will return it to End House and thus we shall have the opportunity of seeing the charming Miss Nick again."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page eleven

"Poirot," I said, "I believe you have fallen in love."

"She is a pretty girl—eh?"

"Well, you saw for yourself. Why ask me?"

"Because, alas! I cannot judge. To me, nowadays, anything young is beautiful. *Jeunesse—jeunesse.* It is the tragedy of my years. But you—I appeal to you. Your judgment is not up to date, naturally, having lived in the Argentine so long. You admire the figure of five years ago, but you are, at any rate, more modern than I am. She is pretty—yes? She has the appeal to the sexes?"

"One sex is sufficient, Poirot. The answer, I should say, is very much in the affirmative. Why are you so interested in the lady?"

"I may be interested in the lady—yes—but I am much more interested in her hat."

I stared at him, but he appeared perfectly serious. He nodded at me. "Yes, Hastings, this very hat." He held it toward me. "You see the reason for my interest?"

I looked at it more closely.

"A perfectly plain fawn felt. Good style—"

"It is plain that you do *not* see. Almost incredible, my poor Hastings, how you hardly ever *do* see! It amazes me every time anew! But regard, my dear old imbecile—it is not necessary to employ the gray cells; the eyes will do. Regard—regard—"

And then at last I saw to what he had been trying to draw my attention. The slowly turning hat was revolving on his finger, and that finger was stuck neatly through a hole in the brim of the hat. When he saw that I had realized his meaning, he drew his finger out and held the hat toward me. It was a small neat hole, quite round.

"Did you observe the way Mademoiselle Nick flinched when a bee flew past? The bee in the bonnet—the hole in the hat."

"But a bee couldn't make a hole like that."

"Exactly, Hastings! What acumen! It could not. But a bullet could, *mon cher!*"

"A bullet?"

"*Mais oui!* A bullet like this."

He held out his hand with a small object in the palm of it. "A spent bullet, *mon ami.* It was that which hit the terrace just now, when we were talking. A spent bullet!"

"You mean—?"

"I mean that one inch of difference and that hole would be not through the hat but through the head. Ah, but he made a grave mistake, that would-be murderer, when he shot at his victim within a dozen yards of Hercule Poirot! For him it is indeed *la mauvaise chance.* But you see now why we must make our entry into End House and get into touch with mademoiselle? Three near escapes from death in three days. That is what she said. We must act quickly, Hastings. The peril is very close at hand."

II

"POIROT," I said, "I have been thinking."

"An admirable exercise, my friend. Continue it."

We were sitting facing each other at lunch at a small table in the window.

"This shot must have been fired quite close to us. And yet we did not hear it."

"And you think that in the peaceful stillness, with the rippling waves the only sound, we should have done so?"

"Well, it's odd."

"No, it is not odd. Some sounds—you get used to them so soon that you hardly notice they are there. All this morning, my friend, speed boats have been making trips in the bay. You complained at first; soon, you did not even notice. But, *ma foi,* you could fire a machine gun almost and not notice it when one of those boats is on the sea."

"Yes, that's true."

"Ah, *voilà!*" murmured Poirot. "Mademoiselle and her friends—they are to lunch here, it seems. Therefore I must return the hat. But no matter. The affair is sufficiently serious to warrant a visit all on its own."

He leaped up nimbly from his seat, hurried across the room, and presented the hat with a bow just as Miss Buckley and her companions were seating themselves at table.

They were a party of four: Nick Buckley, Commander Challenger, another man, and another girl. From where we sat we had a very imperfect view of them. From time to time the naval man's laugh boomed out. He seemed a simple, likable soul, and I had already taken a fancy to him.

My friend was silent and *distrait* during our meal. He crumbled his bread, made strange little ejaculations to himself, and straightened everything on the table.

HE continued to sit on at the table long after he had finished his cheese. As soon as the other party had left the room, however, he, too, rose to his feet. They were just settling themselves at a table in the lounge when Poirot marched up to them in his most military fashion, and addressed Nick directly.

"Mademoiselle, may I crave one little word with you."

The girl frowned. I realized her feelings clearly enough. She was afraid that this queer little foreigner was going to be a nuisance. I could not but sympathize with her, knowing how it must appear in her eyes. Rather unwillingly she moved a few steps aside.

Almost immediately I saw an expression of surprise pass over her face at the low hurried words Poirot was uttering. In the meantime I was feeling rather awkward and ill at ease. Challenger, with ready tact, came to my rescue, offering me a cigarette and making some commonplace observation. We had taken each other's measure and were inclined to be sympathetic to each other. I fancied that I was more his own kind than the man with whom he had been lunching. I now had the opportunity of observing the latter. A tall, fair, rather exquisite young man. He had a supercilious manner and a tired drawl. There was a sleekness about him that I especially disliked.

Then I looked at the woman. She was sitting straight opposite me in a big chair and had just thrown off her hat. She was an unusual type—a weary Madonna describes it best. She had a curious look of detachment. She was staring at me. Suddenly she spoke.

"Sit down—till your friend has finished with Nick."

She had an affected voice, languid and artificial, yet which had withal a curious attraction, a kind of resonant, lingering beauty. She impressed me, I think, as the most tired person I had ever met. Tired in mind, not in body, as though she had found everything in the world to be empty and valueless.

"Miss Buckley very kindly helped my friend when he twisted his ankle this morning," I explained, as I accepted her offer.

"So Nick said." Her eyes considered me, still detachedly. "Nothing wrong with his ankle now, is there?"

I felt myself blushing.

"Just a momentary sprain," I explained.

"Oh, well, I'm glad to hear Nick didn't invent the whole thing. She's the most heaven-sent little liar that ever existed, you know. Amazing—it's quite a gift."

I hardly knew what to say. My discomfiture seemed to amuse her. "She's one of my oldest friends," she said, "and I always think loyalty's such a tiresome virtue, don't you? Principally practiced by the Scotch—like thrift and keeping the Sabbath. But Nick is a liar, isn't she, Jim? That marvelous story about the brakes of the car, and Jim says there was nothing in it at all."

The fair man said in a soft, rich voice:

"I know something about cars."

He half turned his head. Outside, among other cars was a long red car. It seemed longer and redder than any car could be. It had a long gleaming bonnet of polished metal. A supercar.

"Is that your car?" I asked on a sudden impulse.

He nodded. "Yes."

Poirot rejoined us at that moment. I rose, he took me by the arm, gave a quick bow to the party, and drew me rapidly away. "It is arranged, my friend. We are to call on mademoiselle at End House at half past six. She will be returned from the motoring by then. Yes, yes, surely she will have returned—in safety."

His face was anxious and his tone was worried.

"What did you say to her?"

"I asked her to accord me an interview—as soon as possible. She was a little unwilling, naturally. She thinks—I can see the thoughts passing through her mind —'Who is he—this little man? Is he the bounder, the upstart, the moving-picture director?' If she could have refused she would, but it is difficult. Asked like that, on the spur of the moment it is easier to consent. She admits that she will be back by six thirty. *Ça y est!*"

I remarked that that seemed to be all right, then, but my remark met with little favor. Indeed, Poirot was as jumpy as the proverbial cat. He walked about our sitting room all the afternoon, murmuring to himself. In the end we started out from the hotel at barely six o'clock.

"It seems incredible," I remarked, as we descended the steps of the terrace, "to attempt to shoot anyone in a hotel garden. Only a madman would do such a thing."

"I disagree with you. Given one condition, it would be quite a reasonably safe affair. To begin with, the garden is deserted. It is customary to sit on the terrace overlooking the bay—*eh bien,* so everyone sits on the terrace. Only I, who am an original, sit overlooking the garden. And, even then, I *saw* nothing. There is plenty of cover, you observe—trees, groups of palms, flowering shrubs. Anyone could hide himself comfortably and be unobserved whilst he waited for mademoiselle to pass this way. And she would come this way. To come round by the road from End House would be much longer. Mademoiselle Nick Buckley, she would be of those who are always late and taking the short cut!"

"All the same, the risk was enormous. He might have been seen, and you can't make shooting look like an accident."

"Not like an *accident*—no."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing; a little idea. I may or may not be justified. Leaving it aside for a moment, there is what I mentioned just now—an essential *condition.*"

"Which is?"

"Surely you can tell me, Hastings."

"I wouldn't like to deprive you of the pleasure of being clever at my expense!"

"OH, the sarcasm! The irony! Well, what leaps to the eye is this: the motive cannot be obvious. If it *were* —why, then truly the risk would indeed be too great to be taken! People would say: 'I wonder if it was So-and-so. Where was So-and-so when the shot was fired?' No, the murderer—the would-be murderer, I should say—cannot be obvious. And that, Hastings, is why I am afraid! Yes, at this minute I am afraid. I reassure myself. I say, 'There are four of them.' I say, 'Nothing can happen when they are all together.' I say, 'It would be madness!' And all the time I am afraid. These 'accidents'—I want to hear about them!"

He turned back abruptly.

"It is still early. We will go the other way, by the road. The garden has nothing to tell us. Let us inspect the orthodox approach to End House."

Our way led out of the front gate of the hotel, up a sharp hill to the right, and at the top of it a small lane with a notice on the wall, "To End House Only."

We followed it, and after a few hundred yards the lane gave an abrupt turn and ended in a pair of dilapidated entrance gates, which would have been the better for a coat of paint. Inside the gates, to the right, was a small lodge. This lodge presented a piquant contrast to the gates and to the condition of the grass-grown drive. The small garden round it was spick and span, the window frames and sashes had been lately painted, and there were clean bright curtains at the windows.

Bending over a flower bed was a man in a faded Norfolk jacket. He straightened up as the gate creaked, and turned to look at us. He was a man of about sixty, six foot at least, with a powerful frame and a weather-beaten face. His head was almost completely bald. His eyes were a vivid blue, and twinkled. He seemed a genial soul.

"Good afternoon," he observed as we passed.

I responded in kind, and as we went on up the drive I was conscious of those blue eyes raking our backs inquisitively.

"I wonder," said Poirot thoughtfully.

He left it at that without vouchsafing any explanation of what it was that he wondered.

The house itself was large and rather dreary looking. It was shut in by trees, the branches of which actually touched the roof. It was clearly in bad repair. Poirot swept it with an appraising glance before ringing the bell.

The door was opened by a middle-aged woman; "a decent woman in black," so I felt she should be described.

MISS BUCKLEY, she said, had not yet returned. Poirot explained that we had an appointment. He had some little difficulty in gaining his point. She was the type that is apt to be suspicious of foreigners. Indeed, I flatter myself that it was *my* appearance which turned the scale. We were admitted and ushered into the drawing-room to await Miss Buckley's return.

There was no mournful note here. The room gave on the sea and was full of sunshine. It was shabby and betrayed conflicting styles—ultramodern of a cheap variety superimposed on solid Victorian. The curtains were of faded brocade, but the covers were new and gay and the cushions were positively hectic. On the walls were hung family portraits. Some of them, I thought, looked remarkably good. There was a gramophone and some records lying idly about. There was a portable wireless, practically no books, and one newspaper flung open on the end of the sofa. Poirot picked it up, then laid it down with a grimace. It was the St. Loo Weekly Herald and Directory. Something impelled him to pick it up a second time, and he was glancing at a column when the door opened and Nick Buckley came into the room.

"Bring the ice, Ellen," she called over her shoulder, then addressed herself to us.

"Well, here I am, and I've shaken off the others. I'm devoured with curiosity. Am I the long-lost heroine that is badly wanted for the talkies? You were so very solemn," she addressed herself to Poirot, "that I feel it can't be anything else. Do make me a handsome offer."

"Alas, mademoiselle—" began Poirot.

"Don't say it's the opposite," she begged him. "Don't say you paint miniatures and want me to buy one. But no—with that mustache and staying at the Majestic, which has the nastiest food and the highest prices in England—no, it simply can't be."

The woman who had opened the door to us came into the room with ice and a tray of bottles. Nick mixed cocktails expertly, continuing to talk. I think at last Poirot's silence (so unlike him) impressed itself upon her. She stopped in the very act of filling the glasses and said sharply: "Well?"

"That is what I wish it to be—well, mademoiselle." He took the cocktail from her hand. "To your good health, mademoiselle—to your continued good health."

The girl was no fool. The significance of his tone was not lost on her. "Is—anything the matter?"

"Yes, mademoiselle. This."

He held out his hand to her with the bullet on the palm of it. She picked it up with a puzzled frown.

"You know what that is?"

"Yes, of course I know. It's a bullet."

"Exactly. Mademoiselle, it was not a wasp that flew past your face this morning. It was a bullet."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE PERIL AT END HOUSE
Continued from page thirteen

"Do you mean—was some criminal idiot shooting bullets in a hotel garden?"

"It would seem so."

"Well, I'm damned," said Nick frankly. "I do seem to bear a charmed life. That's number four."

"Yes," said Poirot, "that is number four. I want, mademoiselle, to hear about the other three—accidents."

She stared at him.

"I want to be very sure, mademoiselle, that they were—accidents."

"Why, of course! What else could they be?"

"Mademoiselle, prepare yourself, I beg, for a great shock. What if someone is attempting your life?"

All Nick's response to this was a burst of laughter.

"What a marvelous idea! My dear man, who on earth do you think would attempt my life? I'm not the beautiful young heiress whose death releases millions. I wish somebody *was* trying to kill me—that *would* be a thrill, if you like—but I'm afraid there's not a hope!"

"Will you tell me, mademoiselle, about those accidents?"

"Of course, but there's nothing in it. They were just stupid things. There's a heavy picture hangs over my bed. It fell in the night. Just by pure chance I had happened to hear a door banging somewhere in the house and went down to find it and shut it, and so I escaped. It would probably have dashed my head in. That's number one."

Poirot did not smile.

"Continue, mademoiselle. Let us pass to number two."

"Oh, that's weaker still. There's a scrambly cliff path down to the sea. I go down that way to bathe. There's a rock you can dive off. A boulder got dislodged somehow and came roaring down, just missing me. The third thing was quite different. Something went wrong with the brakes of the car—I don't know quite what; the garage man explained, but I didn't follow it. Anyway, if I'd gone through the gate and down that hill, they wouldn't have held, and I suppose I'd have gone slap into the Town Hall and there would have been the devil of a smash. Slight defacement of the Town Hall, complete obliteration of me. But, owing to my *always* leaving something behind, I turned back and merely ran into the laurel hedge."

"And you cannot tell me what the trouble was?"

"You can go and ask them at Mott's garage. They'll know. It was something quite simple and mechanical that had been unscrewed, I think. I wondered if Ellen's boy (my stand-by, who opened the door to you, has got a small boy) had tinkered with it. Boys do like messing about with cars. Of course, Ellen swore he'd never been near the car. I think something must just have worked loose, in spite of what Mott said."

"WHERE is your garage, mademoiselle?"

"Round the other side of the house."

"Is it kept locked?"

Nick's eyes widened in surprise.

"Oh, *no*. Of course not."

"Anyone could tamper with the car unobserved?"

"Well — yes — I suppose so. But it's so silly."

"No, mademoiselle, it is not silly. You do not understand. You are in danger—grave danger. I tell it to you. I! And you do not know who I am?"

"No," said Nick breathlessly.

"I am Hercule Poirot."

"Oh!" said Nick in rather a flat tone. "Oh, yes."

"You know my name, eh?"

"Oh, yes."

She wriggled uncomfortably. Poirot observed her keenly.

"You are not at ease. That means, I suppose, that you have not read my books."

"Well, no—not all of them. But I know the name, of course."

"Mademoiselle, you are a polite little liar." (I started, remembering the words spoken at the Majestic Hotel that day after lunch.) "I forget—you are only a child—you would not have heard. So quickly does fame pass. My friend there—he will tell you."

Nick looked at me. I cleared my throat, embarrassed.

"Monsieur Poirot is—er—was—a great detective," I explained.

"Ah, my friend!" cried Poirot. "Is that all you can find to say? *Mais dis donc!* Say, then, to mademoiselle that I am a detective unique, unsurpassed, the greatest that ever lived!"

"That is now unnecessary," I said coldly. "You have told her yourself."

"Ah, yes, but it is more agreeable to have been able to preserve the modesty. One should not sing one's own praises."

"One should not keep a dog and have to bark oneself," agreed Nick with mock sympathy. "Who is the dog, by the way? Dr. Watson, I presume."

"My name is Hastings," I said coldly.

"BATTLE of—1066," said Nick. "Who said I wasn't educated? Well, this is all too, *too* marvelous! Do you think someone really wants to do away with me? It would be thrilling. But of course that sort of thing doesn't really happen. Only in books. I expect Monsieur Poirot is like a doctor who's found an obscure disease and wants everyone to have it."

"*Sacré tonnerre!*" thundered Poirot. "Will you be serious? You young people of today, will nothing make you serious? It would not have been a joke, mademoiselle, if you had been lying in the hotel garden a pretty little corpse with a nice little hole through your head instead of your hat. You would not have laughed then, eh?"

"Unearthly laughter heard at a séance," said Nick. "But, seriously, Mr. Poirot, it's very kind of you and all that, but the whole thing *must* be an accident."

"You are as obstinate as the devil!"

"That's where I get my name from. My grandfather was popularly supposed to have sold his soul to the devil. Everyone around here called him Old Nick. He was a wicked old man, but great fun. I adored him. I went everywhere with him and so they called us Old Nick and Young Nick. My real name is Magdala."

"That is an uncommon name."

"Yes, it's a kind of family one. There have been lots of Magdalas in the Buckley family. There's one up there." She nodded at a picture on the wall.

"Ah!" said Poirot. Then, looking at a portrait hanging over the mantelpiece, he said, "Is that your grandfather?"

"Yes. Rather an arresting portrait, isn't it? Jim Lazarus offered to buy it, but I wouldn't sell. I've got an affection for Old Nick."

"Ah!" Poirot was silent for a minute, then he said very earnestly, "*Revenons à nos moutons*. Listen, mademoiselle. I implore you to be serious. You are in danger. Today somebody shot at you with a Mauser pistol—"

"A Mauser pistol?"

For the moment she was startled.

"Yes. Why? Do you know of anyone who has a Mauser pistol?"

She smiled.

"I've got one myself."

"You have?"

"Yes—it was dad's. He brought it back from the war. It's been knocking round here ever since. I saw it only the other day in that drawer."

She had indicated an old-fashioned bureau. Now, as though suddenly struck by an idea, she crossed to it and pulled the drawer open. She turned rather blankly. Her voice held a new note.

"Oh!" she said. "It's—it's gone."

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A Strange Chapter from New York's Past: How O. Henry Was "Discovered"

As Told to Sally MacDougall

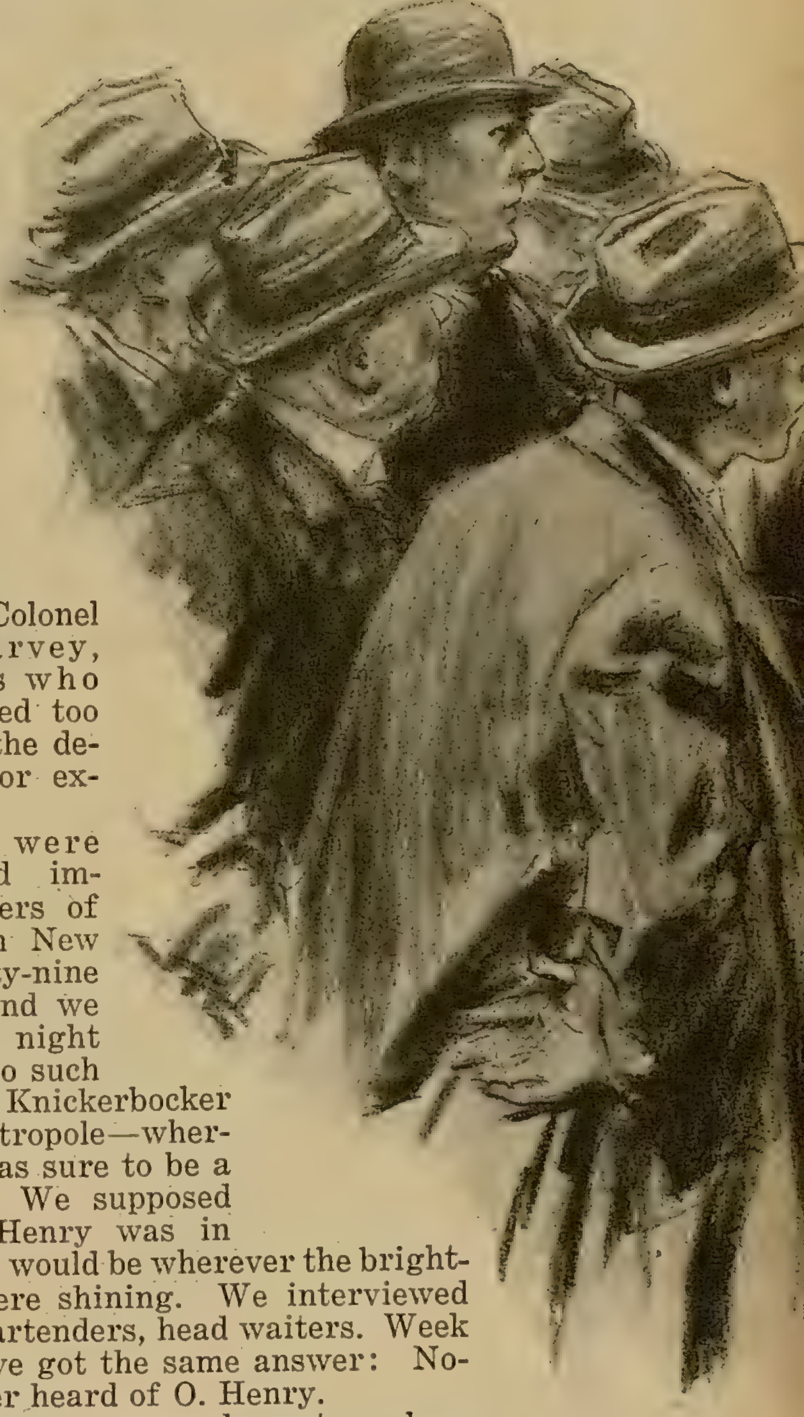
By

THOMAS ORR

who went to the New York World as Arthur Brisbane's office boy when he was twelve, and worked for the paper for nearly forty years, remaining with it until the recent day when it was sold and went out of existence as a separate publication. He is married, has a son, and lives in Brooklyn.

Pictures by Ernest Fuhr

(Reading time: 14 minutes 55 seconds.)



ON a hollow, idle, conversational day when even the pigeonholes of an old desk stared back like empty eyes, dusty drawers were being emptied in helter-skelter layers into a conveniently large wastebasket. The last breath of life had gone out of new proofs and old pages in that midnight hour when the World was sold. Now the only thing to do with them was to bury them, the sooner the better. So great fistfuls of once important stuff were indiscriminately thrown away.

Sometimes, though, a hand halted on the way to the trash heap, for there were a few almost forgotten souvenirs too good to be destroyed. One of these was a letter from Sydney Porter, who under the name of O. Henry became the country's most famous writer of short stories.

At the time O. Henry was discovered by New York I was an office boy in the Sunday department of the World. As a matter of fact, I was one of his discoverers. The other was Billy Williams, a cub reporter. This was how it happened:

The Sunday editor, Nelson Hersh, lived at Port Richmond on Staten Island. On the train between his home and St. George ferry one morning he entertained himself by reading a railroad men's magazine that had been handed to him by the conductor. In the magazine was a short story that he thought had unusual merit, although it was by an author whose name he never before had seen. The name was O. Henry. On the way from the Battery to Park Row the conviction grew that the author had something unusual in him, that a man who could write that story could write others in the same vein—human-interest stories about New York people. That was an autumn day in 1902.

Mr. Hersh wired the editor of the railroad magazine, and a telegraph reply came saying that the magazine did not have the author's address, that the story had been sent in as a free contribution. Mr. Hersh had a hunch that O. Henry was in New York, and he delegated the cub reporter and the office boy to go out and find him. We were told in no uncertain language to stay on the job until we landed our man. He gave us a few suggestions: We might ask in the offices of other magazines, and in bookstores, cabarets, saloons, hotels.

After Williams and I had been on the assignment a few weeks we got into the habit of not showing up at the office for days at a time. We had spells of being afraid to face the editor. The size of our expense account worried me less than it worried Williams, for while he had been getting his education at college I had been getting mine under such men as the former Sunday editor, Arthur Brisbane; Colonel George Harvey, and others who never inquired too closely into the details of minor expenses.

Cabarets were popular and important centers of night life in New York twenty-nine years ago, and we used to go night after night to such places as the Knickerbocker and the Metropole—wherever there was sure to be a gay crowd. We supposed that if O. Henry was in New York he would be wherever the brightest lights were shining. We interviewed managers, bartenders, head waiters. Week after week we got the same answer: Nobody had ever heard of O. Henry.

Nearly always we wound up at a saloon at the northeast corner of Eighteenth Street and Irving Place, because Billy Williams lived in the next block and my home was a few stations down on the Third Avenue elevated.

Our luck broke one night when Billy told our troubles to Con Delaney, proprietor of this saloon. Delaney listened and said:

"There's a fellow comes in here every night about midnight. Looks as if he might be a writer. Wears a black bow tie and a slouch hat. Takes a couple of beers and never talks to anyone. Always alone."

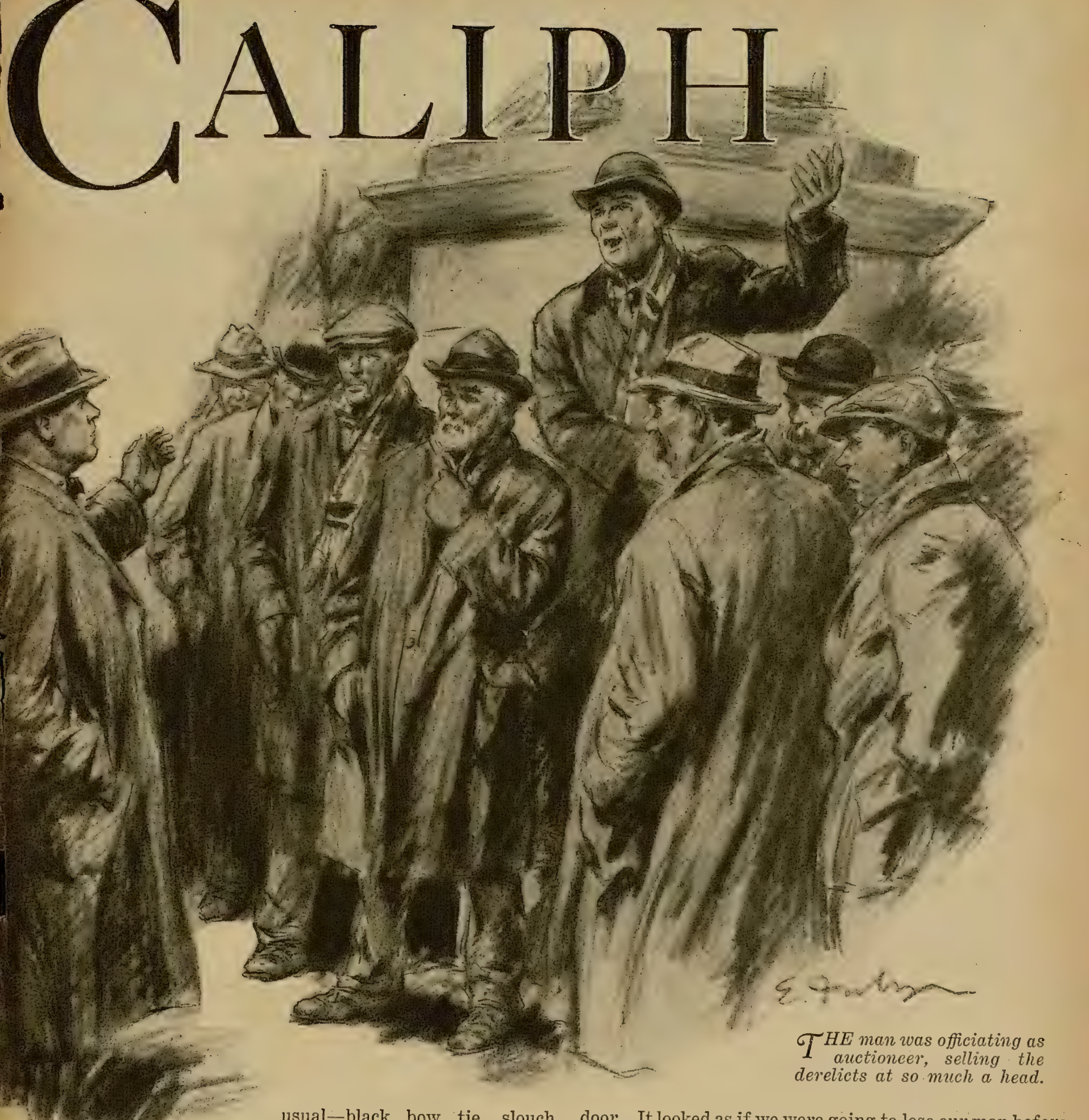
"You mean that stocky round-faced man, the fellow that always drinks alone at the end of the bar?"

That didn't sound like much of a hunch to us. We remembered him, and he hadn't looked at all like the man we were hunting.

"I dunno. Mebbe it ain't him. It won't hurt to ask," Delaney suggested.

About twelve o'clock the stranger came in, alone as

CALIPH



THE man was officiating as auctioneer, selling the derelicts at so much a head.

usual—black bow tie, slouch hat, lonesome eyes. He stood at the end of the bar, away from everybody, and ordered beer. Delaney gave us the high sign. We strolled over, and Billy Williams said: "Excuse me, sir, but is your name O. Henry?"

"I write under that name," was the answer.

WILLIAMS produced the railroad magazine, open at the page with O. Henry's name on it, and asked: "Did you write that story?"

"Yes, that's my story," he said.

We told him why we were there and what we wanted. We asked him if he would come down to the World next morning to see the Sunday editor.

"I don't want to go to see your editor," he said, and there was in his tone an indifference that seemed to end it all. He paid for his beer and was moving toward the door. It looked as if we were going to lose our man before we had properly found him.

"Will you tell us where you live, Mr. Henry?" Williams pleaded.

"My name is not Mr. Henry," he said, in the same tired, defensive tone. "That's the name I write under. My name is Porter—Sydney Porter. I live near here on Eighteenth Street."

"The Sunday editor sure is going to be disappointed," said Williams. "We've been out looking for you night and day for three months."

"You've been looking for me for three months?" That information surprised him. After a moment's thought he went on: "If you will let me know just what your editor wants, what kind of stories and how long, I'll write a few—provided he pays enough."

It was explained that our job was to find him and bring him to the office, that we had no authority to talk busi-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

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MOST MILES *per* DOLLAR

COMPARE CONSTRUCTION *and* QUALITY

Firestone Gives You	4.50-21 TIRE		6.00-19 H. D. TIRE	
	Our Tire	*Special Brand Mail Order Tire	Our Tire	*Special Brand Mail Order Tire
More Rubber Vol.	**172** cu. in.	**161** cu. in.	**298** cu. in.	**267** cu. in.
More Weight . .	**16.99** lbs.	**15.73** lbs.	**28.35** lbs.	**26.80** lbs.
More Width . .	**4.75** in.	**4.74** in.	**5.98** in.	**5.84** in.
More Thickness .	**.627** in.	**.578** in.	**.840** in.	**.821** in.
More Plies at Tread	**6** plies	**5** plies	**8** plies	**7** plies
Same Price . .	**$5.69**	**$5.69**	**$11.40**	**$11.40**

Call on the Firestone Service Dealer or Service Store and **see for yourself sections cut from various tires.**

☛ *Compare Quality—Construction—and Prices.* ☚

Fire

Copyright, 1931, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

COMPARE
THESE PRICES

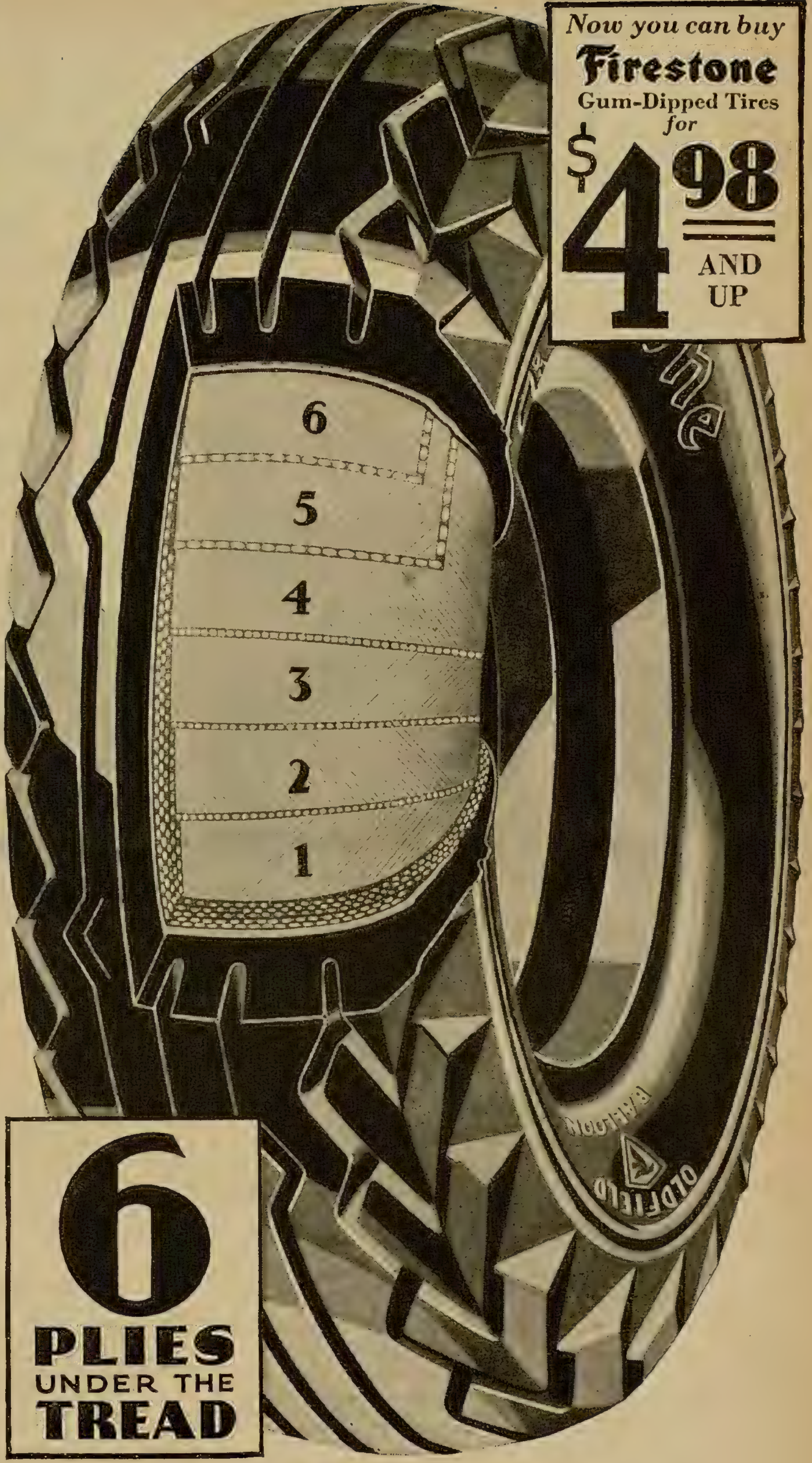
AUTOMOBILE Manufacturers do not take chances with special brand tires. Why should you take the risk when you can save money by buying Firestone quality Oldfield type from our dealers and in addition get their service.

We list below the leading replacement sizes.

MAKE OF CAR	TIRE SIZE	OUR DEALERS' CASH PRICE, EACH	★SPECIAL BRAND MAIL ORDER TIRE	OUR DEALERS' CASH PRICE, PER PAIR
Ford Chevrolet	4.40-21	**$4.98**	$4.98	**$ 9.60**
Chevrolet	4.50-20	**5.60**	5.60	**10.90**
Ford	4.50-21	**5.69**	5.69	**11.10**
Ford Chevrolet Whippet	4.75-19	**6.65**	6.65	**12.90**
Erskine Plymouth	4.75-20	**6.75**	6.75	**13.10**
Chandler DeSoto Dodge Durant Gr'h'm-P. Pontiac Roosevelt Willys-K.	5.00-19	**6.98**	6.98	**13.60**
Essex Nash	5.00-20	**7.10**	7.10	**13.80**
Marq'tte Olds'bile	5.25-18	**7.90**	7.90	**15.30**
Buick	5.25-21	**8.57**	8.57	**16.70**
Auburn Jordan Reo	5.50-18	**8.75**	8.75	**17.00**
Gardner Marmon Oakland Peerless Stud'b'k'r	5.50-19	**8.90**	8.90	**17.30**
Chrysler Viking	6.00-18	**11.20**	11.20	**21.70**
Franklin Hudson Hup'bile	6.00-19	**11.40**	11.40	**22.10**
LaSalle Packard	6.00-20	**11.50**	11.50	**22.30**
Pierce-A.	6.00-21	**11.65**	11.65	**22.60**
Stutz	6.50-20	**13.10**	13.10	**25.40**
Cadillac Lincoln	7.00-20	**15.35**	15.35	**28.90**

★ A "Special Brand" Tire is made by a manufacturer for distributors such as mail order houses, oil companies and others under a name that does not identify the tire manufacturer to the public, usually because he builds his "first line" tires under his own name. Firestone puts his name on EVERY tire he makes.

Double Guarantee—Every tire manufactured by Firestone bears the name "FIRESTONE" and carries Firestone's unlimited guarantee and that of our 25,000 Service Dealers and Service Stores. You are doubly protected.



Now you can buy

Firestone

Gum-Dipped Tires *for*

$4.98 AND UP

6 PLIES UNDER THE TREAD

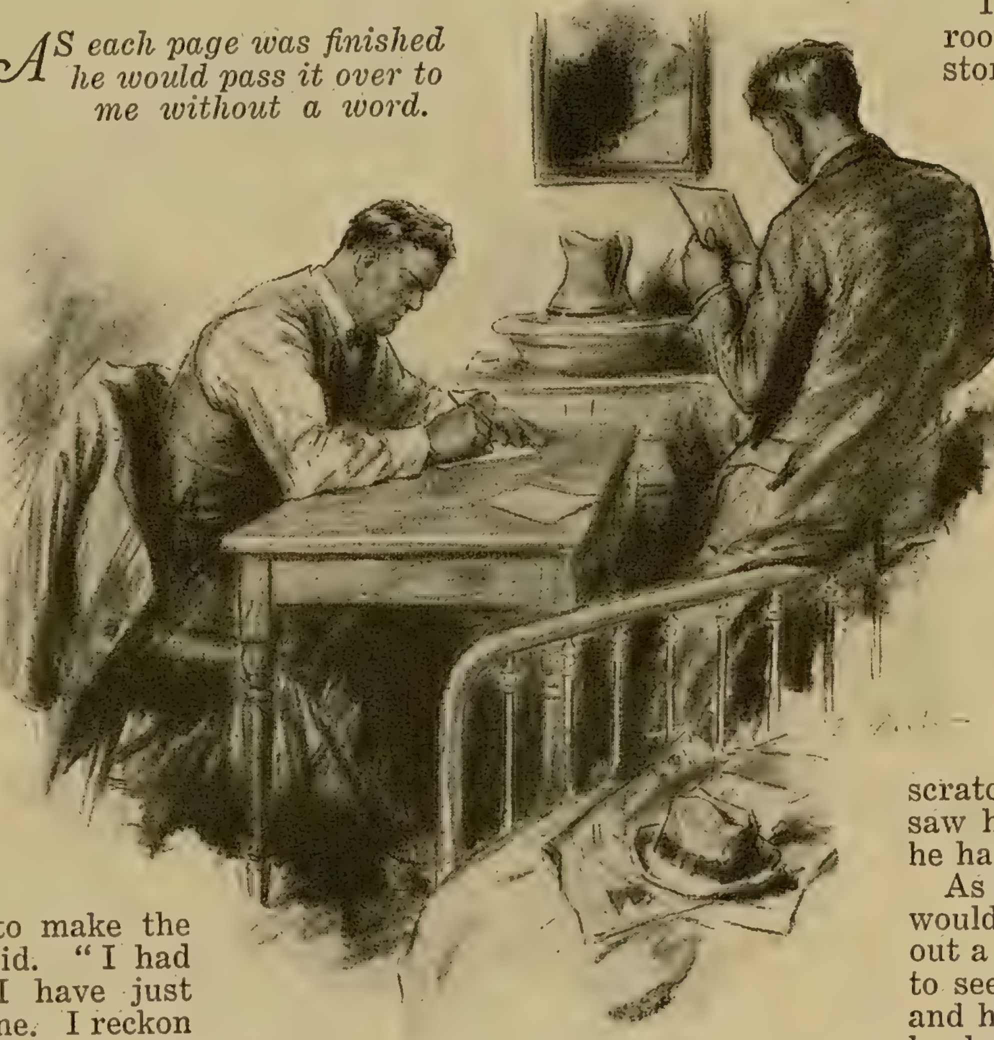
stone

OFFICE BOY AND CALIPH
Continued from page seventeen

ness. Williams volunteered the information that he lived near by, and suggested that they go down to Park Row together in the morning. Mr. Porter agreed, and next day they came to the office together.

A few weeks after that it became my duty to see to it that the O. Henry copy was on the desk every Thursday. He sent it in regularly for several weeks. Then one Thursday there was no story, and I was sent to his room to get it. The editor's suspicions turned out to be well founded. After several installments of his work had appeared other editors were hot on his trail, and sometimes they paid fancy prices for stories that originally had been intended for us.

As each page was finished he would pass it over to me without a word.



That first time I went to collect a story Mr. Porter was out, and his landlady wouldn't even let me wait in the hall. She explained that he never had any company, that no stranger ever had gone to his room, and she guessed that if I wanted to see him I could wait outside.

I waited outside for a long time. At six o'clock he came along. I told him I was there for the Sunday story.

"I'm sorry you had to make the trip for nothing," he said. "I had a story for you, but I have just sold it to another magazine. I reckon there won't be one for you this week. I certainly am sorry." I reminded him that my job depended upon getting a story, and that I didn't dare go back without one.

"Suppose you come up to my room," he invited.

Then I told on the landlady, explaining that she wouldn't let me wait in the hall. We met her on the stairs, and I was glad to hear him say: "Any time this lad comes, let him go to my room. He may sleep there if he wants to."

In his room he was quiet for a while, standing at the window and looking out, a habit with which I later grew familiar.

"You say your job depends upon getting a story from me?"

"Yes, it does, Mr. Porter. Haven't you some old story you could let us have in a pinch?"

"No, that wouldn't do at all," he answered.

I MADE no motion to go, and after a while he said: "All right, you'll have a story tonight. I'll take it down myself and leave it in the composing room."

That was not entirely satisfactory to a messenger who had been sent on a definite errand. He saw that I was worried, and I remember the tone of his voice when he said:

"I won't disappoint you. If the story is in the composing room tonight that will give the editor a chance to have a proof the first thing in the morning for his make-up. I can't write one just now. Really, I can't. And now that that little affair is settled, suppose we go round and have some shellfish."

That was the first of many times he took me to the Union Café at Broadway and Twenty-seventh Street. The order was always the same—lobster for two, coffee, beer. (Years later he told me I was missing a lot by not cultivating a taste for beer.)

He kept his promise about the copy. The story was delivered that night in the composing room several hours after the editor had gone home. That started an innovation. From then on no editor ever read any of the hundred and sixty O. Henry stories that appeared in the World until he read it in print. The author often brought the weekly copy himself, about midnight. He would leave it on the desk in the composing room and go out without speaking to anyone. If the layout called for an artist's illustration, midnight delivery was too late. The artist wanted a look at the story in the afternoon, and I would be dispatched to get it.

I sat many a time in his room while he wrote a short story. As each page was finished he would tear it off the pad and hand it to me. That was how I came to be the first reader of several famous stories.

HE wrote by hand, using a soft pencil on a yellow pad, writing always at an even, steady pace without any intermission until the job was done. His writing was as legible as print. I have heard it compared to fine engraving, and always the lines were as straight as if guided by a ruler. He rarely scratched a word, and I never saw him read or rewrite a page he had written.

As each page was finished he would pass it over to me without a word. I read it and waited to see him tear off the next one and hand that over. Years went by before I had any inkling of what an honor it had been to be the first reader of these stories.

The Gift of the Magi, the one that first brought him fame in Europe, and the story which critics have said will live longest because it is most universal in its appeal, was written in a couple of hours in a room on Twenty-fourth Street while I sat waiting and reading. That was a Thursday when I thought there was not going to be a story, and since the schedule was for the Christmas number, 1905, my mission was a serious one.

"I did have a story for you, but I sold it today for two hundred dollars," he explained. "I intended to write another if I could think of a subject, but I reckon they'll have to use something else this time."

So far as he was concerned that explanation seemed to solve everything. By this time his name was well known. He had been writing for the World for three years, and although that was his most steady market it was by no means his only one. He was tired that afternoon, and he seemed to have decided pretty definitely that he simply did not have another Christmas story in his system.

After he had turned me down I still sat and waited, and he stood looking at me or looking silently out the window. Perhaps the fear a kind-hearted man saw in an office boy's eyes sent him dredging into the depths of his weary soul for still another Christmas story. He had long known my terror of going back to the office empty-handed. I was glad when I heard him say: "All right, Tom; I'll give you a Christmas story."

He went to his table and began to write. First he wrote the title, "The Gift of the Magi." He continued to write for about two hours, handing me each page as it was finished, never glancing back over a sheet that had been written. When he gave me the last page he said: "There, I reckon that will fill the space."

Soon after he began to write for the World Mr. Porter began also to be overdrawn in his account. At one time his advances on stories amounted to over $500, and strange as it may seem, in view of his later reputation, that amount was understood to be just about the limit. At first he was paid sixty dollars a story—"if the story is accepted"—and after a while the price went up to one hundred dollars. Other editors who bought occasional stories would double or triple that figure. But for all that he seemed always to be short of money. Instead of asking the editor for an advance he would ask the office boy. I would get a note saying that if we expected a story that week it might be well to bring along fifty dollars. When I arrived he would receive the money with a polite ritual which always began, "Here's my good friend!"

Sometimes I would be requested to remind him just how deeply in debt he was, and I have known him to compromise on twenty-five dollars when he had asked for fifty dollars. He was invariably gracious over the compromise, as he was over almost any situation. I never saw him angry or moody or disagreeable.

Although I knew it was none of my business, I used to wonder what he did with his money. He lived very simply. In the first few years I knew him I don't suppose he ever paid more than five dollars a week for his room. The first of his rooms that I saw probably cost three dollars a week. It was a small third-floor hall room where the furniture consisted of a white-enameled iron bed, a washstand with pitcher and basin, a small pine table at which he wrote, and one chair. Sometimes there would be a newspaper or magazine lying about, but neither there nor in either of his Twenty-fourth Street rooms or his more comfortable quarters on Irving Place did I see any books or any of the expensive little luxuries a successful writing man might be expected to have. Once when I was giving him his advance envelope I had the nerve to ask him what he did with his money. He told me that if I cared to go out with him I might see what he did with some of it, and of course I accepted the invitation.

"My settlement was beggarly. A mere hundred thousand dollars. You write to Tony Sheridan and tell him I want my son!"

You'll learn more about this in

The Stepmother

A remarkable short story by

Adela Rogers St. Johns

in next week's Liberty

AS I had often seen him do, he had twenty dollars changed into quarters at the café. He dumped the money into his overcoat pockets. It was evening, and we walked through Madison Square, walking slowly along the paths until we had passed about every bench in the park. Mr. Porter walked with his hands in his pockets. Once in a while out would come a hand with one or two pieces of silver which he would drop without a word into the hand of some miserable wretch. At the Fifth Avenue side of the square a line of down-and-outs was forming in the street. We took our places on the fringe of the crowd and waited. At the head of the line stood a man on a soap box beside the monument. This man was officiating as auctioneer, selling the derelicts at so much a head to whomsoever bid the most money to provide food and a bed at a flop house. It was a nightly program during the severe winter weather.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—In what war did Abraham Lincoln serve as a captain?

2—What is a firth?

3—Which is farther south, San Francisco, California, or Tokyo, Japan?

4—What is a Glengarry?

5—What is the birth state of Calvin Coolidge?

6—What are fauna?

7—How many feet in a furlong?

8—What is the source of "Write me as one who loves his fellow men"?

9—What is the official name of the World Court?

10—In what mountains, according to legend, did Rip Van Winkle take his long sleep?

11—When it is noon in New York what time is it in London?

12—Where is the Pantheon?

13—Which is the smallest of the six continents?

14—To what nation do the Fiji Islands belong?

15—What are the doldrums?

16—What military unit does a major normally command?

17—What causes an eclipse of the moon?

18—What is chicanery?

19—What is the source of "And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind"?

20—What is misfeasance?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-four)

"What am I offered for this man?" the auctioneer would call.

"Ten cents!" someone would shout.

"Fifteen!"

"Fifteen cents! What can a man do on a night like this with fifteen cents? Who'll make it a quarter? A quarter will at least buy him a bed."

Somebody would bid a quarter, and just before it was "Going—going—gone!" Sydney Porter's voice would ring out: "Fifty cents!"

He would keep that up as long as his twenty dollars lasted.

"You can't afford to waste your money that way," I remonstrated the first time I watched the program.

"It isn't wasted," he said. "How would you like to go to bed with an empty belly if you hadn't had a square meal for several days?"

I STOOD beside him many nights while this bidding was going on, and I never knew him to give less than ten dollars. More often he gave twenty.

I did not know until years later how lucky I was to be on terms of such easy friendliness with this gifted man who never allowed an office boy to have the slightest feeling of awe in his presence. He talked to me as if I were an equal, and I talked back.

Years afterward I recalled that I had never seen him with any friends—that always he had been alone. I used to wonder what fun he could get from watching a group of children at play, or watching the birds and the bums in the square.

But there was at least one ledge in his nature that was not gentle or kind or forgiving. I guess I must have been pop-eyed the day I saw him take a check for $1,000 from an envelope when he was opening his mail, show it to me, place it in a fresh envelope without a scratch of writing, seal and address the envelope to the sender. I have forgotten which editor that check was from. Anyway, it was from the one who had rejected more O. Henry manuscripts than any other, and now was taking the privilege of paying in advance.

"That man hasn't enough money to buy one of my stories," Sydney Porter said.

. . . .

There was one sad discrepancy in what I saw of the discovery of O. Henry. Nelson Hersh, the editor who was so eager to find him, and who started the search that brought a big talent to the attention of the world, did not live to learn how shrewd his judgment was.

While we were still looking for O. Henry, Mr. Hersh was killed—on November 20, 1902—by being thrown from his dogcart in an accident on the road near his home on Staten Island.

The O. Henry story that he had read in the train one morning had been rejected by thirteen editors, and the author had finally given it away because some railroad men who read it thought that it was great stuff.

THE END

HEROE

The Story of a Camouflaged Courtship

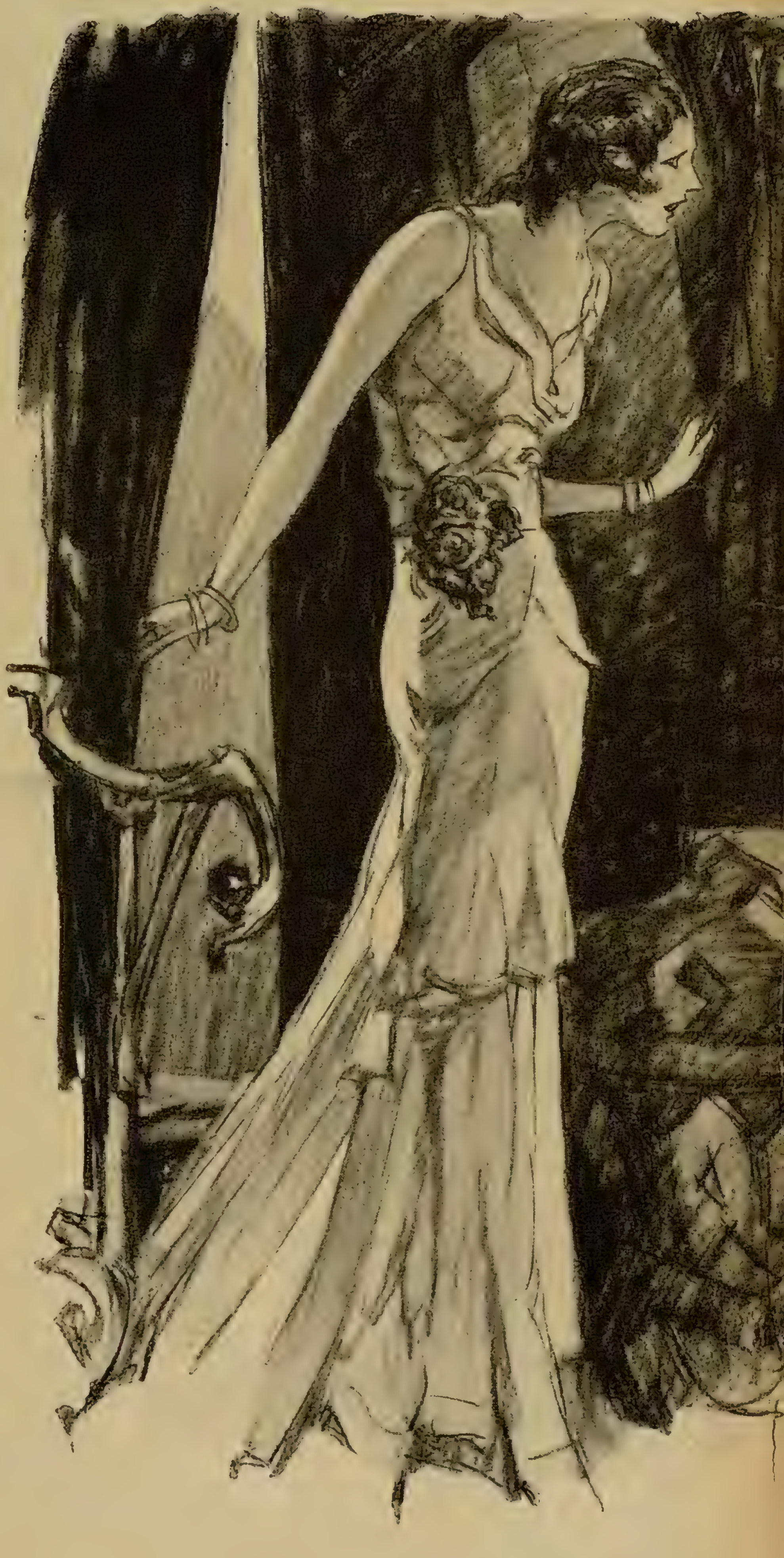
By

PHYLLIS DUGANNE

who remarks that, having been brought up by Inez Haynes Irwin and Will Irwin, she could hardly have been anything but a writer. Before the birth of her daughter Jane she wrote a novel, but since then it has been one short story after another.

Pictures by R. F. JAMES

(Reading time: 30 minutes 57 seconds.)



CECIL KAYE and Freddy Prendergast stood on the corner of Broadway and Forty-fifth Street. It was a cold night and a windy night and it was snowing. Freddy looked especially handsome in his English overcoat, with his white silk scarf—there is nothing else in the world quite so white as a gentleman's evening scarf—knotted beneath his chin. Cecil, with the fringe of her Spanish shawl whipping about her silver stockings (chiffon weight) and with the snow blowing in and out the dark mass of her uncovered hair, was looking especially pretty.

Cecil was also especially cold.

" Where would you like to go, dear? " Freddy asked her.

Cecil drew a long, cold breath.

" Do you realize, Frederick Prendergast, that just as often as you take me out we go through this same procedure? Luncheon, tea, dinner, after the theater—the hours I've stood on street corners with you, if laid end to end, would give me enough leisure to learn Spanish, have that tooth filled, and buy an umbrella! If I do decide to marry you, it just means that a third of my remaining years are going to be used up like this—and the other two-thirds won't be there, because I'll have caught double pneumonia and pleurisy and bubonic plague and *died!* "

That was what Cecil wanted to say. What she said was:

" Anywhere you like, dear."

Freddy reflected, burrowing his gloved hands deeper into his overcoat pockets.

(" If he says the Embassy House again, I shall scream! " thought Cecil to herself.)

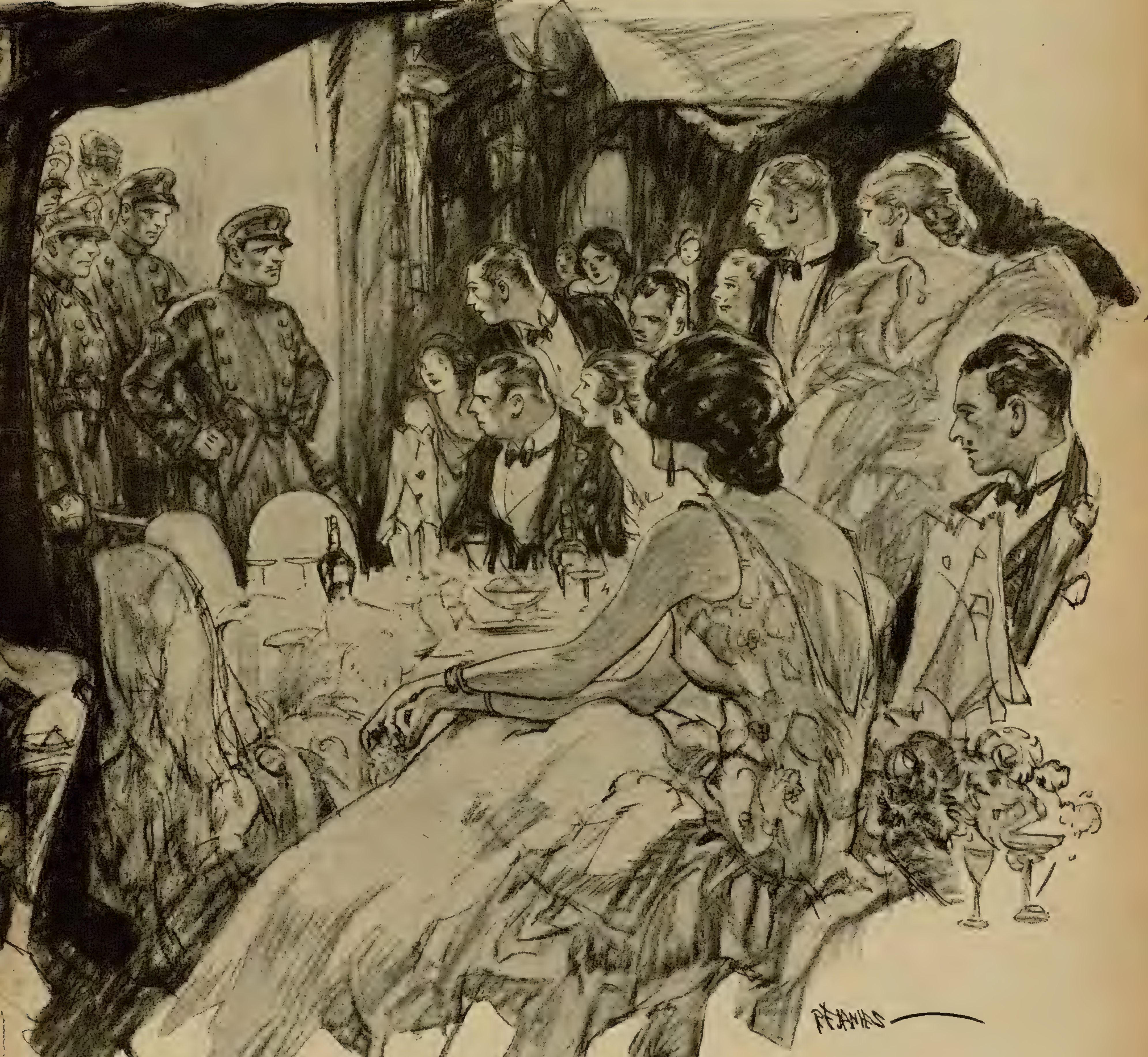
" We-e-ell," drawled Freddy at last, " we might drop in at the Embassy House, eh? " He removed one hand from the shelter of his pocket, turned up the collar of his overcoat, and beamed down at her. " Blinking beastly weather," he remarked. " I sh'd think you'd be cold! "

Cecil looked up at the young man to whom, on April third, she either would or would not be engaged, and smiled a smile of genuine amusement.

" Cold! " she echoed. " What a quaint idea, Fred-day! But I will *not* go to the Embassy again tonight! C'm'on! Let's walk."

Through the pale fringe of her brilliant shawl she thrust a slender bare arm and tucked it into his. As she guided him across the street her silver slippers flashed brightly against the snow, and the white tulle skirts of her dress foamed like the crests of waves.

S *are never* NAMED GEORGE



Through a rear door there was filing a stream of blue-uniformed figures.

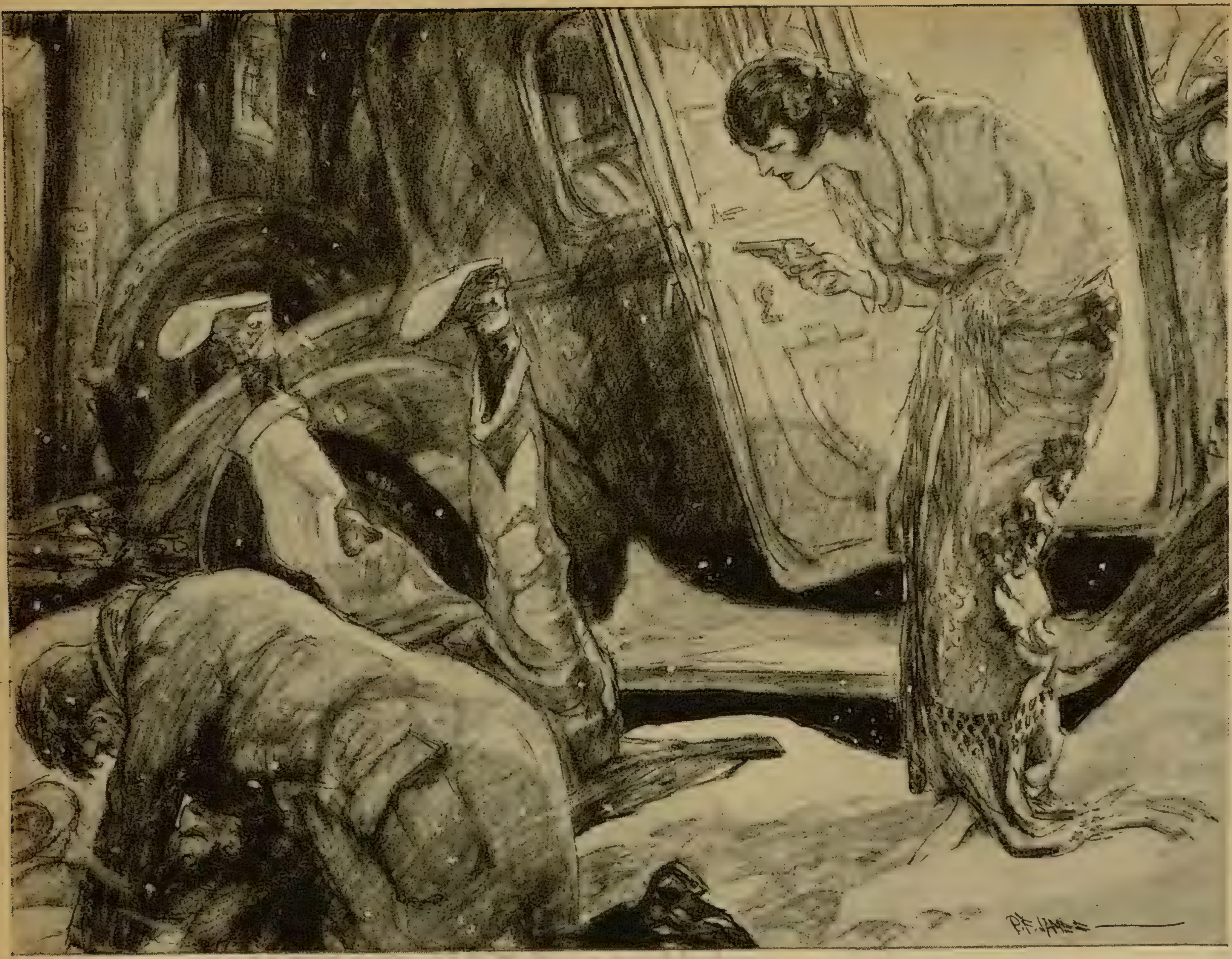
" Never get a taxi this time of night," muttered Freddy.

" Absolutely not, my love," she agreed promptly.

Freddy had a difficult enough time getting a taxi at any hour. He was fairly tall, reasonably broad, and his top hat was beautifully shiny, but he belonged to that division of the human race which is completely invisible to cab drivers.

Helpless was the word, reflected Cecil, gently guiding her sturdy oak through the traffic.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"Do you want me to shoot him, George, or shall we take him alive?" she asked in a steady voice.

HEROES ARE NEVER NAMED GEORGE
Continued from page twenty-three

"But where are we going?" he objected.

She shook her head, and flakes of snow came loose and tumbled over the tropic flowers embroidered upon her wrap. "Dunno. On our way! We might— Why not go in here?" Like a magician who has produced a rabbit, she snapped her fingers and struck an attitude.

Across the sidewalk before them lay a strip of emerald carpet, leading to a door whose very substantiality seemed to Cecil to indicate that it must, in turn, open upon warmth and music and even wine.

"What is it?" asked Freddy suspiciously.

"Oh—some club." She swept past the uniformed doorman with the sort of absent nod one directs toward an old family retainer, and pressed a chilled white finger upon a pearl button which gleamed beside the inner door.

"But, Cecil, old dear, we can't go in here! We don't know—"

If, reflected Cecil Kaye, on the third day of April she did decide to marry Freddy, Steps would have to be Taken, and she might just as well begin now.

"Certainly we can," she contradicted him firmly. "Can go any place we want to. We're privileged, we are!"

AN oblong panel in the door slipped back and a face regarded them inquiringly, a face whose ears had obviously registered Cecil's last remark.

She smiled brightly. "We want to come in!"

"You're not—er—members of this club, I believe?" suggested the voice belonging to the face.

"Unfortunately we are not," admitted Cecil. "That will have to be taken up later. But if your members are as nice as your carpet, I'm sure we must know dozens of them intimately!"

"I'm sorry—" began the voice.

"Really, Cecil—" commenced Freddy.

Cecil shivered. "Without undue vanity," she told the face, "I honestly think we'd be an addition to any club. And certainly we don't suggest revenue officers to you?"

Through the oblong in the door, the bright blue eyes considered Freddy, returned to Cecil. "*You* don't!" said the face.

Cecil, too, looked at Freddy, and burst out laughing.

"WHY, he does, doesn't he?" she cried delightedly. "Fred-day, did anyone ever tell you that you looked like a prohibition agent?" She turned her back upon Freddy's wrath and grinned at the face. "A man in your occupation," she addressed it, "must understand human nature. Isn't it obvious that anyone who looks as suspiciously righteous as my escort couldn't be— Oh, you know what I mean!"

"Really, Cecil—" said Freddy stiffly.

"May I introduce Mr. Freddy Prendergast?" Cecil murmured. "Mr. Humpty Dumpty—Mr. Prendergast." The face chuckled; Freddy was making unhappy sounds. "Darling!" cried Cecil. "It's all right! You mustn't be so saving of your name!" Her bright brown eyes returned to the face. "He's funny that way," she confided. "Won't even keep it in the telephone book—for fear of germs, I s'pose. But if you have a Social Register handy—" She sneezed. "Honestly, don't you think we've had about enough of this?" she demanded.

The face smiled in defeat and the door swung open.

"Thank you awf'ly," said Cecil, looking up. The face was at the top of a long and exceedingly lanky body clad in well cut evening clothes. As an isolated face it had been amusing, but as part of a tall young man it was rather more than that. She considered him with unconcealed curiosity.

A girl in a red velvet dress brushed past her. "George! Do you suppose we could have another chair at our table?"

"Certainly, madam." He had an oddly ironic voice, as though he were amused at himself, his club, and his clients. The girl grinned at him. "If you will wait just a moment—" he said to Cecil and Freddy.

Cecil watched him as he crossed the foyer. "Why," she asked, "are head waiters and people like that *always* named George, Fred-day? Is it a law?"

Freddy grunted. The oval room, half seen between blue velvet curtains, was inviting; the music which drifted out to them was excellent. Freddy checked his hat and coat, and George reappeared, directing his somewhat sardonic bow to a couple just entering.

"Will this be all right, sir?" he asked, pausing at a table. He was addressing Freddy, but his humorous eyes were upon Cecil.

"It's perfect," she said, smiling, and sat down.

Even Freddy admitted that it could not have been better.

"You know, this *is* a jolly place!" he murmured, beaming as though coming there had been his idea all along. "I say, Cecil, there's Jen Innis! And Wayde Cameron. And—I *say!*" His glance moved from table to table, and a baffled expression came over his face. "Really, it's damned odd that I don't know this club! Why, we know practically everyone here!"

CECIL, too, was waving and smiling, but she did not share Freddy's enthusiasm. Why couldn't it have been really different, this unknown club, really an adventure? She felt let down and depressed.

A waiter was placing a champagne bucket beneath their table. Freddy's eyebrows rose.

"I *say*, Cecil—" he began.

She straightened her sagging shoulders. "Freddy, I'm going to go and remove this artificial snowstorm from my coiffure," she told him. "I feel like the heroine of Way Down East." Her voice was strained, but good old Freddy wouldn't notice that.

Rilla Schuyler stopped her; three years before, they had been at school together. "Cecil, darlin', how sweet to see you! How long have you been back?"

Louise Terry rose from her table and came over and kissed Cecil. "I heard you were coming home at last, but I didn't know you were here. Call me up tomorrow and let's have luncheon!"

Cecil nodded and smiled and finally escaped. Before the mirror in the dressing room, she sat down drearily, immobile for a few moments, before she commenced removing the pins from her long dark hair. She knew that it was silly of her to feel like this, but she couldn't help it. It was precisely the same depression which

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Your strength against the storm's . . .

but even the bold and hardy can get "Pink tooth brush"

YOU may be so strong, so hardy, that you wouldn't be daunted by a trip around the world in a yawl! But you are not immune to "pink tooth brush"!

Think of the foods you eat. *Soft* foods that give your gums almost no exercise. Those gums of yours—they grow lazier and flabbier with each year. Until one day there's "pink" on your brush.

Don't take chances with "pink tooth brush". It's an open invitation to gingivitis, to Vincent's disease, even to the much dreaded but less frequent pyorrhea. More serious still, it may lead to infection at the roots of teeth which today are sound and white. Which means the possible loss of those teeth.

Today, get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. But each time you clean them, put some additional Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and *massage it lightly into those soft gums of yours!*

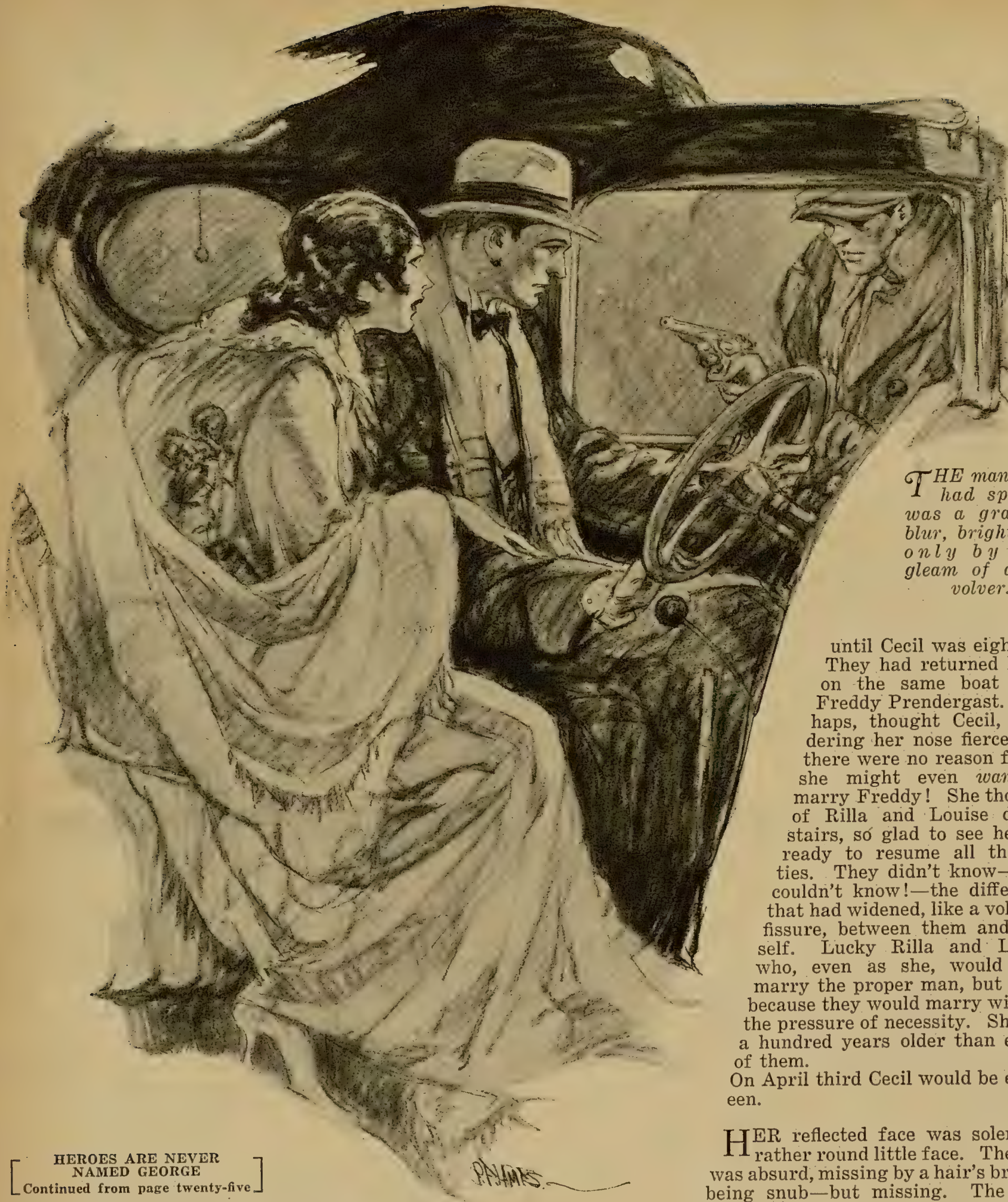
In a day or two, your teeth will actually *sparkle* again. In a month, look at your gums. They're pinker; they're harder; they're almost healthy. Keep it up—using Ipana and massage. And in the future you'll see mighty little of "pink tooth brush"!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-61, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of mailing and packing.

Name__________ Street__________

City__________ State__________



THE man who had spoken was a grayish blur, brightened only by the gleam of a revolver.

HEROES ARE NEVER NAMED GEORGE
Continued from page twenty-five

the Embassy Club always gave her, that same feeling of not belonging, of sailing under a false flag. If only she could make her mother understand. . . .

She shook her head. She mustn't begin all that. Her mother was really such a brick. She had never—oh, never once—actually said that she wanted Cecil to marry Freddy or anyone else. She had never really said anything!

It was such an old story, thought Cecil, so old that she could scarcely think of it herself without a smile. The surprise of all concerned when it had been discovered three years ago that the generous all-to-my-beloved-wife statement of Richard Kaye's will had meant merely enough for them to get along on for two or three years. . . . Europe was cheaper than America, and Mrs. Kaye had taken Cecil from school, broken the conventional sequence of her life, in order that they might last out financially until Cecil was eighteen. They had returned home on the same boat with Freddy Prendergast. Perhaps, thought Cecil, powdering her nose fiercely, if there were no reason for it, she might even *want* to marry Freddy! She thought of Rilla and Louise downstairs, so glad to see her, so ready to resume all the old ties. They didn't know—they couldn't know!—the difference that had widened, like a volcanic fissure, between them and herself. Lucky Rilla and Louise who, even as she, would each marry the proper man, but lucky because they would marry without the pressure of necessity. She felt a hundred years older than either of them.

On April third Cecil would be eighteen.

HER reflected face was solemn, a rather round little face. The nose was absurd, missing by a hair's breadth being snub—but missing. The wide brown eyes were, ordinarily, more impudent than not, and the mouth turned up at its corners even when, as now, Cecil was attempting to turn it down. It simply was that sort of a mouth.

"Oh, snap out of it!" she told herself sharply.

April was more than a month away, and certainly there were worse fates than marrying Freddy!

She scampered down the carpeted stairs and then paused at the foot with a little gasp—stood, staring between the blue velvet curtains across the deserted dance floor.

Through a rear door beside the orchestra platform there was filing in ominous silence a stream of blue-uniformed figures.

Consternation swept the room like a cold draft. Cecil saw Louise Terry's hand flutter to her lips; she watched Babs Tetheridge pick up her champagne glass and sip from it defiantly. Wayde Cameron reached across his table and patted Jennifer's clenched fingers. No one spoke; everyone was waiting, all eyes directed upon that procession.

Then she saw Freddy, with an agility of which she had never thought him capable, make a swift rush from their table straight past her to the cloakroom.

"Come on!" he gasped as he passed. His face was as white as his shirt.

Cecil's shawl still hung over her chair at the abandoned table; she hesitated.

"If everyone will remain seated—" suggested the foremost police officer in an amiable yet firm tone.

Cecil felt someone beside her; she turned and looked up into the unperturbed face of George. That same faint smile played about his mouth; his eyes regarded her amusedly.

Cecil's momentary panic collapsed; she returned his smile. "I've always wanted to be in a raid," she remarked calmly. "This is a raid, I presume?"

He bowed—and then they both turned as a door clicked behind them.

"Your escort," said George quietly, "seems not to share your interest."

Cecil gasped. "Did he—did he *go?*" she demanded incredulously.

GEORGE'S face became suddenly expressionless. "I think that if you move very quickly—" he began, but Cecil interrupted him.

"Exit Freddy," she said in a crisp voice. She stood very straight, her five feet almost towering, and her brown eyes blazed and color flamed in her cheeks. "Will you please take me to my table?" Her chin was high as George escorted her across the quiet room.

The policemen—there were a dozen of them grouped behind the leader, thirteen in all—seemed also to be waiting for something. The leader lifted his hand; behind them the orchestra leader raised his saxophone —and thirteen blue uniforms moved together in perfect rhythm.

It took an instant for realization to become complete, a trembling, incredulous instant before laughter rose and broke over the room like a great wave. Laughter and voices pitched high in the suddenness of relief and excitement. "Honestly—" "Did you suspect for one minute?" "I never was so surprised in my life!" "George! *George!*"

The policemen were now conducting a ballet; upon the toes of their great shoes they pirouetted and arabesqued, making long, graceful leaps, delicately posing their night sticks.

Cecil, seated alone at her table, forgot all about Freddy. She laughed until she was weak with her laughter. Across the room, through the twirling forms of that grotesque ballet, she saw the suave figure of George leaning over Jen Innis' chair, the two of them deep in conversation. Then Jen rose.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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HEROES ARE NEVER NAMED GEORGE
Continued from page twenty-seven

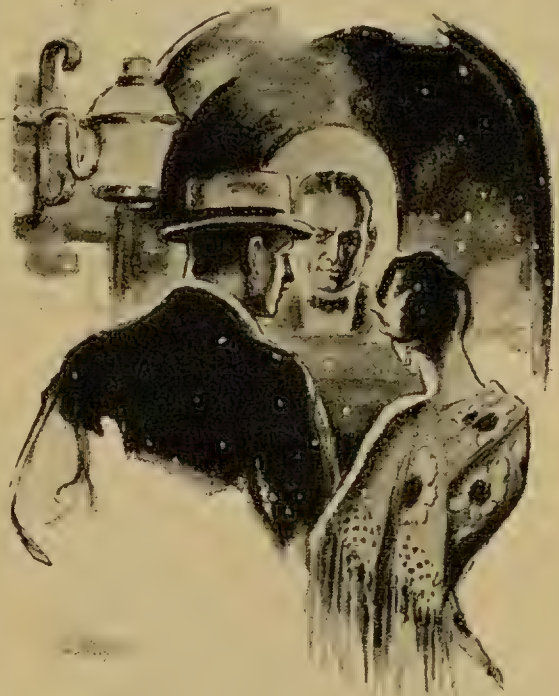
“Cecil, won't you come and join Wayde and me? George told me that Freddy was called away.”

Cecil's brown eyes met Jen's blue ones squarely. “Was that what he said?” she asked.

Jen nodded. “That was what he *said*, old dear!”

Cecil laughed, but the color in her cheeks was still high. “This George,” she murmured, dismissing Freddy even from discussion, “he's an extraordinary character, isn't he?”

“Oh, he's a type!” Jen agreed. “There's not another place like this in New York!” She picked up Cecil's shawl. “Come on.”



The policemen had finished their dance; now the orchestra was playing for the guests. Cecil's eyes widened as George presented himself at their table.

“Miss Innis, would you dance with me?”

Jennifer Innis smiled at him, and Wayde Cameron slipped his arm about Cecil and swung her out to the floor.

“*Now* I know what it is I've been missing these last three years!” he told her.

Cecil smiled vaguely, her eyes straying to Jennifer Innis and George. “I'm just a little girl from Europe,” she admitted. “Is it customary at home to dance with—with— What is the position of this George person, anyway?”

“Anomalous,” replied Wayde, and made himself a little bow. “You didn't know I knew words like that, did you?”

“Is he the owner of this place?” Cecil persisted.

“He's a man of many parts,” said Wayde. “And a privileged character.” His arm tightened about her. “Now let's talk about me!”

Cecil smiled. “Well—I'll make the effort,” she answered. But it was an effort; she was intensely curious about George.

He moved from group to group, enthusiastically greeted by all of them, a tall, sardonic, and distinguished figure. Cecil saw a waiter approach him, saw George's crisp nod as he excused himself. When he returned, past the blue velvet curtains, he came directly to her.

“Mr. Prendergast is at the door—at the outside of the door,” he told her impassively. “Shall I let him in?”

Jen and Wayde were watching her. Cecil lifted her chin. “Would you mind telling Mr. Prendergast,” she began, “that the outside of doors is—” She stood up abruptly. “No, I'll tell him myself!”

There was a flicker of approval in George's blue eyes as he followed her across the room and admitted Freddy.

“CECIL!” Mr. Prendergast was deeply agitated. “Cecil, dear girl, I say—”

“You say,” interrupted Cecil flatly, “absolutely nothing, Freddy. You merely listen.”

George withdrew discreetly.

“I'm with Jen and Wayde,” Cecil said, “and I'm going to stay with them.”

Freddy shook his head stubbornly. “If you think I'm going to leave you in this place, Cecil Kaye—”

“You have already left me here,” she reminded him coldly. “Besides, I like this place!”

“It's a damn' queer night club, if you ask me!” said Freddy. “And this gentleman bootlegger who runs it—”

“—is, as you say, a gentleman,” completed Cecil swiftly. “Good night, Freddy.”

From his position by the blue velvet curtains George saw her eyes searching for him, and in three long strides he was beside her. He nodded to a waiter. “If you'll let this gentleman out, Tony—”

As they reached the edge of the dance floor the orchestra commenced a new tune. Cecil looked up at George. “Will you dance with me?” she asked him.

“Thank you,” said George.

The gentleman bootlegger could dance—she had seen that when he was dancing with Jen, but now she had direct proof of it. And the orchestra played and played.

Cecil lifted her face. “Freddy says you're a bootlegger!” she murmured.

“Does he?” asked George mildly.

“Are you?” said Cecil.

“Aren't we all?” he retorted.

“No,” said Cecil. “I'm not!”

George laughed.

“Do you own this club?” asked Cecil.

“Does anyone really own anything?” he inquired.

“I don't,” said Cecil. George made no comment. “Freddy does,” she added. “He owns lots of things.”

“So?” murmured George, eying the orchestra leader sternly over Cecil's shoulder.

THE music went on and Cecil was silent. He was a strange man, this George, an interesting man. An *attractive* man. . . . She bit her lip. Freddy was gone, and what was she doing here, dancing with this man, attractive or not?

“I think,” said Cecil soberly, “that I'd better go home.”

The orchestra ceased playing as at a signal—in fact, at a signal. Jen and Wayde had joined a group at another table, and without asking, George sat down with Cecil.

He looked at her intently for an instant. Then, “Don't go home,” he said quietly.

She was suddenly frightened as she looked back at him. She didn't want to go home.

“Are you going to marry this Prendergast?” asked George.

Cecil gasped. “Really—” she began, and her voice sounded so like Freddy's that she gasped again. If mere association with Freddy was making her talk like him, what would marriage do? It was a horrid thought. “I hope not,” she answered truthfully in her own voice.

“You hope not,” George repeated. Cecil said nothing. “I think,” he added very quietly, “that marrying for money is just about the rottenest thing a girl can do.”

Cecil's face turned white. How dared he! She felt desperately alone, miserable and forsaken.

“I'm frankly curious,” the quiet voice persisted. “Could you marry Prendergast after his walking out on you like that?”

Cecil looked at him coldly. Why should she be embarrassed by this—this superwaiter? It was none of his business, anyway! Her lips parted, but she couldn't think of anything to say.

“You know, it was really astounding of him to duck out like that,” George went on relentlessly. “Even if it had been a real raid, he'd have been in such excellent company!”

Still Cecil said nothing.

“*You* weren't afraid,” he said.

“Perhaps I haven't so much to lose as Freddy,” Cecil heard herself defending him. “He's a—rather ambitious—lawyer.”

George laughed shortly. “Possibly I place courage above ambition,” he retorted. “Just as you do.” His eyes held hers steadily.

“There are all kinds of courage,” said Cecil. She couldn't help it; she wanted this George to understand! “Can't you see?” she asked him. “It isn't for myself! Can't you see that it would take a certain courage for me to marry Freddy?”

“Oh—not much,” he answered. He smiled at her. “It might take courage for you to marry—say, a bootlegger!”

Her breath caught. “Why a bootlegger?” she demanded.

He shrugged. “Well—say *me!*” His blue eyes were looking straight into hers, and now he was smiling broadly.

"Why say *you?*" Cecil insisted. "After all—"

He laughed. "Well—you've liked me from the first!" he retorted. "Be honest! When you stood with Prendergast outside this place tonight, asking to come in, you felt a whole lot more in sympathy with me than with him! Didn't you?"

Cecil stared at him. It was true.

"Wouldn't you say that I was more intelligent than Prendergast?" he persisted.

She laughed. "Would you feel flattered if I did?" she retorted.

"You admit it!" said George triumphantly.

She had admitted it. She shrugged. "I wish you'd tell me just what you *are!*" she said.

"Interested?" he asked quickly.

She flushed, and as she looked away from his laughing face, Jen's eyes met hers, but, somehow, Cecil was no longer anxious for Jen's company. "Well—what if I said that I *was*—interested?" she said recklessly.

"Let's dance," said George.

They danced, and it was not the waltz nor the two glasses of champagne which made Cecil's head whirl, and she knew it. She bent her head back to look at this George, and he was looking intently down at her. She dropped her eyes. It *must* be the champagne. Or she was crazy. Girls like herself did not even consider the possibility of falling in love with—well, with men named George!

HIS voice was mocking. "I think I could support you in the style to which you're accustomed," he murmured against her hair.

"That," replied Cecil rather bitterly, "should be easy for almost any man!"

"Certainly I can't conceive of its being a hardship!" he agreed.

Cecil felt both light-headed and light-hearted. "Am I to understand that you are proposing marriage to me—*George?*" she demanded, her voice as mocking as his own.

"Would you consider it if I were?" he demanded.

"Of course not!" she said.

"Then I won't," he answered promptly. "It would break a perfect record."

Jennifer Innis was putting on her wrap.

"It's been an elegant evening, George," she interrupted them, holding out her hand, "but I'm afraid we've got to blend. Night, Cecil, dear. I'll call you up tomorrow."

"But—" said Cecil.

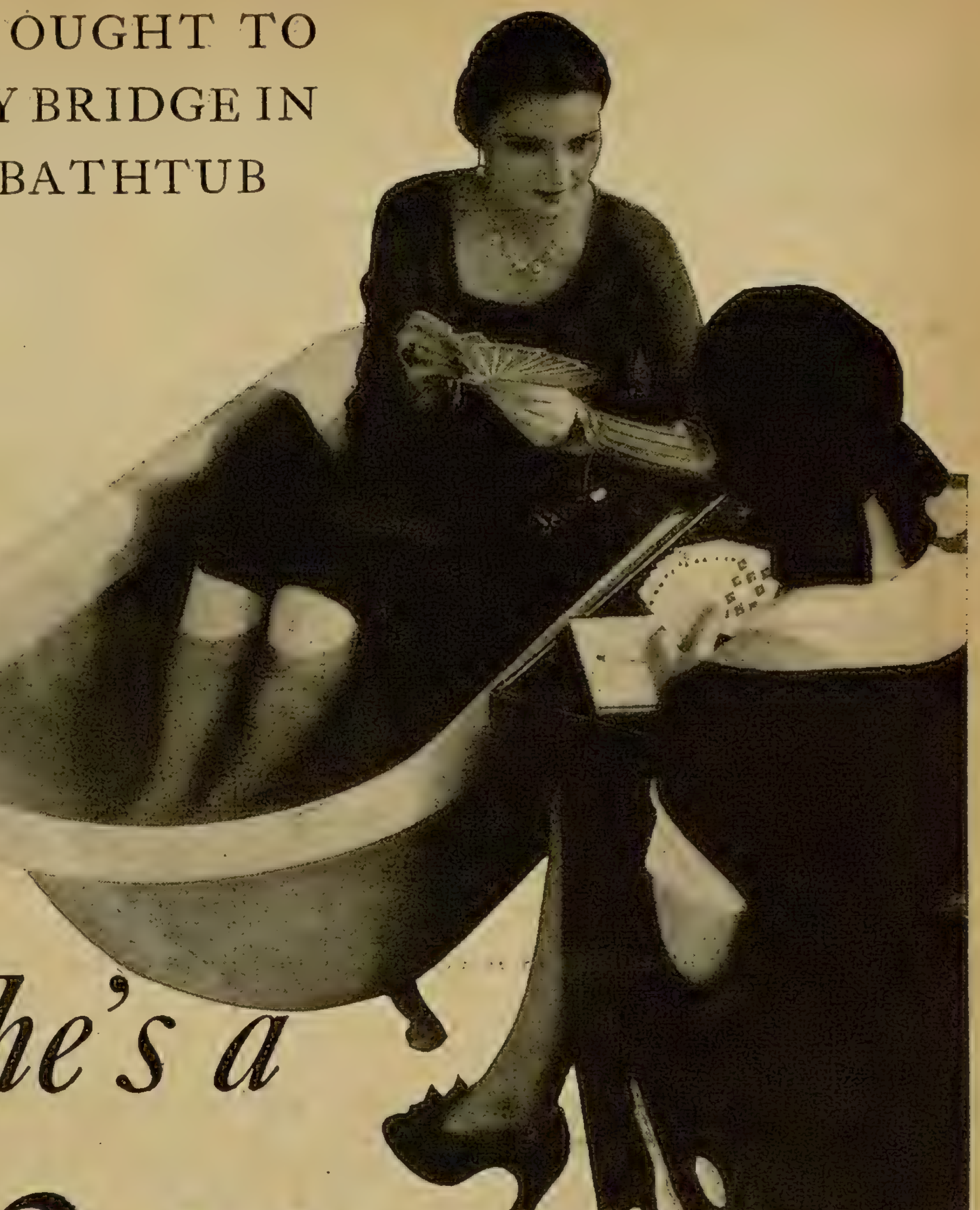
George followed them to the door, returned, smiling.

Cecil looked at him dazedly. "I have never," she announced rather faintly, "been abandoned quite so many times in one evening! Will you please get me a taxi?"

"My car is outside," George said. Then he dropped his hand to her shoulder and shook her very gently.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHE OUGHT TO PLAY BRIDGE IN A BATHTUB



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HEROES ARE NEVER NAMED GEORGE

Continued from page twenty-nine

"Good Lord, girl, don't look at me like that! You can have a cab if you want it! Are you afraid of me?"

"Of course I'm not," said Cecil. "But—it's just—"

It was just that she wanted, suddenly, to cry. Freddy—and then Jen and Wayde—

They were standing at the edge of the dance floor; the orchestra had left their platform and the few remaining guests were preparing to go home. Cecil stepped forlornly aside as a group of people came up to George. They said their good nights to him as though he were a host, she reflected; except for the easy familiarity with which they spoke his name—if George really was his name, and not simply a generic term!—there was nothing in their attitude to imply that they were not all equals.

Only the waiters remained. George got his hat and coat; the yawning girl said, "Good night, sir. Good night, miss." Cecil gathered her shawl about her as they stepped out into the night.

It was still snowing, thinly; the green carpet was sodden and muddy. George picked her up and carried her across it, deposited her in the car which stood at the curb. She sat like a child, looking at him while he tucked a soft robe about her.

"Why you girls don't all get pneumonia!" he scolded.

She smiled faintly, thinking of Freddy.

It was a beautiful car; certainly its owner could support almost any girl in the style to which she was accustomed! George swung it out into the snowy street, and a taxi skidded behind them.

"Where to, miss?" asked George, grinning at her.

She told him. "This is awfully nice of you."

"Oh, I'm awfully nice," he agreed.

They moved westward along the one-way street, turned north on Eighth Avenue. Cecil cuddled down in the folds of the rug. Snow slapped against the windshield; the wiper made a fan of clear glass before George's eyes. A taxi horn honked sharply behind them, and they veered toward the sidewalk. The cab shot past, dangerously close on that wet street, and turned west about the next corner. The man who had swung from it to the running board of George's car, said, "Just keep drivin', feller."

Over the folds of the rug Cecil's widened eyes looked at George. Beyond him, outside the open window, the man who had spoken was a grayish blur, brightened only by the gleam of a revolver.

"Maybe," remarked Cecil hopefully, "he'll turn out to be a juggler!"

George grinned at her; then his face hardened.

"What's the idea?" he asked his new passenger.

"Got tonight's receipts on you?" the passenger inquired.

"Unfortunately for you," George answered pleasantly, "I do not do business on a cash-and-carry basis. We—"

The passenger grunted. "Turn west next corner," he directed.

"Ho, hum," said George.

CECIL sat very still. She was not afraid; her eyes on George's calm profile, she was scarcely excited. Suddenly the memory of Freddy Prendergast, white-faced, fleeing in panic from a group of pretend-policemen flashed across her mind. George was right; she could never marry Freddy after that! She waited calmly, looking at George, waited for whatever was going to happen.

He turned the car west into a singularly unattractive street, dark and deserted. Then his right hand closed over her hand and carried it to the emergency brake, held it there. His eyebrows had jerked upward, in a question, and for a brief instant, his blue eyes looked searchingly into hers.

"If I'm not careful," he murmured negligently, "we might skid."

"How true!" Cecil said, unwinding the rug from her legs.

George's fingers tightened over her hand, and Cecil nodded her head. She was not positive of what he was going to do, but she was ready. She saw his right foot press down upon the accelerator; she caught her breath as his other foot jammed the brake pedal.

Like an engine on a turntable, the long car slithered sideways across the slippery street, up over the sidewalk, toward the terribly solid wall of a warehouse.

"What the hell!" shouted the passenger on the running board.

Cecil's left hand was tugging the emergency brake as her right hand cut the engine switch. And George, incredibly, was diving headfirst through the side window of the car.

Cecil ducked as they crashed; splintered glass rained over her. The car quivered and was still. For scarcely two seconds she held her eyes tightly shut; then she opened them and tumbled out the door. The two men were struggling in the street, locked in each other's arms, rolling and kicking. Another second and she had snatched up the gun which George had knocked from his assailant's hand in his first flying tackle.

"Do you want me to shoot him, George, or shall we take him alive?" she asked in a clear, steady voice.

From that rolling mass of arms and legs George's voice rose, bantering:

"Oh, let's shoot him later, Cecil! If you'll just shove the gun against his head and hold it there a minute—he's the one without a flower in his buttonhole!"

It was as swift, as simple as that. Two more seconds, and George was on his feet; George had taken the revolver from her and was ordering its former owner to stand up.

"I THINK," said George, "we go away from here damquick. That taxi—" He smiled affably at his prisoner. "Beg pardon, old chap, but could you direct us to the nearest police station?" His face hardened at the "old chap's" answer. "Just keep your mouth shut, please," he suggested. They walked silently up the silent street. "At the next town meeting," said George to Cecil, "I shall vote for another policeman!"

They walked all the way to Broadway before they found one, or anyone else.

"May I," George addressed him politely, "offer you this little gunman as a token of—"

The law took charge.

"I still don't believe that they aren't going to do an act!" Cecil insisted. "One of them should—" She stopped, because George's eyes were looking down at her so queerly. "Oh, your poor face!" she cried. "Oh, George—"

"It's only dirty," said George. "Do you still think that you're going to marry Freddy Prendergast, Cecil?"

She shook her head. "No," she said.

"No," repeated George. The police car had arrived; voices rose about them, but Cecil and George were quite alone, looking at one another. "Do you know yet," he asked, "that you're going to marry me?"

Cecil caught her breath. "Yes," she said.

The officer, smiling, said that he was sorry to interrupt them, but—well, business before pleasure! George put Cecil into one of the taxis which had come up, and returned to speak briefly with the officer.

"Don't we have to go to court or anything?" Cecil asked as he got into the cab beside her.

He shook his head, smiling. "Oh, we big bootleggers and night-club men—" he murmured.

Her brown eyes clung to his face. "Gosh, you were wonderful!" said Cecil. "When you—"

"*You're* wonderful!" he interrupted. "If we'd rehearsed the whole thing—"

If they had rehearsed a hundred times before a camera the kiss that followed that, it could not have been prettier. Cecil's face was tilted up to George's, and very gently his arm gathered her close to him, as his head bent down.

"Oh, George—" said Cecil.

"You darling!" said George huskily.

And apparently unsatisfied with the perfection of that first kiss, they repeated it.

The cab had stopped before Cecil's door.

"I can't let you go now!" cried George, when finally they noticed that it had stopped.

Cecil sighed.

Then she became practical. Somebody had to. "I must go now." She smiled mistily. "I'm going to need the little sleep I can get!" she told him. "Tomorrow morning—"

"What time may I come?" asked George, and then kissed her again, because she was so very sweet, looking practical and sensible and smoothing her hair.

There was so much to say that there was no sense in attempting to say anything, yet. They both recognized that. And the taxi driver did not in the least mind waiting. . . .

"Now I've got to go!" said Cecil. "My mother—" Her mother! She gasped, giggled a little. "Oh, gosh—George!"

It was going to be *terrible*—but it was going to be! Cecil did not doubt that for a minute.

"Oh—gosh!" she said again, and kissed him and slipped out of the cab before he knew what she was about, and ran into the house.

OF course she should have lain awake, tossing and turning. She firmly expected to. Instead, she slipped off her clothes in about two gestures, stepped out of them and into bed, whispered, "Oh, gosh!" once more, and fell instantly to sleep.

Four hours later she opened her brown eyes very wide, said, "Oh, gosh!" even more fervently, and ducked her brown head under the bedclothes and lay perfectly still and completely awake.

"Good morning, mother, dear! I'm going to marry a man named George. At least they call him George—you know, the way they do waiters and Pullman porters! He has something to do with a night club. I love him a lot."

Cecil giggled and turned over and pressed her face into her pillow. *Gosh!*

When she went demurely into the living room, her mother was seated beside her breakfast tray, reading the morning paper.

"Hello, dear," she said. "Does Mary know you're up?" Her eyes returned to the print. "Oh, Cecil, how I *wish* you could have been at this party last night! And you *should* have been there! George Thayer, junior, gave it. It seems he rented a night club and—"

Cecil sat down.

FOR a few moments she neither saw nor heard her mother; then she became again aware of Mrs. Kaye's soft voice, still going on.

"—held him up, my dear, with a revolver! The girl—it doesn't give her name—took the wheel and young Thayer tackled the bandit and—"

The telephone rang, and Cecil rushed for it as though it were a bomb about to explode. She caught it on the second ring.

Mrs. Kaye looked at her mildly.

"Hello!" cried Cecil. "*Darling!* Of course! Yes. Yes. *Yes!* YES!"

She replaced the receiver and sat down again and stared at her mother. There was too much to think about, too much to explain. *That* was why Jen Innis and Wayde— And *that* was why—

"What is it, Cecil?" her mother demanded. "Who was that?"

Still Cecil stared at her. It didn't make any difference, of course, not any real difference. It was just difficult to comprehend, all at once, like this. George—it *was* a waiter's name, a Pullman porter's name! And—

"Why!" cried Cecil wildly. "Why! There was George Washington!"

She was still trying to explain that, half an hour later, when George Thayer, junior, arrived.

THE END

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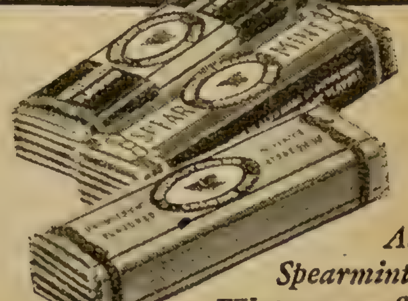

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The Adventure of the F-4

A Look at the Face of Death in the Depths of the Sea

By

FRANK CRILLEY

who is a veteran diver and a member of the crew which Sir Hubert Wilkins is taking with him on his voyage to the North Pole in the submarine Nautilus. Mr. Crilley has already told Liberty readers of some of his early adventures. Here he recounts an exploit for which President Coolidge bestowed on him a Medal of Honor.

(Reading time: 17 minutes 40 seconds.)

IN 1915, on the 26th of March, the papers carried headlines that gave me the queerest feeling I ever had in my life. " Submarine Sinks with All on Board," they read. The F-4 was down in a trap somewhere off Honolulu Harbor, where everyone knows the water is more than 300 feet. The country had never had such a disaster.

I was in Brooklyn with a crew of experimental divers making tests to find out how far down a man can go and still come up alive. Our chief in the crew was Chief Gunner George D. Stillson. Then there was Dr. George French, the medico in charge; Steve Drillishak, who had gone to the unheard-of depth of 270 feet in a hole off Long Island; and three others—Fred Neilson, Bill Loughman, and myself.

The minute we saw the headlines Stillson sent off a request to the Navy Department to send us as a diving crew with our apparatus, including the decompression tank, the " iron doctor," as we called it. It was said divers couldn't reach the F-4 because of lack of equipment.

We figured the sub was lying in one of the most exposed positions in the world. Anyone who has ever looked at pictures of Waikiki Beach knows there is usually a heavy sea running. There are lots of storms and gales around there.

A rotten place for men to have to work, hustling to match their wits against death. The F-4 had to be got up, even if it was after her crew was dead. There'd be knowledge out of that to save other crews if such a thing happened again.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels ordered us to proceed immediately to Honolulu to attempt salvage of the boat.

It took us eleven days to get from New York to Honolulu. That was a record run in those days. Our diving dresses were ready to step into. The dresses were of rubberized twill; the helmets and breastplates copper, nickeled. Brass straps weighed eighty pounds apiece, the lead belts eighty pounds apiece more, and the shoes, with lead weights, twenty pounds each—200 pounds in all to be added to each man's own weight.

Copyright International News Photos

Before we got into Honolulu Harbor other submarine crews had swept an eight-inch wire cable under and around the F-4. And it was down this heaving, swaying wire, lashing in the swell, that we were to go.

Stillson was to have complete command of diving operations. In the morning he ordered a rigid physical examination to see who would go over first. At least we knew the distance down was more than 280 feet.

I got the decision. I was pleased. I kept hearing people say it was foolish to send down such a little guy. I was the smallest of the divers. I am slightly built. I don't look like much of a competitor for the sea.

I was to go down the steel cable already looped under the sub by Jack Agrez and George Evans. They had gone far beyond their safety limit and made superhuman efforts to liberate the bodies of the men who had perished.

I got a hold on the cable and started rapidly down. I looked up several times to see what the drift of my life line was and to make sure it wasn't getting fouled. At 250 feet I struck trouble. I had been coming down a practically vertical cable. Now, with the tremendous weight and prevailing swell, the cable swept in a great bend toward the F-4. I could see I might get tossed off it and probably get my life line tangled.

I stopped to rest and look around. Far below I could see the F-4, broken and lonely, lying on the marvelous white sand. There wasn't any coral or other vegetation near her. Just the sub and the sand.

I began shinnying myself along the bight in the line. I made a hundred feet, trying hard to keep my position on the top side of the wire and move forward at the same time. I found I had chanced on a wire that was looped under and around the boat.

So I landed on the bottom. All I could do was observe. I said the F-4 was broken. You couldn't see any ruptures, but the ship looked broken somehow, lying there all alone, a steel coffin holding brave men savagely.

I began to study how she lay, the list and everything. Then I started up again.

It's a long way up. Especially after such a deep dive. I had to stop for decompression. Your body has to be built up again, as you might say, to be fit to live in the world. I struck the decompression ladder at ninety feet below surface. Up ten feet at a time. The pressure at the bottom had been 138 pounds excess per square inch. On top it would be fourteen and seven-tenths.

The distance from bottom to ninety-foot level had been almost pleasant. My lines were clear. I had the feel of the job ahead. We knew how the ship lay. We'd be able to get her up; too late to save the crew, but at least the men would get a proper burial. I was swinging comfortably along the cable. You get a queer sense of ela-

Fitting the helmet on Jack Agrez, one of the divers who looped a cable under the F-4.

International photo

President Coolidge conferring the Medal of Honor on Crilley.

tion at feeling yourself coming up from a deep dive.

Going up the last ninety feet took me three hours and it got pretty darned tiresome. Besides, I'd never been down so far and I wanted to see what I looked like.

Neilson was next down. He went down on the opposite side of the cable, landed on the deck, and made a thorough inspection of the top side. He confirmed my report that there were no holes or ruptures in the hull. That meant, so we thought at the time, that we'd have a much easier time getting the boat up than as if she were stove.

While we hadn't done much actual work on the first two dives, Neilson's report and mine laid out a lot of hard work. A length of eight-inch cable had to be swung to deck cleats on the submarine. It got fouled once. Every minute showed us how unsuitable our diving equipment was for such a job; but it was all there was and we had to go ahead with it.

IT didn't take long for things to begin to turn up to devil us. For instance, Steve Drillishak, a great big guy, who had gone down 274 feet in our Brooklyn tests, went down, did his job in sailorlike fashion, did his compression, and so was thought to be all right when he came up. Out of his diving dress he looked good, and after reporting he fell in with the gang, laughing and talking and getting ready for supper.

Steve sat down at the table across from me, and all of a sudden I noticed he seemed to be downhearted. While I was looking closer he slumped over in his chair.

First case of caisson disease!

The quickest way to get at him was to jump the table. Everybody was surprised to see me jumping over the table, and still more surprised to see Steve start falling.

We lugged him to the decompression chamber. He was sick—dizzy, pains in both arms, nausea. Stillson jammed his way by us and into the tank with Steve. The air shot up to twenty-five pounds' pressure. That was enough—that and two hours' gradual reducing of pressure. Steve wanted to go for another dive. It's a good thing it wasn't time, because at midnight he got another attack, and it took him another three hours to be fit to leave the iron doctor.

That was our warning. Steve had overdone himself in the work. It was ahead of us all.

THERE'S one thing you can be sure of about diving: No matter what happens on one job, there's always something more exciting around the corner. What happened to Steve was nothing to what happened on the next dive.

Bill Loughman got elected to go down. He had never been down so deep, but he was a qualified deep-sea diver. He was crazy to go and Stillson said he was fit. He was to look over the wire hawser and the hull. He started down at ten thirty in the morning.

When he got halfway down the wire cable he noticed his life line and air hose were fouled—wound around the cable. The cable was pitching and swaying in the heavy running surf. Loughman stopped his descent, tested his lines, found they would still carry him, so he started ahead again, pulling his life line behind him as he went, and clinging to the pitching cable like a fellow trying to stick on a running camel. He thought his lines would reach to let him do the job and he could take care of the turns in them when he started to come up. At about 250 feet down he struck the bight in the cable and it began to toss him up and down like a fireman in a life net.

But he stuck on.

You have to put on twenty-pound shoes and a clumsy, heavy dress and try to straddle a heaving wire before you know what he was up against. The wire was like something alive and determined to pitch him right off its back. The sea was rising. When he got to the bight things were worse, not better. He was sure up against it.

Then, to make everything nicer, the boat with the surface equipment gave a lurch. The cable was like a giant's arm striking and yanking at Loughman in a fury. It struck him again and again. His already fouled line took some more turns. He lost consciousness. He got pitched off the cable. When he came to he was hanging about fifty feet above bottom and couldn't see the cable anywhere. He had been bruised and torn by it and now it had left him like something not worth bothering about.

International photo

Frank Crilley and William Loughman, whose life Crilley saved in their work on the F-4.

He asked to be pulled up a little so he could reach the point on the wire where his life line and the cable came together. It didn't work. Down went word from above that his life line and hose were so tangled he couldn't be pulled up.

That's a devil of a message to get when you're under water. Many a diver would go loco in the circumstances. Not Bill Loughman, though. He said, " Well, if you can't

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

women are not the only offenders...

AN ACCUSING FEMININE CHORUS One of the many protesting letters we receive from women these days, asks, "Why do you always address women when you talk about perspiration odor?

"Men are just as subject to perspiration odor as women—often more so. And it is quite as unpleasant in them.

"Whence, then, this idea that only women need Mum—that in some miraculous way a man's daily bath protects him?"

The women are right. After all, men, avoiding perspiration odor is very simple. A quick rub of Mum under each arm when you're dressing—and you're safe!

Mum acts *instantly* and its effect *lasts* all day or evening. It doesn't stop healthful perspiration. It just takes away objectionable odor. It doesn't harm skin or clothing.

Keep a jar of Mum on the bathroom shelf; slip one into your traveling bag—it doesn't spill or scatter.

No more underarm perspiration odor for *you, and no criticism from the ladies!*

For burning, perspiring feet use soothing Mum

Do your feet perspire, ache, burn? Rub them with Mum. It soothes, cools and absolutely destroys odor. Protects your hose and keeps shoe linings fresher.

"MUM"

SHALL WE SEND YOU FREE TRIAL PACKAGE? Address Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 11, 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y. Canadian address: Windsor, Ont.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE F-4
Continued from page thirty-three

get me up, I'll go down." He told them to lower him to the bottom, where he thought he'd walk over the submarine, find the cable, and, by walking around it, clear his lines. The surface crew tried to do what he told them, but they couldn't lower him either.

There wasn't any doubt about it then: Trouble was right up close to Bill Loughman.

If we'd known then what we knew later—that he'd broken his left hip crashing around against that cable—we'd have been in a worse jam about him than we were, though that was plenty.

Loughman thought anyhow he could clear himself somehow. So he set to work. He was cool and he began to work carefully. But he couldn't clear himself. He was a clever guy in the water—we had always known that when we were working in Brooklyn with him—but he wasn't clever enough for the scrape he was in.

The wind began to rise. The seas rose.

Swells set in from seaward. Loughman wouldn't have gone down that day, nor anyone else, if these things had started up in the morning. That's the devilish thing about diving. The sea is full of little surprises. Bill stopped answering his telephone at intervals. And we found out, when he didn't answer, that he wasn't clearing himself. Still, we couldn't begin to haul him up. The weather conditions were getting worse.

I was ordered into a diving dress to see if I could clear him. If anything was going to be done to get Bill out of his fix, it had to be done in a hurry.

International photo

Diver Frank Crilley about to go under.

NO time to go down like a gentleman; just get down the quickest way possible. There was a good chance we'd both get our lines fouled. The air supply was sufficient for one diver, but not for two. But we rigged the four torpedo flasks of eleven-foot capacity each and maximum pressure of 2,500 pounds per square inch through a half-inch pipe to a reducing valve, then to a small expansion chamber of two cubic feet capacity to a manifold the air lines were attached to.

I started down.

Loughman was getting weaker.

Stillson told him to use more air. The reducing valve had to be opened wider and this put the diving hose to a greater internal pressure than was safe at all. From that time on both our diving hoses ruptured repeatedly. Fortunately the water pressure prevented the ruptures below the surface, and the surface ruptures could be repaired. When we worked on the S-4 we had improved diving hose designed on the basis of things we learned by this experience with internal pressure.

I slid down the wire cable Loughman had descended on. For about 200 feet his life line and hose stayed with the cable. But where the wire began to bend and swing toward the sub his lines left and hung straight down. The water was still very clear even though it was so rough.

I went down 250 feet and got a sight of Loughman hanging from his lines about fifty feet away from me. He was conscious, because I could get feeble diver's signals from him. I went back to where his lines met the cable. I got a hold on him. I straddled the wild cable and started down again with it between my legs, pulling Loughman toward me as I went.

I THOUGHT I could get him back on the wire so he could begin to take out the turns in his lines. I was wrong. The farther down I went the rougher things got. I did manage to get him to the wire, but he was too far gone from his injuries and exposure under such terrible pressure to be able to help himself.

I decided to get him on the wire somehow, but the seas started after us then in earnest, pounding us and throwing us about like corks. I lost my grip on Loughman.

I could talk to the top. I asked permission to transfer my life line and put it on Loughman. I could manage with my hose. Down from the top came the answer: "Not by a damn' sight. Come up and get a new line and go down again."

This is an emergency stunt and is not at all safe after long exposure to high pressure. However, it was sure Loughman had to be got up quickly, so I shot to the surface. I came up so quickly, not bothering about the decompression ladder, that the man who was due to give me a line was not in position. When he tried to pass me a line he overreached himself and fell overboard. I was signaled to go down again to give the service crew a chance to make another try, then try another fast ride to the surface.

I got up top this time, got the new line, and took it down to Loughman. Then, by returning myself to the cable, I could direct the surface crew about getting him up. I wanted to keep just ahead of him all the way up, clearing his lines until we got to the decompression ladder. I skipped the ninety-foot level myself, leaving that for him, while I took the eighty. I kept on the rung above him going up. At sixty feet the surface crew could see us a little through the water glass, but my exhaust air bubbled and interfered with them. So they decided to take me up the rest of the way so they could keep an eye on Loughman all the time. I got the signal to come to the top.

They cut my suit off and lugged me into the decompression chamber. Steve Drillishak came in with me. It takes longer to tell it than to do it. In a few seconds the pressure was up to thirty pounds.

Loughman was in such shape coming up now that he got unmanageable. He couldn't talk on the telephone. They decided to give him the hoist. His clothes were cut off. Funny! He was conscious for a minute, then he collapsed. They lugged him in with me. Drillishak got out to make room, as our iron doctor is stingy about holding more than two patients at a time, and I still had considerable decompressing of my own to do. They told me to take care of Loughman, so I stuck in the iron doctor.

Two doctors—G. R. W. French, U. S. N., and Harry A. Garrison, U. S. N.—were let in with us. French was in rotten condition himself, but he insisted. Both doctors knew Loughman would need them if his life was to be saved.

SO there we were, the four of us. The minute the door was shut on us, I turned on the air-pressure valve, wide open. The roar and commotion that filled the air was wild. I couldn't see, so I kept one hand on the valve and the other on Bill.

Things like that seem years. When Bill finally moved and I shut off the valve the gauge registered seventy-five pounds.

Both doctors had been working on Bill while I applied the pressure. Bill had been completely out.

A queer business—the noise and mysterious movements in the dark.

When we had visibility again, and the noise died down, there was a scene! It was like something in a chamber of horrors. Dr. Garrison was bleeding from his ears, nose, and mouth, and the pressure had busted both his eardrums, too. Dr. French, who was more accustomed to pressure, was deathly sick and unable to stand up. Bill was in awful shape. His body was a mass of welts from the pounding he got riding that cable. He was sick as a dog and completely exhausted, literally sweating blood.

GARRISON didn't know what he was getting into when he volunteered. He would have volunteered anyway; he was that kind of a guy. French knew what he was up against. He knew he had an idiosyncrasy against high pressures, and that he was asking for trouble, coming in there to stay with us under such pressure as Bill needed. There is nothing in the world like a fast ride in very high pressure!

No words I am likely to think of can explain what those doctors went through in that chamber for nine hours. What I did was in the line of work; they were not required to do what they did, and they are the finest examples of self-sacrifice I have ever witnessed in all my years in the diving game.

Well, to get Loughman conscious was the first step in saving his life. The next move was to lower the air pressure and try to prevent his being attacked by oxygen poisoning from his four hours in such deep water. If he got oxygen poisoning he was going to get pneumonia too. He got pneumonia.

They rushed Bill to the sick bay of the U. S. S. Maryland. For two weeks it was touch and go. He'll always have a limp. But he isn't all in by a long shot; he worked with me on the S-4 and he is a chief gunner, U. S. N., and instructor of diving and salvage officer on board the. U S. S. Falcon.

Something more by Mr. Crilley on his experiences as a deep-sea diver will appear in an early issue.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Not His Choosing

John was visited by his parents one Sunday at summer camp. He asked:

" Pop, when am I going to have my vacation? "

" Why, this is your vacation," father replied.

" This is no vacation," said John. " It's just one of Mom's ideas."—Mrs. Gladys Shepard, 2155 Union Guardian Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

* * *

He'd Go for Ice Cream

Small Gene had been walking for what seemed miles from shop to shop with his mother, and grew very tired. His mother promised him ice cream when she finished her shopping. Finally Gene slumped from his mother's hand.

" Come on, Genie dear," mother urged.

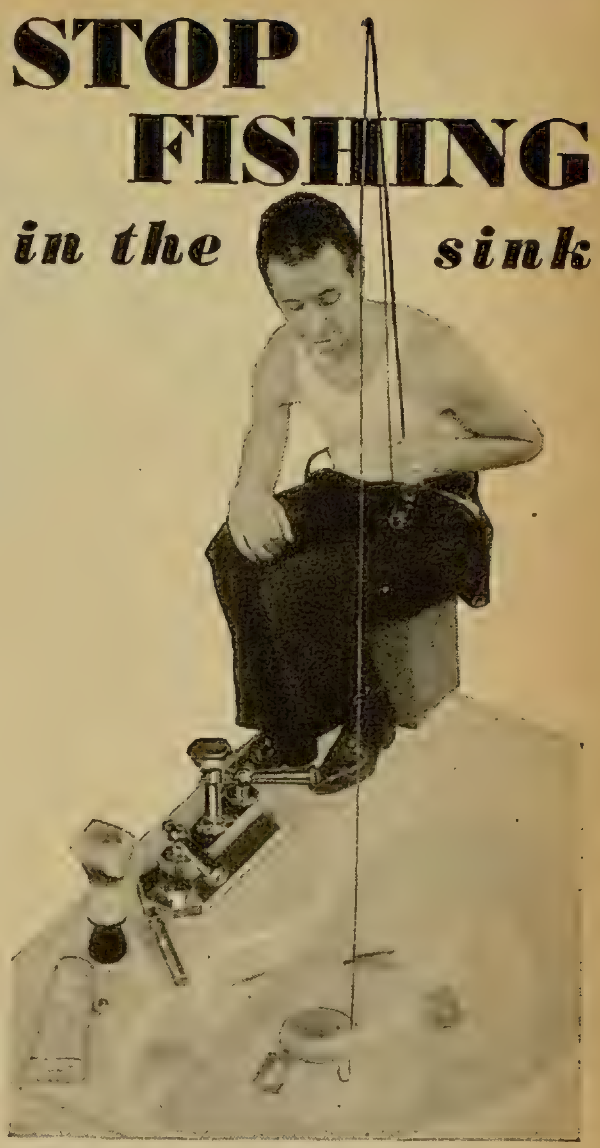
" I can't, I can't," wailed Gene. " My go is all gone."—Elizabeth B. Steele, Cayuga, N. Y.

* * *

An Indelible Impression

The little pupils were impressed with the rule that all children should go single file through the halls. One of the first-grade pupils was asked what one and one are. She promptly replied:

" One and one means single file."—Beulah Miller, Ind. School for the Blind, Indianapolis, Ind.



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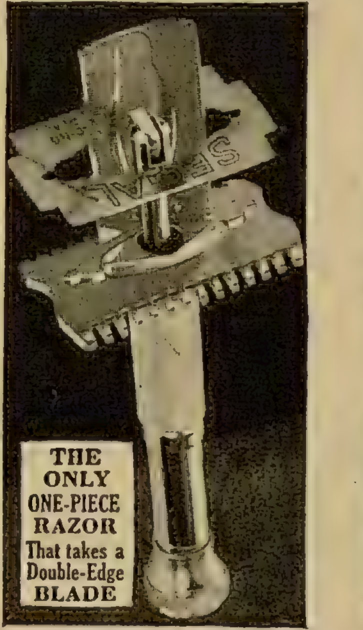


Special introductory offer: A shaving set of one handsomely finished Segal *uni-matic* razor and 10 Segal double-edge blades (a regular $2.50 value) is offered for ONLY . . . $1.00

If your dealer cannot supply you, send $1. to the address below.

SEGAL LOCK & HARDWARE CO. 14 Warren St. N.Y.C.

SEGAL RAZORS • BLADES

Made by the makers of Segal Locks

The GIGOLOS are C

And Meanwhile, Miss Swanson Sins and Sings in a Comedy with Gay Trimmings

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 5 minutes 10 seconds.)

THE next vogue in films is foreshadowed definitely. The gigolo will follow the gangster. Possibly tempted by the radio popularity of the song, Just a Gigolo, the Hollywood producers already have experimented with the theme. William Powell played the first one just recently. ~~Now a whole~~ flock of gigolos is coming. There's Just a Gigolo, Dance, Gigolo, Dance, and Evenings for Sale, as well as a lot more.

No doubt these new gigolo dramas will have the same high moral standards that governed the racketeer thrillers. As you know, the gangster always won a fortune and Jean Harlow, but, in the end, he had to reform or be put on the spot. Sometimes both.

You can depend upon Hollywood seeing to it that the new celluloid avalanche will point its moral. The gigolo always will come to a luxurious but lonely and ignoble end.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ INDISCREET

CAST

Jerry Trent	Gloria Swanson
Tony Blake	Ben Lyon
Jim Woodward	Monroe Owsley
Joan Trent	Barbara Kent
Buster Collins	Arthur Lake
Aunt Kate	Maude Eburne

Produced by United Artists.
Directed by Leo McCarey.

This new Gloria Swanson film, written by those experts of musical comedy, De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson, came near being a ★★★★ comedy. It gets off to a gay, smart start and then slips into the Hollywood rut.

Should a young woman tell her fiancé of her past indiscretions? That is the plot—and the picture cannot help getting emotional when Jerry-with-the-past has to sacrifice herself to save her kid sister, who is bent upon marrying the lover of the old affair.

Miss Swanson provides her admirers with fleeting glimpses of herself in a shower-bath scene that would plumb the depths of De Mille's own heart.

Miss Swanson, by the way, is excellent as the lady who sins and sings and her comedy, emotionalism, and vocalism are very stunningly garbed throughout.

Ben Lyon is decidedly good. The flip Swanson-Lyon comedy in the early portion of Indiscreet arouses high expectations. That is, until the gay lady about town develops a conventional movie conscience.

★ ★ THE SECRET SIX

CAST

Scorpio	Wallace Beery
Newton	Lewis Stone
Hank	John Mack Brown
Carl	Clark Gable
Anne	Jean Harlow
Peaches	Marjorie Rambeau
Colimo	John Miljan
Donlin	DeWitt Jennings

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by George Hill.

Hollywood has not yet finished with the gangster. This story, written for the screen by Frances Marion, relates the progress to power of a stockyards gorilla whose brains are provided by a drunken old shyster lawyer. The hoodlum escapes the law until he thoughtlessly puts a bullet through the aforementioned brain. Once again the platinum blonde, Jean Harlow, is the idol of the gat experts.

Wallace Beery provides a characteristic performance as Tony Scorpio, the slaughterhouse thug who aspires to the profits of prohibition. But it is Lewis Stone as the crafty criminal lawyer who steals the picture.

Clark Gable, who is to be Greta Garbo's next leading man, here makes the step from gangster rôles to that of an honest reporter.

★ ★ SUBWAY EXPRESS

CAST

Killian	Jack Holt
Dale Tracy	Aileen Pringle
Kearney	Fred Kelsey
Tracy	Alan Roscoe
Borden	Jason Robards
Stevens	Sidney Bracy
Mason	Selmer Jackson

Produced by Columbia Pictures.
Directed by Fred Newmeyer.

This novelty stage melodrama does not lend itself to the screen any too well.

Aileen Pringle and Jack Holt in Subway Express.

The background is a Manhattan subwa
express and the action develops aroun
the murder of one of the passengers
Under the police examination the sus
picion shifts from person to person.
was a tough job to keep up interest wi

Coming!

Gloria Swanson as the lady with the past in Indiscreet.

Wallace Beery and Lewis Stone in a gangster play, The Secret Six.

Leslie Howard and Conchita Montenegro in Never the Twain Shall Meet.

but a single background—the subway car. Jack Holt is effective as the police inspector who solves the mystery, but it is Fred Kelsey, as the big boob of a plain-clothes man, who swipes the honors.

★ NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

CAST

Dan	Leslie Howard
Tamea	Conchita Montenegro
Mr. Pritchard	C. Aubrey Smith
Maisie	Karen Morley
Larrieau	Mitchell Lewis
Porter	Clyde Cook
Tolongo	Bob Gilbert

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

The lovely half-caste who shocks the ero's relatives with her quaint unvilized abandon is a familiar movie character. In this version by Peter B. Kyne, the pretty little savage is consigned to the young Frisco shipowner by her father, who kills himself rather than face the slow torture of leprosy.

Conchita Montenegro, Spanish and a newcomer, is Tamea, once done silently with far less undulations by Anita Stewart.

Oddly enough, Karen Morley, who was the tragic light o' love in Inspiration, is the best of the cast as the Frisco heiress who loves our hero. Leslie Howard is the shipowner and acts as if he didn't believe it. For that matter, I didn't either.

★ THREE GIRLS LOST

CAST

Noreen McMann	Loretta Young
Edna Best	Joyce Compton
Marcia Tallant	Joan Marsh
Gordon Wales	John Wayne
William Marriott	Lew Cody

Produced by Fox.
Directed by Sidney Lanfield.

This is frail movie fare, this story of three girls who try their luck in a big city. One is self-sacrificing, one is dumb, one is a gold digger. In no time they are mixed up with gangsters and land on the front pages. I doubt if you will worry much about them.

Short Subjects

★★★ to Mickey Mouse's newest, Traffic Troubles, in which a sensitive and temperamental taxi plays a heroic rôle. Mickey Mouse is still snout and whiskers above all his imitators, and they are many.

Personally I do not like advertising reels on my theater program, but I cannot help giving ★★★ to Chesterfield's superb album of old-time movie dramas and news reels.

Do you know that—

Sinclair Lewis' Arrowsmith is to be filmed with Ronald Colman in the leading rôle?

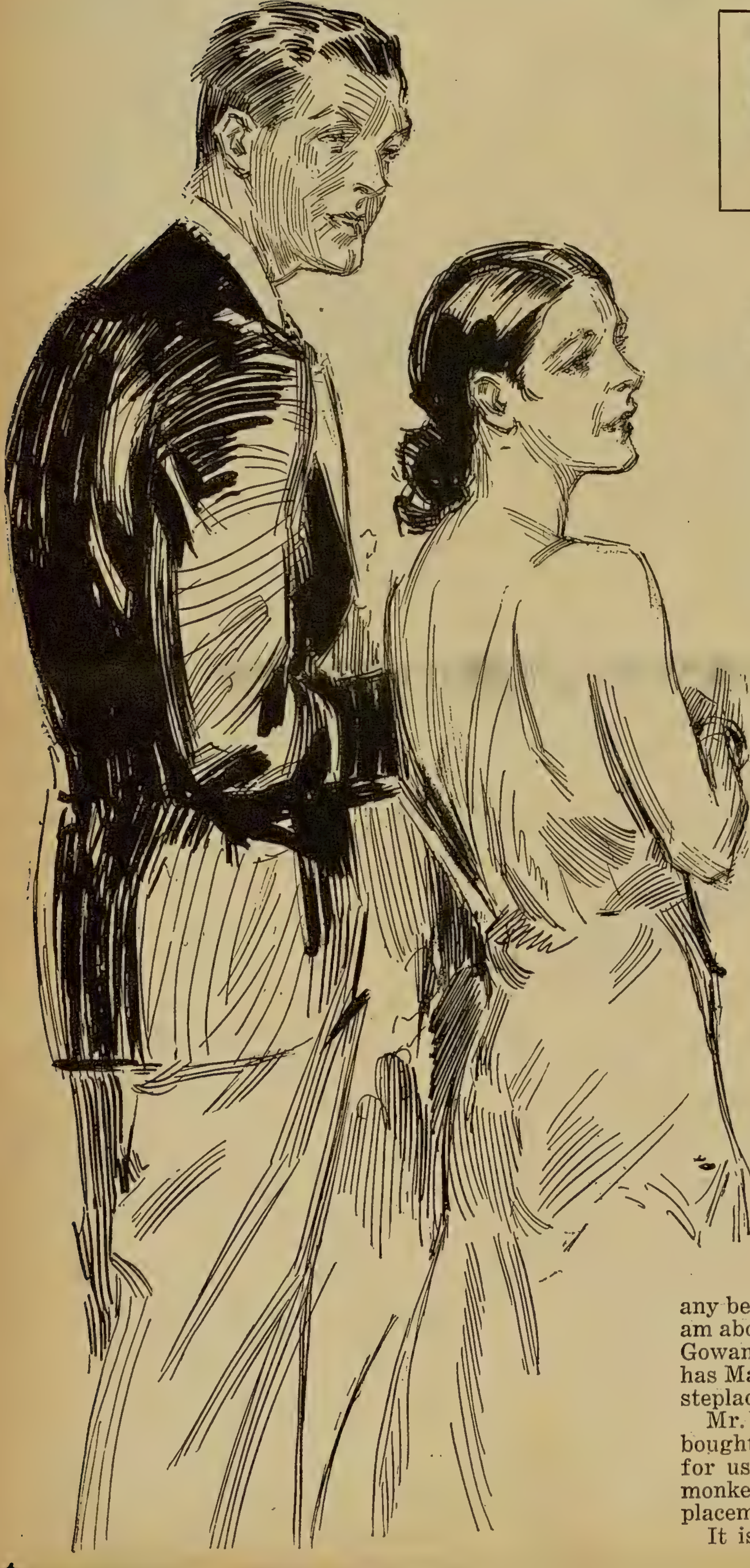
Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

★★★—Svengali, The Public Enemy, A Connecticut Yankee, The Millionaire, Dirigible.

A BALL, a GLOV

A Story of Hearts and Diamonds



By

JAMES POWERS

who spent his youth in Oklahoma, won his varsity letter at Marquette University in Milwaukee, Wis., and is now a sports writer on a New York newspaper. He travels with the Giants, when he is not covering boxing or golf, and writes articles and fiction for magazines at other times.

Pictures by HUBERT MATHIEU

(Reading time: 18 minutes 30 seconds.)

I AM sitting in the dugout watching this, and I am half asleep. It is the first practice game of the spring, and it is one of those scorching hot afternoons that boil the fat off the overweight hippos who report with box-car shapes after holding out all winter for box-car figures. It is fairly cool in the dugout and a soft wind that smells of prairie flowers is sweeping the diamond. The sky is clear except for a few little tufts of gray cloud that look like steel wool left behind by a carpenter. Out in the bleachers a half dozen chocolate-colored pigeons are strutting around on the rusted sheet-metal roof.

I am watching all this and unrolling white strips of adhesive tape. I am very fatigued because that morning I have injected several large globs of morale into the new shipment of ivory. The ivory we get these days are a trial and a tribulation to me because most of them are inclined to be restless when I tell them my Middledorf story and along about the second or third time they hear it they are inclined to wander away in search of bluebonnets which grow under the pecan trees out in the shade of left field.

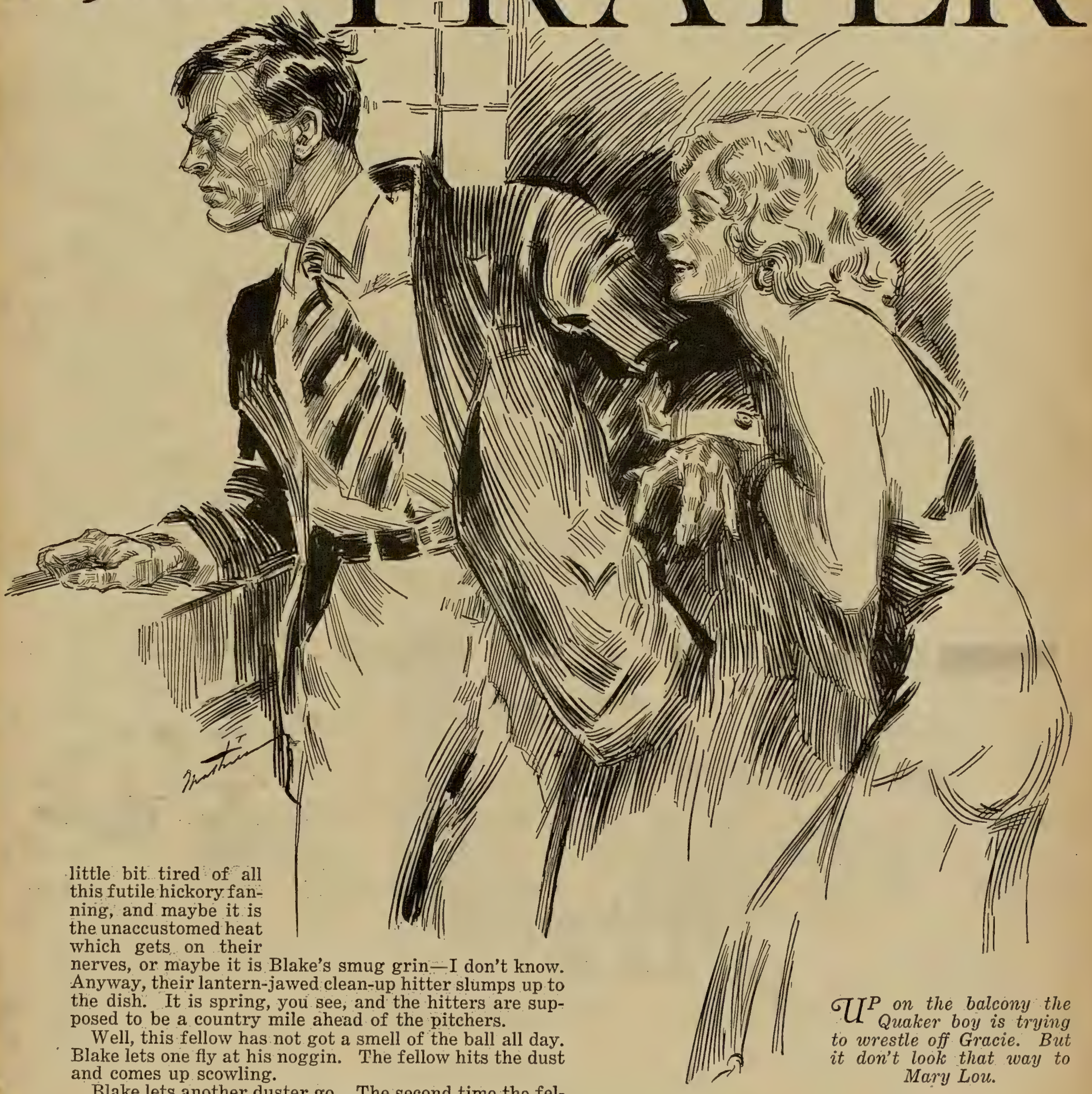
However, most of these young gentlemen, while they are a mite smart-Alecky, are sensible enough to follow the traditions of the great national pastime of baseball, especially when said traditions are handed down by me. Mr. McGowan, who is our manager, says that I am a great character molder, and as he works very, very hard he is apt to get sleepy and yawn and walk upstairs to his suite when I start this Middledorf yarn.

Well, this afternoon I am sitting in the dugout and Mr. McGowan is sitting right next to me. He seldom wears a uniform any more, and the pants of his blue business serge are stained with dust. He has a paper folded under his arm and the headlines say something about a blizzard sweeping New York. Nothing makes a fellow in a baseball training camp feel any better than a story about a snowstorm back home. I am about to pick up this paper and read it, when Mr. McGowan nudges me and says, " Look at his curve ball. It has Madigan reaching out like a cherry picker on a shaky stepladder."

Mr. McGowan is referring to young Blake, whom we bought from the Sally league for $40,000. He is pitching for us, and making big monkeys, not to mention little monkeys, out of the opposition, all depending on the displacement of their red-flannel lingerie.

It is the fifth inning and the opposition is getting a

E, *and a* PRAYER



UP on the balcony the Quaker boy is trying to wrestle off Gracie. But it don't look that way to Mary Lou.

little bit tired of all this futile hickory fanning, and maybe it is the unaccustomed heat which gets on their nerves, or maybe it is Blake's smug grin—I don't know. Anyway, their lantern-jawed clean-up hitter slumps up to the dish. It is spring, you see, and the hitters are supposed to be a country mile ahead of the pitchers.

Well, this fellow has not got a smell of the ball all day. Blake lets one fly at his noggin. The fellow hits the dust and comes up scowling.

Blake lets another duster go. The second time the fellow comes up cursing and waving his fist. Blake is insisting it is an accident.

Then—swish!—Blake comes down the slot with a Ferris-wheel curve, and immediately follows it up with a slow ball that floats over like a nickel bag of pop corn. The fellow bends his spine into a pretzel trying to hit them, and he is plenty steamed—inasmuch as he is one of the league's first five hitters and a kind of a nasty gent, to boot.

On the next pitch he gets disgusted swinging, so he suddenly switches and breaks all laws of baseball by pumping a bunt down the foul line. Our first-baseman, a skinny redhead with freckles the size of new Lincoln pennies, comes in fast to field it. Blake races over to the sack and gobbles up the throw, despite the yelps of the second-baseman, who is standing behind him.

It is a cinch out. The runner is eight feet away when Blake catches the ball; but he suddenly launches off, feet first, spikes high and flashing!

There is a scrambling in the dugout, and a hoarse "Hey! Hey!" as the gang lunge to their feet. The runner skids, sending up a huge puff of yellow Texas dust.

When it clears, both ball players are on the ground. Blake still has the ball clenched in his hand. He is twist-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A BALL, A GLOVE, AND A PRAYER]
Continued from page thirty-nine

ing his mouth and I think he is going to cry. In the brilliant sunlight I can see little crystal beads of sweat forming on his forehead.

His white stockings are torn and down the front of both shin bones are two ugly gouges! The white stockings are turning to crimson by the time I get there and the blood is running into his shoes. On the white lime-dusted canvas of first base there is a spray of fresh scarlet dots and the kid is trying to focus his dazed eyes on them.

We carry him into the dressing room and set him up on the oilcloth table I call my workbench. Some of the gang gather around to watch, while the rest go outside to listen to Mr. McGowan raise seventeen first-class varieties of hell.

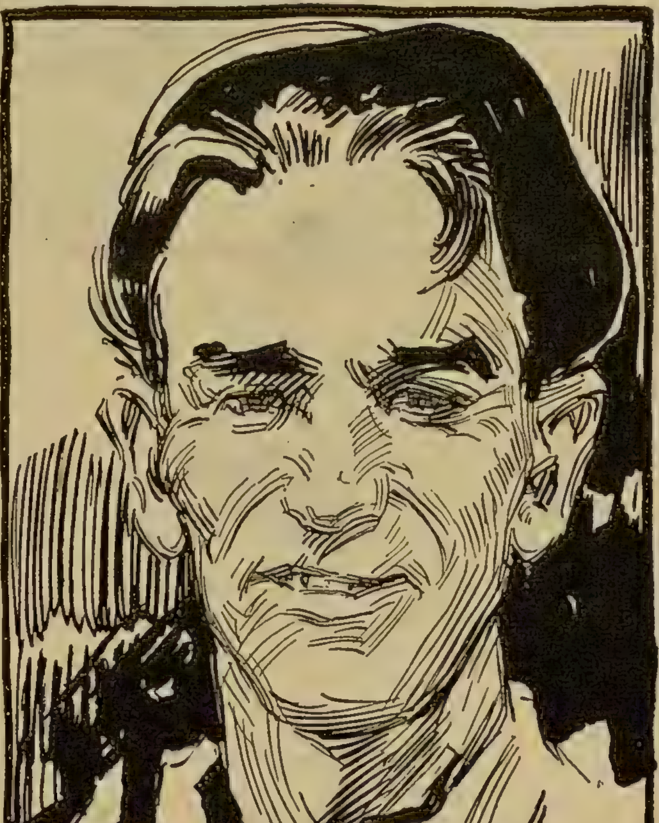
The kid sits up very straight while we peel off his clothes. He begins to mutter something, and Madigan, who is unbuttoning his shirt, says, "You talking to me?"

Blake shakes his head and goes on with his genteel, uninterrupted but emphatic flow of swear words.

By the time I start taping him up, the gang leaves and only the two of us are alone in the room.

Now, I know the kid is fixing to get himself in plenty of trouble, as they are very strict these days of modern baseball, and it has gotten so you cannot even step on an umpire's big toe no more—let alone spit tobacco juice through the bars of his face cage—without getting plastered down with a five-yard fine. As for fighting among ball players—why, that is very, very vulgar indeed and liable to get you suspended for twenty-nine years at least.

"I know you are in a big heat to get revenge, kid," I says, trying to steady him. "I have seen fellows like him eventually cut their own throat. In fact, I have never seen a nasty guy yet who did not get caught up with himself in baseball. It takes time and patience."



"Ah," says Blake, gazing at me solemnly—"ah, peanuts!"

I see right away he is not one to go for the time-and-patience stuff, but he has to stay in the dressing room until I get him all taped up and until the ball game is over, so I figure I will do my kind deed for the day and besides warn this hot-headed youngster off plenty of trouble with the example of Chris Middledorf.

"Have you," I asks him, "ever heard the story of Chris Middledorf?"

"No, thank God," he says; "and if it comes in parts you can leave my part out!"

BUT that was what I wasn't aimin' to do, because now I was sure it was necessary for the good of the team spirit.

I don't think you ever heard about this Middledorf fellow, either, pally. He wasn't in the league very long. You see, he was a Quaker boy. A very religious fellow and a lot of the boys thought he had a bit of a streak. For a rookie he was game clear through. I know it.

He came up from the Texas loop, where he win sixteen and lose four his first year. He used to dress tools in the oil field at Oklahoma City where the scouts first eyed him. He was six-two, weighed 190, and had eyes the color of litmus paper. He once was a collar pounder on a pipe-line crew. A collar pounder is usually a youngster too light to run the points on the tongs. A collar pounder crouches over the pipe collar at the joint and bangs away with his hammer while the tong men swing in time to it.

Middledorf developed abnormally strong wrist and forearm muscles that way. He could put a terrific snap into a curve. When he grew older they made him a tong man. Then he became a roustabout around the rigs and finally a tool dresser. You can see he was no punk.

He was swell copy for the baseball writers. One of them splashed a big yarn illustrated with some old pictures he dug up of Chris' father and mother in Quaker custom.

That old gag about a pitcher having a ball, a glove, and a prayer was not so funny in Middledorf's case. You remember Tiger Flowers, don't you? The Tiger used to pray before each bout. He won the world championship, too. He used to ask the Lord, seriously and devoutly, for guidance—guidance for his left hooks.

Chris would whisper a quotation from Scripture to each delivery in the tough innings. He never got flustered in a big rally. No matter how sticky the going was, and no matter how many men were loading down those cushions yelling at him, he always figured Providence would take care of him.

CHRIS had a pretty fair first year in the big leagues. He didn't know the batters, of course, and had a lot to learn. But near the end he was taking his turn in the box, pitching to all weaknesses and getting so he didn't field bunts with a breast stroke.

He was very popular with the fans and the fellows, and one of the reasons I was sweet on him was because he called me "Doctor" instead of "Doc." Few of us trainers ever see the inside of a medical school and that "Doctor" business sure set well with me.

The second year the club got "Oil" Rhodes in a trade. That was the year that ruined Chris, because Chris and Oil and Mary Lou got all tangled up in one of those triangle things you see in the movies.

This Mary Lou was Chris' girl, and she was as cute as a little red wagon. She had a rich golden tan the color of a new hickory bat. And her hair—well, I guess her hair was blacker than an umpire's heart. It was long and she wore it parted in the middle and combed over her ears and knotted around in the back. She never used any lipstick, but her lips were a cherry red and she had teeth that were regular and white. Why, they were even whiter than Sam's, and Sam is our rubber and his set of pearlies show up awfully clear against that charcoal pan of his.

Mary Lou lived with her father at Sulphur Springs, and we were training there only a month when she became Oil's girl. This Rhodes was a fast worker and a troublemaker. That's why he was traded to us, I guess. His name on the club roster and pay roll was Travis Earl Rhodes. Ball players haven't got a hell of a lot of imagination. I guess if they had they wouldn't be warping their thick skulls in the sun every summer. To them all carrot tops are "Red" and all southpaws are "Lefty." So whoever tagged Earl Rhodes as Oil Rhodes was hitting .400 or better in the nickname circuit.

Rhodes smelled like the inside of a new barber shop. His sleek black hair was as well lubricated as his leather fielder's mitt. He used to be a railroad man and broke in playing with one of the teams from the shops at Parsons. The year before he joined us he was in the series. He set a new record for triples and led the league in runs driven in. His handsome face looked out of every sport page from coast to coast. He indorsed garters, gargles, gloves, gum, galoshes, goggles, and goldfish. He was money crazy and would have accepted a proposition to O. K. God.

After the series he made a movie in Hollywood, and when he joined us in Texas the next spring he started to ride the rookies, picking on Middledorf as his chief victim.

He put itching powder between the sheets of his bed; stuck a pair of horned toads in his baseball shoes; poured glue in his pitcher of maple syrup; and put a water moccasin in his locker.

During practice games Mary Lou would sit in a box and watch the boys, and the graceful Oil always managed to make Middledorf look pretty sour. Once when Chris passed him on the sacks with a four-baser manufactured behind them, Oil whipped out a bright red bandana handkerchief and draped it out of his hip pocket, letting it dangle as a warning or stop signal.

Middledorf naturally got wilder and wilder. Pretty soon he was making swan dives at easy bunts and infield rollers and was hitting batters in the dugout. If we didn't need pitchers so bad I believe this big Quaker boy with the round red face of a McIntosh apple would have been farmed out then and there.

It wasn't until a tent show hit the Springs that the kid's love affair caved in on him. Gracie had gold teeth, a tattooed picture of Gates Ajar on her left thigh, and a wide acquaintance in the better burlesque circles. She used to know a lot of railroad men in Parsons, including our Mr. Rhodes. When she breezed into town with the tent show, Oil had a bright idea and a gallon jug of corn, both of which he trundled up to her room.

From that evening on Gracie began to play tag with Middledorf. She tripped over his feet in the lobby, called him " Dearie " in front of Mary Lou once when she needed a cigarette, and hounded the poor kid until he started sticking to his room nights to avoid her.

THEN one Saturday evening she ran him down. It was a bright moonlight night, and all the barbers were out on the cane-bottomed rockers in the courtyard, barbering as only ball players can. I was over in the rock garden playing my mouth organ. Mary Lou was sitting near the stone well with Oil, her head back, her eyes half closed, drinking in the silvery Texas night and the strains of La Paloma which I was unleashing in my very best tempo.

Suddenly there is a commotion, and up on the balcony we see the Quaker boy.

He is backing up from his room and trying to wrestle off Gracie. He is really trying to wrestle her off, but it don't look that way to Mary Lou. She turns to the grinning, gum-chewing Oil and says, " Oh, take me home, Earl. Please! "

Middledorf wrenches around and looks down at her, rolling his eyes appealingly and trying his best not to sock the corned-up Gracie.

Mary Lou looks back. " Isn't it dreadful, Earl? That woman—ugh! "

" Yeah," drawls Oil, cornering an elbow. " Disgusting, ain't it? "

The next day I corner Middledorf. He has his face in his olive-green steel locker and is fumbling with his shoes. He kept poking around and talking jerkily to me over his shoulder.

" Say," I says, leading up to the subject gentle-like, " why don't you take this Oil out behind the bleachers and give him a first-class skulling? Why don't you pat him once or twice with those premium ham fists of yours? Why don't you put the sock-aroo to him and stop all this? You're three to one to chill him in the first heat."

" Please, please! " he said, turning around and exposing the most woebegone face I've ever seen. " Mary Lou went off to San Brazos and got married last night."

Then he poked his head back into the locker and kept fumbling around with his shoes until I left.

Later on I learned that fist fighting was taboo with his sect.

Things went along okay until the night before we broke camp to start our exhibition tour north. Then Oil staged his biggest and supposedly best three-star special joke. The small clique that hung out with him accompanied him down the corridor to Middledorf's room. It was eleven o'clock. The door was unlocked for Middledorf's roommate, who was downstairs trying to quit even in a three-cushion match.

Oil opened the door quietly, his mob clustered at his rear. Middledorf was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. A new 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new principle. Waterproof . . . Wearproof . . . Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

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That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

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Lipsticks—*Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c.* Lip and Cheek Rouge—*purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c.* Newest Parisian Shades: *Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.*

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[A BALL, A GLOVE, AND A PRAYER
Continued from page forty-one]

asleep. Oil took a clothesline and wrapped it over and under the bed. Then he knotted the ends firmly to the legs. He crumpled two huge wads of newspapers and set them on the floor opposite Middledorf's face. He scratched a match and the papers flared in an impressive mountain of flame.

"Fire! Fire!" screamed Oil in mock terror, running into the hall.

The Quaker boy awoke. He yelled hoarsely at first—then in a frenzy when he found himself powerless. Blinded by the blaze, half crazy with fright, he bawled at the top of his voice.

The mob in the hall, hearing his yelpings, had their laugh. They tiptoed away, leaving the paper to burn down to a supposedly harmless ball of black soot.

BACK in the bedroom, Middledorf was moaning to himself. A half hour later I wheeled into the corridor counting my stud winnings. I catch the odor of burning clothes and smoke and trace it to the room. The smoldering paper had fired a blanket edge. I beat at the flames with my hands and smothered them. Part of the clothesline had been burned. A few quick jerks and I freed the kid. . . .

At this moment I am wrapping Blake's kneecap, and I guess his foot slips or something, because he kicks me in the mouth. I then have to warn him about his excessive use of strong language, because it is not right to call any man the offspring of an animal no matter if it is man's best friend. Besides, I tell him he means Rhodes and not the Quaker boy. But he says, "Nerts." . . .

Middledorf never pitched another ball game.

The muscles of his right arm were burned and permanently damaged. His leg was scorched too, and thereafter he walked with a limp, rolling a bit like a ship in a seaway. The club gave him a check big enough to buy a truck farm at the Springs. The whole thing was bad publicity and it was hushed up.

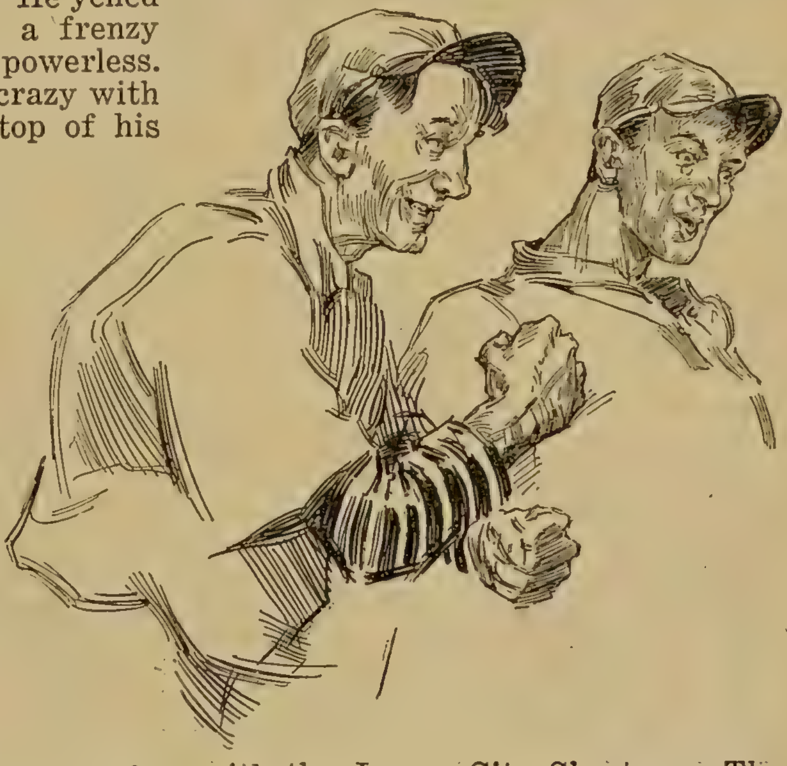
It was three years before I heard of Middledorf again. The club moved training quarters over to Tarpon Harbor in Florida. Oil was waved out of the league. Booze, bad eyes, and trouble-making. He flopped in the bushes and finally went back to railroading.

A rookie third-baseman we bought from Waco brought me fresh news of Texas. "I got my start at the Middledorf refinery at Sulphur Springs," says this fresh chunk of ivory.

"What's that name again?" I says. "Is this Christian Middledorf, a big thick Dutchman with a gimping walk?"

"The same," says the busher. "They brought in oil on his truck farm. He rides around town in a big car and has a chauffeur to drive it on account of his bad leg. The production on his place averages twelve thousand barrels a day. He has an amateur ball club for the employees of his refinery. It's quite a place. You can see the refinery stacks for miles around."

It is not long after that we are in Jacksonville for a three-game series with the Jersey City Skeeters. The second day it rained, and I picked up a paper in the lobby.



There was a train wreck outside Dallas. A leaky safety valve on a car of high-test gasoline, an explosion, and a spectacular fire that threatened to burn out one end of the town. The headline said, EX-BIG-LEAGUE STAR KILLED! I looked down the list of casualties and found "T. E. Rhodes, brakeman."

There was a picture of tank cars, blazing furiously, piled like twisted links of sausage. You know how blurred those telephoto pictures are—I could barely make out the lettering on one of the cars in the foreground: It read "Middledorf's Oil."

WELL, sir, I have just finished my little song and dance on patience and self-restraint and forgiving of trespasses and all that when I look up and discover that this Blake is halfway out the door. The game is just over and he can hardly control himself, fidgeting around for the final putout. Maybe he's going to apologize.

He is in such a hurry he has no stockings on over his white adhesive puttees and his undershirt is sticking out in the back. I guess I am not very good at driving home moral lessons, because I see this Blake is headed for the dugout where the lantern-jawed clean-up hitter is cramming his greasy brown glove into his hip pocket and a fresh bundle of plug into his cheek.

"Hey! Where are you going?" I yells at Blake.

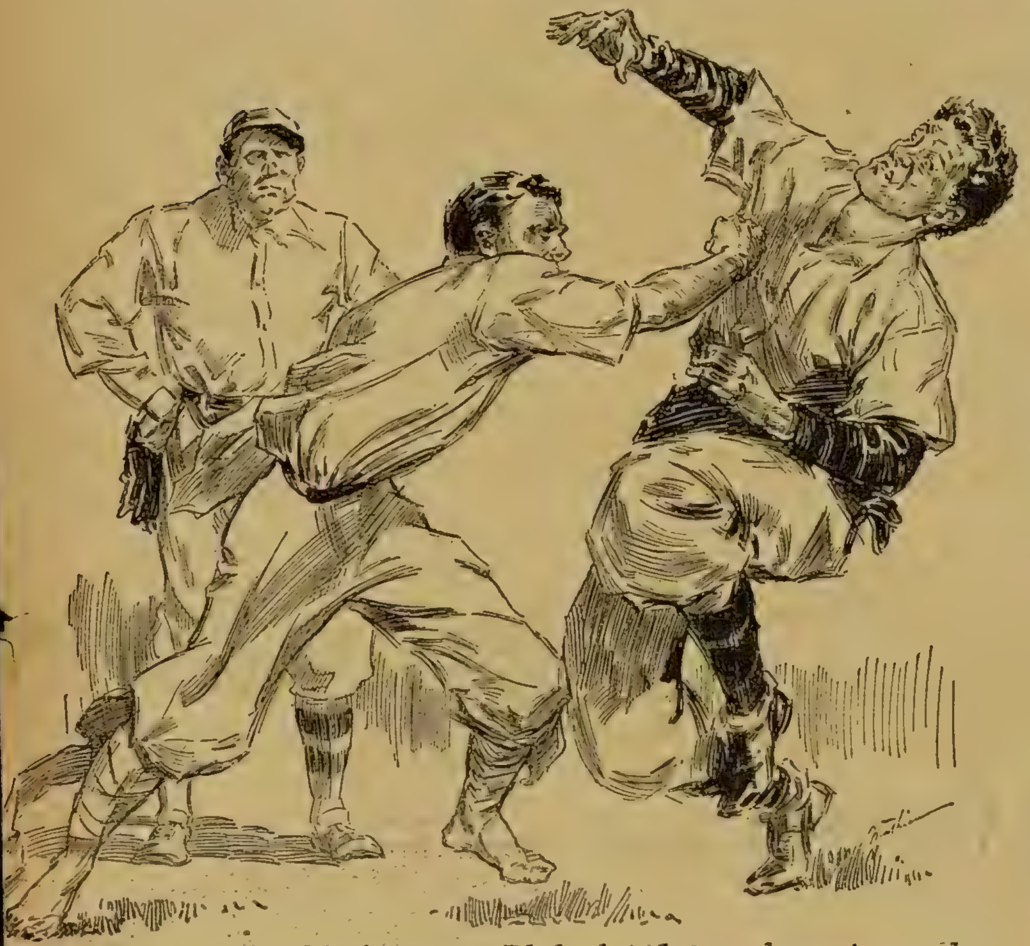
"You really must pardon me, Doctor," says Blake over his shoulder as he hobbles away. "My shins are giving me hell and I am en route to smack this fellow for a row of hemstitched hurricanes."

I am very much disgusted with this rookie, and I do not think I will recount to him any more the story of Christian Middledorf, because all this Blake did was to walk over to the dugout and tap this chesty fellow on the shoulder. The fellow turns around mildlike.

"Was you looking for someone, kid?" he asks, feigning to be surprised.

"I am not looking for no one," snarls this Blake boy whom I have injected with fine character. "I have found the punk for whom I was in search and—"

At this juncture Blake let fly an elegant right-hand smash to the fellow's chin. It was a big chin, too, and it stuck out like the toe of a fishing boot. This Blake, I noted, turns out to be a lad of much perspicacity, because he is smaller than this gentleman whom he is striking, and in a case of this sort it is necessary to get in the first or sucker punch.



At this juncture Blake let fly an elegant smash to the fellow's chin.

I do not think it is good ethics to hit a gentleman a sucker punch and it is not in line with my teachings of morals on this here ball club, but in this instance it was defensible because Blake is no bigger than a nickel bag of peanuts, and besides he is barefooted, his shins are bandaged in my tape, and his shirt tail is sticking out.

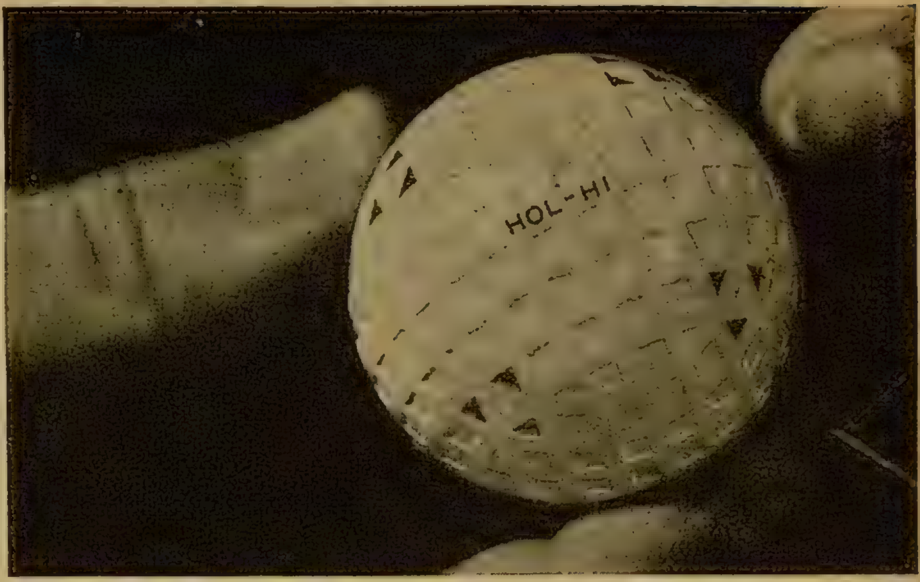
Well, this fellow picks himself out of the water cooler and charges my boy Blake. He bashes Blake about the ribs and kidneys, but is unable to get a shot at a vital point because Blake is crouching over and looking for vital points himself.

Finally he spots this fellow's chin jutting out over him in the mêlée, and wham!—he lets him have a becoming left-handed hook right on the lug or potato. This last punch was really a remarkable punch, because it did not travel very far and yet it had an astonishing effect. It was probably one of the very best punches these old eyes have seen in many a year. It starched this fellow stiffer than the dickey of your grandfather's dress shirt. I wish to inform my clientèle that it chilled the fellow completely, and my boy Blake, whom I had been attempting to instill with some first-rate character, then withdrew.

He walked by me into the clubhouse, and as he passed me he winked at me and I was compelled to wink back at him. His lips were red and puffy, but there was a grin on his young pusserino.

"You see, Doctor," he explained almost apologetically, "I haven't not got no oil wells."

THE END



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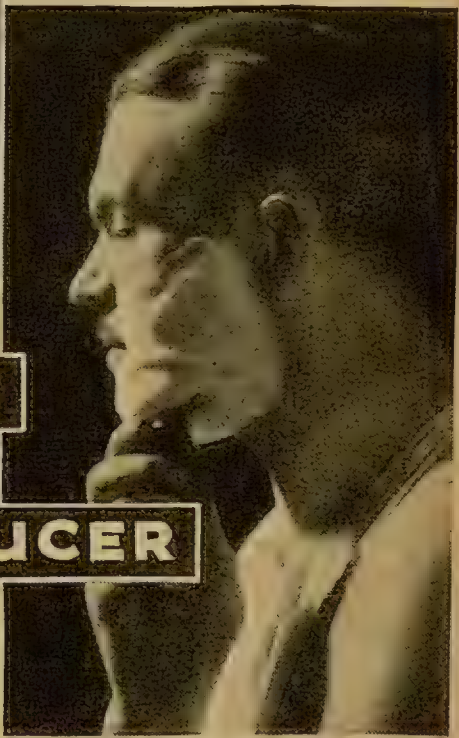

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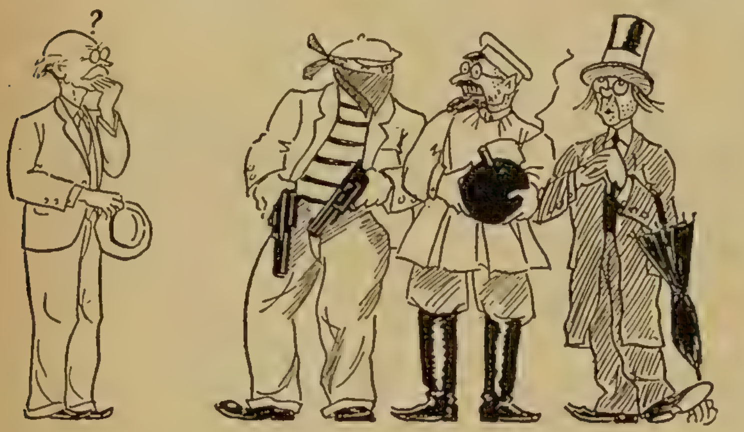
Vox

All's Well with Vox Pop. The Country, It Seems, Is Still Going to the Dogs

MONROVIA, CALIF.—The three greatest dangers confronting the American people today are, in the relative order of their importance: Crime, Communism, and Prohibition. The first is too big a subject to be dealt with in a few lines: the columns of the newspapers reek with accounts of robbery, outrage, and murder. The second is a subtle disease steadily gnawing at the roots of civilization. The third threatens to divide the nation into two warring camps.



These questions are too big for me. What is the solution? Place crime-ridden cities under martial law? Make the teaching of communism a felony? Permit the unlimited manufacture of wine and beer, with liquor under government control? *Quien sabe?—Old-Timer.*

GLENDALE, CALIF.—If prohibition is the failure the anti-prohibition yappers claim it is, why do they have to yap so much about it? If they were right it would fall of its own weight.

The fact that it doesn't, and that they are still yapping, gives them the lie and stamps them as the feeble-minded dupes of propagandists.—*C. M. Hansen.*

Rodney, You Aren't by Any Chance Being Sarcastic, Are You?

PITTSBURGH, PA.—What's all this stuff about prohibition? We got it, ain't we? It's in the constitution, ain't it? You can't get nothing out of your constitution. What if the young folks are drinking poison liquor—what of it? What if millions of them drink it? Let them drink it. They ain't worth nothing, nohow. If us prohibitionists can keep one old rum-soaked derelict from getting his shot of good redeye, what do we care how many young folks drink poison moonshine? It's a Noble Experiment, ain't it?

And we're going further than that, too. We're going to change the name of Brandywine Creek. It was mixed up, somehow, with our struggle for freedom, but we can't let it keep a name like that. And don't let them fool you, fellow prohibitionists. It's all paper talk about this country being overrun with gangsters. There ain't a gangster or racketeer in the whole country. That's all newspaper propaganda. All together, let's stick to our ideals! Even if it takes a thousand years. If we fail at the end of that time, it'll be a Noble Experiment, won't it?—*Rodney Flake.*

She Is No Figment of Anybody's Versatile Imagination

CHICAGO, ILL.—Even if "Alexandra Kropotkin" is a *nom de plume* or figment of your versatile imagination, the latter being more probable, the stuff accredited to her is the berries.

Such command of vocabulary, such flow of sparkling intellect, such an uninterrupted string of interesting and vitally arresting comment on this, that, and what have you, are quite, quite unusual among the columnists of the day, and I read them all! In her jewel on remorse for unhappiness that we cause, for little kindnesses left undone, she vibrated our heartstrings, and how! Her stuff is supremely adroit, deft, timely, intriguing, masterly, artistic, and arresting. Is she good? Yes!!—*Tom S.*

Maybe She Could, at That

PECOS, TEXAS.—What I would like to know is, where do you get so many different photographs of Alexandra Kropotkin? This girl should be in the movies. With so many different faces she should be able to make Lon Chaney's record as a make-up artist fade like the polar star on a bright moonlit night.—*R. V. Nabers.*

How Do You Mean "Only"?

LIBERAL, KAN.—When I read Robert Benchley's interpretation of Future Man, I wanted to say, "Say, listen! Back up a little." I don't believe our ancestors were ever jellyfish and I refuse to become the ancestor of a catalpa tree. Of course, I'm only a woman and love to argue; but I still insist.—*Miss Mary Hesman.*

We Can't Think of Any Good Reasons

OSAGE CITY, KAN.—Fine! Harper Leech's article, "Whither Wages?" is one of the best I've read on the subject. Why not have a few more of the same nature?—*Skirby.*

Thank You, G. D. Mr. Arlen Always Appreciates a Little Constructive Criticism

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—For pity's sake—such a mushy, goofy story: "Transatlantic," by Michael Arlen. "Johnnie boy" this and "Come to my arms, my dear one" that. And you birds have the crust to put that story at the beginning of Liberty!—*G. D.*

Good Work!

VIENNA, GA.—May I express my appreciation to you for the editorial, "Serious Educational Defects," in Liberty for May 16?

You will be interested to know that fifteen schools of Dooly County, Georgia, heartily agree with you. This school year, one hour each day in these schools in every class has been given over to a study of health—a practical study, not a book study. Health projects have been worked out; health problems peculiar to certain communities have been discussed; prominent doctors and nurses have lectured to these classes; and the entire community around each school has been awakened to the fact that "regardless of your possessions, if you are lacking in health there is nothing in life for you."—*Annis Kelly.*

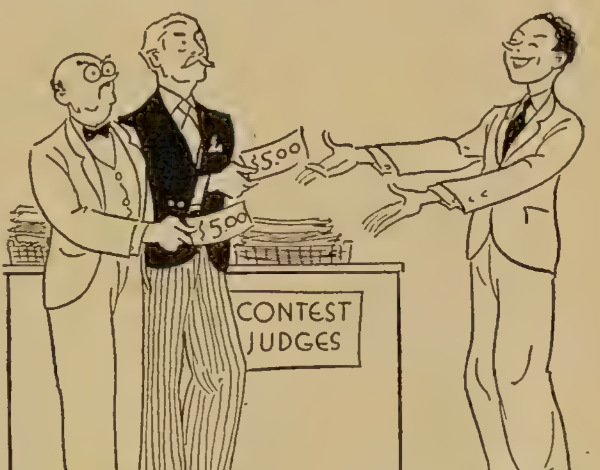
Aw, Go On and Tell Us Where They Give You a Pain

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—These people who get sore when something is printed which they don't like, give me a pain, and I'm not saying where. They sound like so many bulls in a china cabinet. Well, don't they? I've read Liberty for over a year now and I still say—two whoops and a holler for Liberty—as is! —*Eileen L. C.*

We Have Decided It Will Be Cheaper to Have You Stop Reading Our Magazine

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—I'd like to meet some of the judges of your contests. I'd like to get well acquainted with them. You know—so I could call them Pete and Tom, and they could call me Bill.

But they're busy up there in New York and I'm busy down here in St. Joe. About the only way I can think of to arrange a meeting is for you to have two or three of the judges lend me five apiece. From then on I'd probably run across them several times a week.



A little later I could enter one of your contests with some hope of success. If you want me to keep on reading your magazine you'd better arrange these loans.—*Bill Burton.*

Pop

Okay—A Smashing Tale Entitled "A Pair of Socks on the Jaw"

St. Joseph, Mo.—This fellow Edward Doherty is K. O. He writes darn good stories. I like the one called "A Pair of Stockings." I like it so well that I am going to read it over again to find out whether they were silk or cotton hose. Ed, you're O. K. Any man that can make me read a story more than once is. I am going to do something for you, to encourage you. I am sending you a pair of socks to name your next story for.—*B. Luben.*

Wise Crack for the Week

Topeka, Kan.—You say, in your issue of May 9, that Rex Regan, author of "The Lucky Stiff," has a way of departing for foreign countries on an hour's notice. Do you mean by this that your readers have complained so bitterly and made so many threats that it has been necessary to set up this arrangement? —*A Popper.*

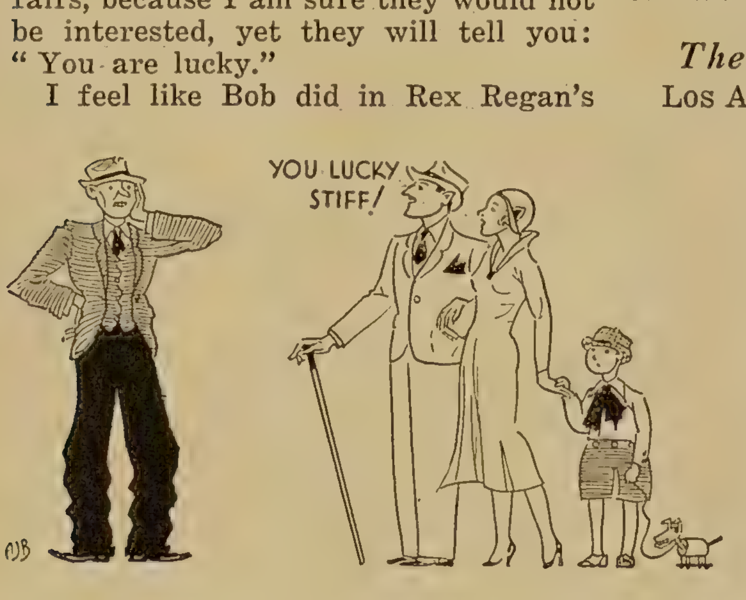
Antidote for Same

Houston, Texas—If you keep publishing short stories like "The Lucky Stiff," by Rex Regan, you will continue to have me for a reader. I could hardly wait until I had finished the story to write this letter. I was very much taken up with the story, being a single man, and being constantly told by married men that I am lucky because I have no wife and children, etc.

These married men are always saying they don't know what they would do if their jobs were abolished. Just because a person is single is no sure sign he has no obligations, such as a dependent parent, or sister, or unemployed brother, or possibly all of them.

Yet it is not for me to go around telling everybody I meet my personal affairs, because I am sure they would not be interested, yet they will tell you: "You are lucky."

I feel like Bob did in Rex Regan's story: some people have the d—est ideas about luck. When a single man loses his job he is lucky, and when he is broke he is lucky. In fact, he is a lucky guy all around, to hear a married man talk.—*Robert (Bob) Brandon.*


YOU LUCKY STIFF!

In Which Miss Collett Gets Her Come-Uppance

Detroit, Mich.—Miss Glenna Collett was always talking about men's "brute strength" in her Liberty article, "The Fair on the Fairway." Say! I'll "brute strength" her if she doesn't look out.

She sure has a lot to learn about men and boys.

I'm only twelve years old but I stand up for my rights. I play golf and like it and can drive 200 yards and it isn't hard. Does she say that's just brute strength? And about putting—that is where skill comes in, and nothing else. I'm not afraid to play her!—*A Real Golfer.*

It Couldn't Go On Forever

Los Angeles, Calif.—I feel impelled to write a word of commendation for Liberty and its sane, honest, and courageous editor.

The magazine is improving every week, although I think it is already the best little magazine in the U. S. A.

"Money Mad," by Rex Beach, is a wonderful story. I wish it didn't have to end!—*D. Livingston.*

The Philosophy of Polygamy

Los Angeles, Calif.—For the benefit of those who think all Mormons have horns and countless wives, I wish to correct a statement in Rex Beach's "Money Mad," where he has one of his characters say, "For instance, it [marriage] means one thing here, and another in Utah—I'm referring, of course, to the Mormon Church."

Mr. Beach doesn't know what he's talking about, evidently. If he ever tried polygamy in Utah, he'd find himself in prison so fast his head would swim—inside or outside the church.

Polygamy, to begin with, was a necessity. After their long and hazardous trek across the plains, the Mormons found themselves in danger of dying out, as most of the men and children had died on the way. It was, therefore, necessary to have many children in order that they might not die out and leave their courageous efforts unrewarded.

Years afterward, when they had multiplied sufficiently, polygamy was abolished by their president. Now, not one of the old families of many wives is left. And marriage, in the Mormon Church, is a *very* strict, moral, binding ceremony.—*Ex-Utahn.*

On Shoes, Toothpicks, and a Writer from Los Angeles

Chicago, Ill.—How come? Mrs. Lon Chaney is reputed to be so tiny and dainty, and yet, in Adela Rogers St. Johns' biography, "Lon Chaney," for May 16, we find the following: "Her tiny feet—she wore a twelve-and-a-half shoe—"

I weigh one hundred and eighty-five, am six feet one and a half, and wear a size ten shoe—but why go on? If Mrs. Chaney, four and three quarters feet tall, wears twelve-and-a-halfs, I must be walking on toothpicks. Bet you feel bad now!—*John Stewart Nichols.*

Buford, Ga.—"Lon Chaney," by Adela Rogers St. Johns, is the best you've had in ages. Keep it up.—*A Chaney Admirer.*

Oakland, Calif.—I wish to say that the story, or biography, written by Adela Rogers St. Johns on Lon Chaney's life, was very good. I think she is a great writer even though she is from Los Angeles.—*A. J. M.*

For Mr. Thrasher

Greenville, S. C.—I noted with rare interest the cover of Liberty for week ending May 9, 1931.

A hole in the ground, a pile of dirt near the hole, a man in the hole, Ulysses holding a drill, Gwendolyn hitting drill with sledge hammer, Ulysses sitting on box that has the name "Leslie Thrasher" stenciled on the side.

Might I suggest a few vitally important changes? Put Leslie Thrasher in the box, the box in the hole, and cover up same. The public is tired of him. He must be Mr. Liberty's brother-in-law. —*L. Lincoln.*

Astoria, Ore.—Leslie Thrasher still seems to be in New York and right on the pay roll, same as always. And why not? I like his covers.

Gritty Gwendolyn and ubiquitous Ulysses may not be angels. They're real kids, not smirking sissies, petrified monstrosities, or that most horrible freak, the smug, horn-rimmed, "precocious child." As long as they never, never torment an animal, and get duly paddled, now and then, for their lesser sins, they'll turn out all right.—*L. M. Clarke.*

To the

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia.

(Reading time: 9 minutes 10 seconds.)

"MEN never *suspect* a little woman."

That, says blonde little Mary Pickford, is the reason why the screen has never shown her as an out-and-out vamp—a rôle she would very much like to try.

By *suspect* she means boldness, badness, downright deviltry. Well, after talking with her over her tea table one day recently, I really don't see how she could fill the vampire bill. She's much too nice.

Apart from her looks—her charming "sweet sixteen" attractiveness—she impressed me straight away as a nice, good-natured girl with a brisk sense of humor and a deep vein of protective shrewdness. From her, I thought, any friend in a jam might well depend upon getting advice worth listening to.

She still remembers the lean years when her grandest dream of opulence was the hope of some day owning two pairs of *uncreased* patent-leather shoes! And all the wealth which now is hers has failed to upset her experienced sense of money values. She still gets her greatest satisfactions, she told me, from the things she must wait for and work for.

She has tough wrestling bouts with herself, trying to make herself discard her last season's clothes.

"Now, Mary," she upbraids herself sternly—and aloud—"you quit your hedging. You'll never wear this dress again; you know you won't. Oh, you want to keep the fur, do you? What about the fur you took off that dress five years ago? It's still lying around, isn't it? Well, then, Mary Pickford, you take this dress right out and give it away at once, do you hear? Now mind!"

She's fun. She tells whimsical stories, acts them out with the cleverest mimicry, works willingly and wittily to amuse her guests. And she has fewer affectations than any celebrity I've met in a long while. In fact, she has none. I like her a lot.

WEDDING dresses in colors are gaining favor in Paris, but have not won many converts in this country. One of New York's most exclusive modistes tells me that while she has made wedding gowns this season in very pale blush pink, and has even made one in pale violet, the majority of her orders call for white or ivory. Lace in off-white tints is the prime favorite for June and summer weddings. Next, in order, come chiffon, crêpe Elizabeth, and heavy satin. Simply cut gowns are the thing. The modiste with whom I spoke bemoaned the preference for bridesmaids' dresses in colors. "Nothing looks as lovely and ethereal as an all-white wedding," she said. "Bridesmaids in white always enhance the effect of the bride."

I agree with this, but there are charming compromises. The prettiest bridesmaids' frocks I have seen lately consist of allover-openwork-embroidered white muslin worn over pale green taffeta slips. Narrow green ribbon sashes will be worn with these frocks, and instead of hats the bridesmaids will have bandeaux of white flowers attached to green ribbon tied in a bow behind one ear with the long ends floating. White pumps with green bows complete the picture.

CATTY remarks were addressed to a friend of mine by another woman at a luncheon party. Alice—my friend—merely turned the conversation aside. "Why didn't you dig into that cat?" I asked her later. "You knew she was being spiteful."

Alice smiled. "My dear," she said, "two people should never try to be nasty at the same time. I'll tell you what taught me that lesson. When Jim and I were first married I used to fight back every time he snapped at me. Our rows became so violent that after a year we were just about through. Then one day I happened to read this sentence in a story:

"'Women will force an issue for its very difficulty.'

"That made me realize something about myself. What I'd prized as my *sensitiveness*, I saw, was really a combination of false pride and impatient ego. I was trying to assert myself by digging back at Jim—by trying to reform him.

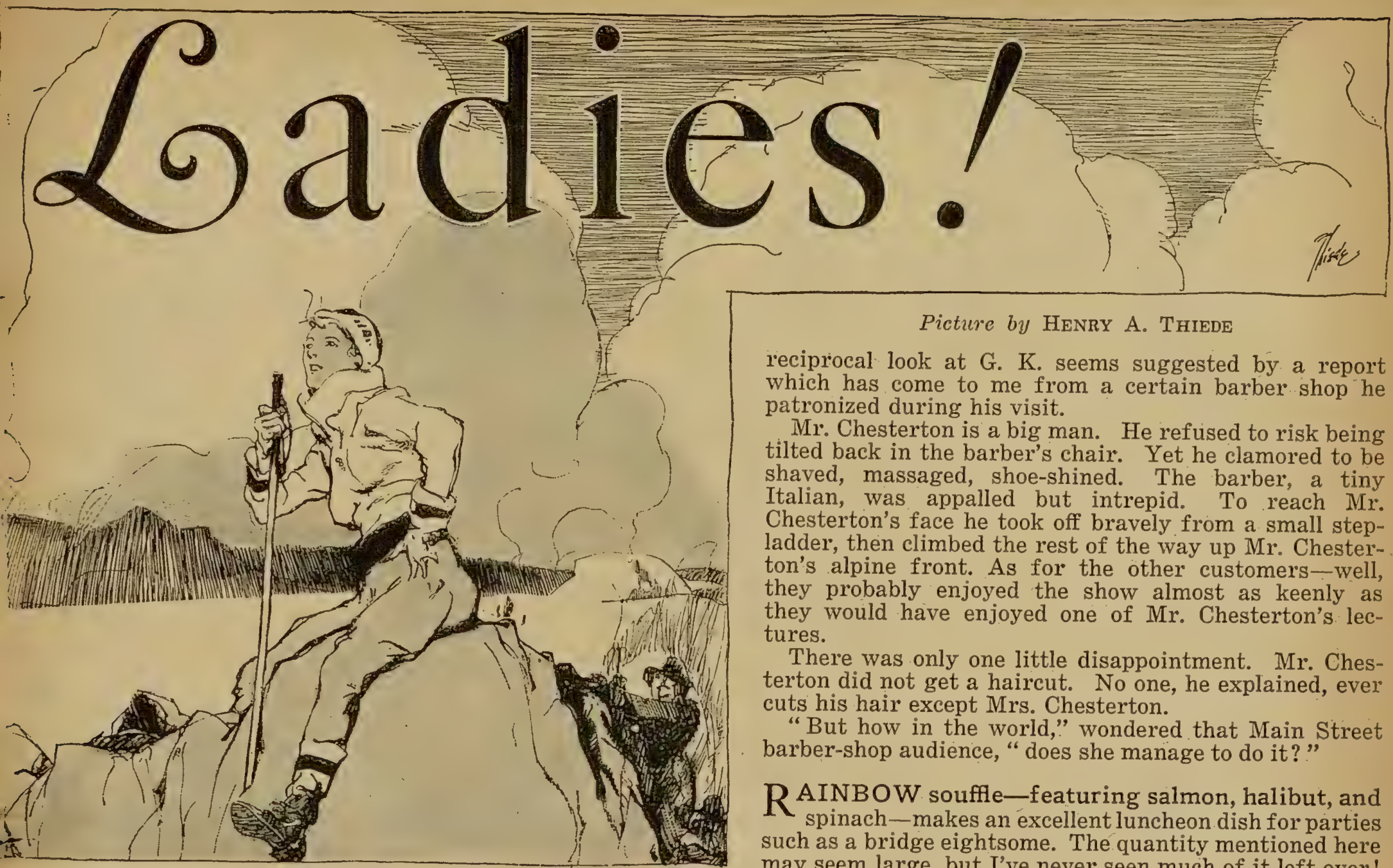
"That was eight years ago," Alice continued. "Have you ever heard Jim be rude to me? No, and he isn't when we're alone, either. I've learned, you see, that it pays not to let our precious sensitiveness get the better of us."

A COOL-LOOKING dinner table helps keep the family good-tempered in hot weather, but cold food is not the only means whereby to achieve a cool effect. On the contrary, our dietitians tell us that cold meals in hot weather are not (excuse me) so hot.

At least one hot course should be served, they say. This health rule is a safe one to follow, and the desirable coolness may easily be attained in another way.

A plain dark blue linen tablecloth—what the English call dark butcher's blue—looks beautifully cool. And flowered china looks particularly good on it. Since this cloth is hard to obtain ready-made, I buy fifty-four-inch linen in the colors I want and make the cloth with a two-inch drawn-thread hem. You can have the hemstitching done by machine if you like.

Ladies!



Picture by HENRY A. THIEDE

There is also a lovely shade of strong bright green and a fine dark rose. Even the rose looks refreshingly cool when its shade is deep enough.

Glass luncheon or dinner sets are so cheap nowadays that they are not extravagances. Pale-colored glass looks cooler than dark glass, remember. And don't use your glass set except when the weather is really hot. Otherwise your family will become accustomed to it—then it won't look so surprisingly fresh to them when they come home all hot and bothered.

Ice-green glass looks the coolest—especially on a cloth of darker green. Rose or pale topaz sets are very attractive on a blue cloth. You'll be astonished to see what delightfully cool effects these combinations achieve. They look best of all if you use white cut-glass drinking goblets and odd dishes along with the colored glass plates, etc.

GIRLS, I'm going to let you in on a secret. New York is wide open! So much so that there isn't any town key—not even a golden key to present to celebrated visitors along with the freedom of the city. Hector Fuller, who helps Mayor Walker do his public entertaining, told me the other day that New York has never presented any "keys of the city" and doesn't intend to.

"The custom has real tradition behind it in Europe," said Mr. Fuller. "There most of the cities used to be walled fortresses with locked gates. Here in America the 'key-of-the-city' gesture is meaningless. New York doesn't go for it."

Many American cities do give away such keys. They cost, I learn, anywhere from thirty or forty dollars (for gold-plated brass ones) to several hundreds of dollars (for eighteen-carat ones).

HUSBANDS who have their hair cut by their wives may still consider themselves to be competent judges of grace and beauty. They may, that is, if they are famous British savants like G. K. Chesterton.

Ungainly, graceless, funny-looking is Main Street, U. S. A., to the eyes of Mr. Chesterton. He said so in frank but well meant words after the close of his recent lecture season here. That Main Street took at least one reciprocal look at G. K. seems suggested by a report which has come to me from a certain barber shop he patronized during his visit.

Mr. Chesterton is a big man. He refused to risk being tilted back in the barber's chair. Yet he clamored to be shaved, massaged, shoe-shined. The barber, a tiny Italian, was appalled but intrepid. To reach Mr. Chesterton's face he took off bravely from a small stepladder, then climbed the rest of the way up Mr. Chesterton's alpine front. As for the other customers—well, they probably enjoyed the show almost as keenly as they would have enjoyed one of Mr. Chesterton's lectures.

There was only one little disappointment. Mr. Chesterton did not get a haircut. No one, he explained, ever cuts his hair except Mrs. Chesterton.

"But how in the world," wondered that Main Street barber-shop audience, "does she manage to do it?"

RAINBOW souffle—featuring salmon, halibut, and spinach—makes an excellent luncheon dish for parties such as a bridge eightsome. The quantity mentioned here may seem large, but I've never seen much of it left over!

While this soufflé requires careful preparation, I believe the pink, white, and green deliciousness of its molded form will repay your trouble.

Take two pounds of fresh salmon, remove skin and bones, and put through a meat grinder. Beat well with a fork. Add one cup of cream, four well beaten eggs, one teaspoon of grated onion, the same of finely chopped parsley, and one-half teaspoon of dry mustard. Salt, pepper, and add a few drops of red vegetable coloring and a dash of cayenne. Beat the mixture again with a fork.

Now take two pounds of fresh halibut, put through a grinder, beat well, add one cup of cream, one teaspoon of grated onion, and other seasonings as above, but omit the cayenne. Put in two tablespoons of cracker crumbs and two eggs. Beat good and hard.

Next have three pounds of spinach cooked and passed through a sieve. Add two egg yolks, two tablespoons of melted butter, and one teaspoon of grated onion.

Use a deep fireproof mold. Butter well. Spread the salmon mixture evenly at the bottom. Then spread the halibut mixture. Then, lastly, the spinach mixture on top. The contents will rise considerably, so allow for this. Place the mold in a pan of water and set in a medium oven for three-quarters of an hour. Unmold into a hot dish. Serve with thin mushroom sauce and green peas.

COMIC-STRIP cartoons show up fifty common grammatical mistakes in a clever little booklet, Laugh and Learn, by Kerry Conway, the radio grammarian. One strip gets at the trouble between *was* and *were* in a very amusing way. The pictures show a fond father questioning his daughter about her best young man.

"He's steady, isn't he?" the parent asks.

"If he was any steadier," says the girl, "he'd be motionless."

Of course she should have said, "If he were any steadier." At the end of the strip Mr. Conway corrects her politely, and gives a simple rule for the proper usage.

Were must always be used when the action is only supposed. *Was* can be rightly used only when the action is a fact.

If I *were* you. If she *were* kissed. When she *was* kissed.

Show Girl in

A New DIXIE DUGAN Adventure

By

J. P. McEVOY

(Reading time: 20 minutes.)

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT: *Dixie Dugan, film star, and Teddy, one of the multimillionaire Pages, are suddenly married. The news delights one member of the Page family: sixteen-year-old Patricia. She decides on a Hollywood career for herself, runs away, reaches Chicago, and falls in love, there, with Dimi, a young "Red," but is restored to her family through a detective agency. Teddy's former sweetheart, Joan Pratt, tries to recapture him. She fails, and the young Pages decide to sail for Europe.*

PART THREE—ON THE WILD, WET WAVES

(From the New York Evening Tab)

SOCIETY STARTS WALKING OUT ON NEWPORT

NEWPORT'S loss is Europe's gain as the surprising exodus from this fashionable stronghold continues to land the Queen City's foremost social lights on foreign shores.

Princesse Miguel de Braganza, the former Anita Stewart, has turned a figurative key in the lock of The Moorings, her rambling white frame dwelling at Newport, and is sailing on the Ile de France tonight to visit her daughter, Nadejda de Braganza, who has been studying dramatic art in Germany under Max Reinhardt.

No east-bound boat this season has been more crowded with elegantes than the Ile de France. When she sails at seven o'clock tonight among those on board will be Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Copley Thaw, Prince and Princess L. Hohenhof, Prince Pio Pochito, Mrs. John Barry Ryan, Jr., the former Margaret Kahn, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Auchincloss, Grace Bristed, Mrs. Roswell Eldridge, Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Labourdette, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Geist and family, and the young Teddy Pages.

Teddy, who was one of Park Avenue's gayest blades, and his attractive young wife, who was Dixie Dugan of Broadway and Hollywood fame, will spend their honeymoon in Paris and the smart places of Europe, returning in September in time for the America Cup races.

THE MEMOIRS OF PATRICIA PAGE

By Patricia Page

(To Be Opened Fifty Years After Her Decease)

CHAPTER THREE

I SEE very little reason for going on with these Memoirs. Life is finished for me now and all I see ahead is one cold grey day after another until the tomb opens to welcome me and I shall be no more. And to think that only a few days ago I was so happy in Chicago that magical city by the shores of beautiful Lake Michigan and my Career was all spread out before me and my life's Work had just begun. But now it is ashes. Nothing but ashes. And my Career is ended. And I am imprisoned in this big bleak house looking out over Long Island which I dispise. Well I suppose Edna St. Vincent Millay is right

Life must go on I forget just why

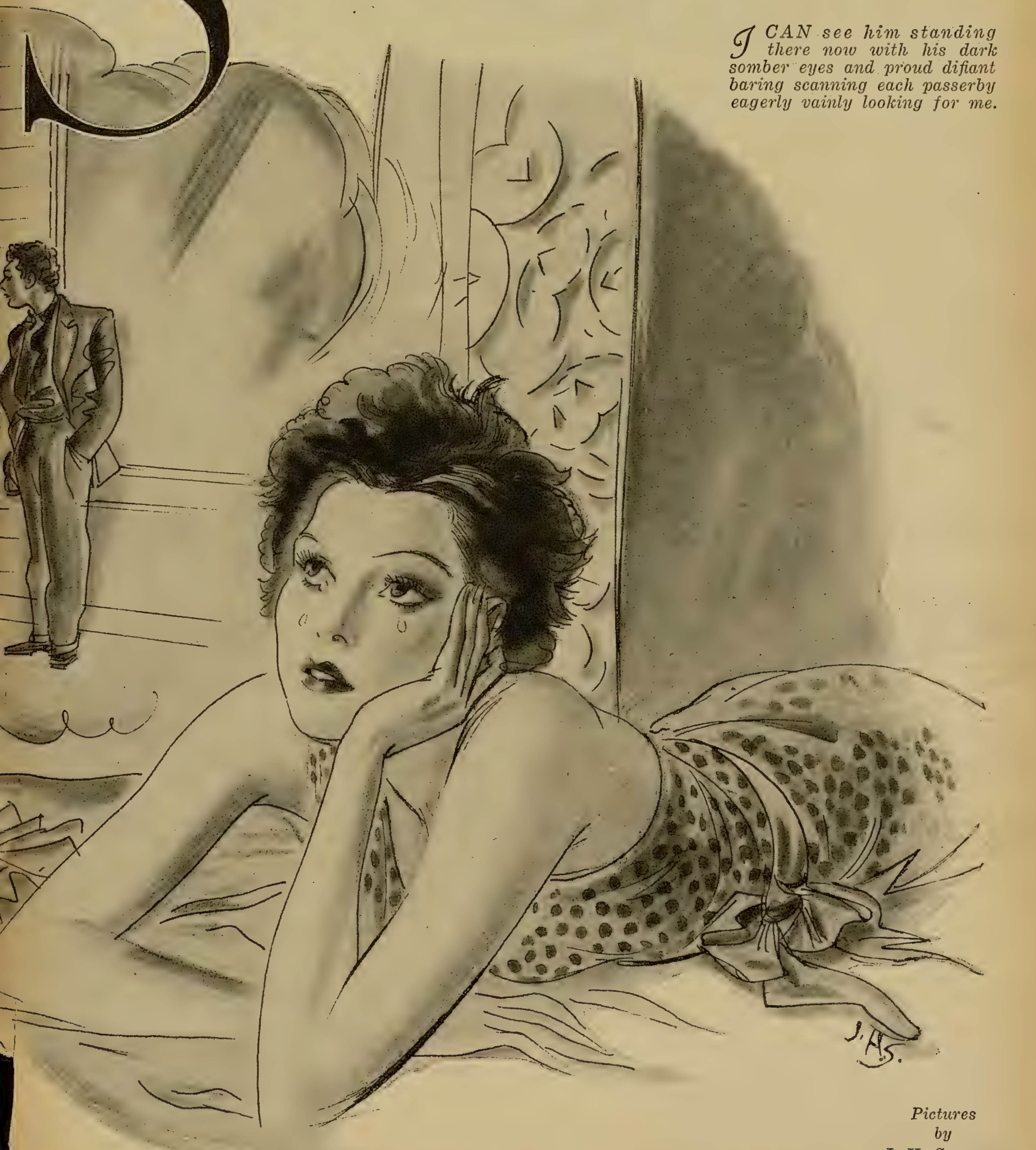
But that's all very well for her. There was no Dimi in her life. Oh Dimi Dimi when I see your name written down here your vision comes up to stab me and my heart breaks into a thousand little pieces and each little piece hurts worse than the other. What must you think of me dropping out of your life like this without one word of explanation? But how could I explain Dimi dearest? I was held a prisoner by that loathsome hotel manager who smiled so sweetly and yet was a serpant in disgise—Come right upstairs, Mrs. Page will be here directly says he and then they ushered me into a luxurious suite overlooking beautiful Lake Michigan which smiled treacherously at me just like the manager who knew all along Dixie had left for New York and was merely holding me there so he could send for my father. A viper that's what he was. A snake in the grass. I will never trust another hotel manager as long as I live.

How I pleaded with him, using all my feminine wiles but to no avail. He was adamant which describes it perfectly. Well someday when daddy is feeling real good I'm going to ask him to buy the Drake Hotel in Chicago and then the first thing I will do is to have that loathsome creature discharged without any references and then I will dedicate a good part of my life to hounding him and having him dismissed from one position after another the way the police do to criminals who are trying to go straight always showing up just as they are about to make good and marry the boss's daughter and they have the same trecherous smile as this hotel manager who wrecked my Career and blighted my life. Well so much for my Revenge. But now the question is what am I going to do now? I won't go back to school that is certain. I put my foot down on that last night. What a grand home coming that was. I will write it out in detail later. Mother said they wouldn't have me back in school anyway because I had made a scandal running away and I said anything that would liven up the old place was a blessing in disgise and they should be grateful to me. But gratitude is something one must never expect in this life. I guess there's no use expecting anything. I guess I'll just sit with folded hands and wait for death for what is life to me now without Dimi the one person who under-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY]

SOCIETY

I CAN see him standing there now with his dark somber eyes and proud difiant baring scanning each passerby eagerly vainly looking for me.



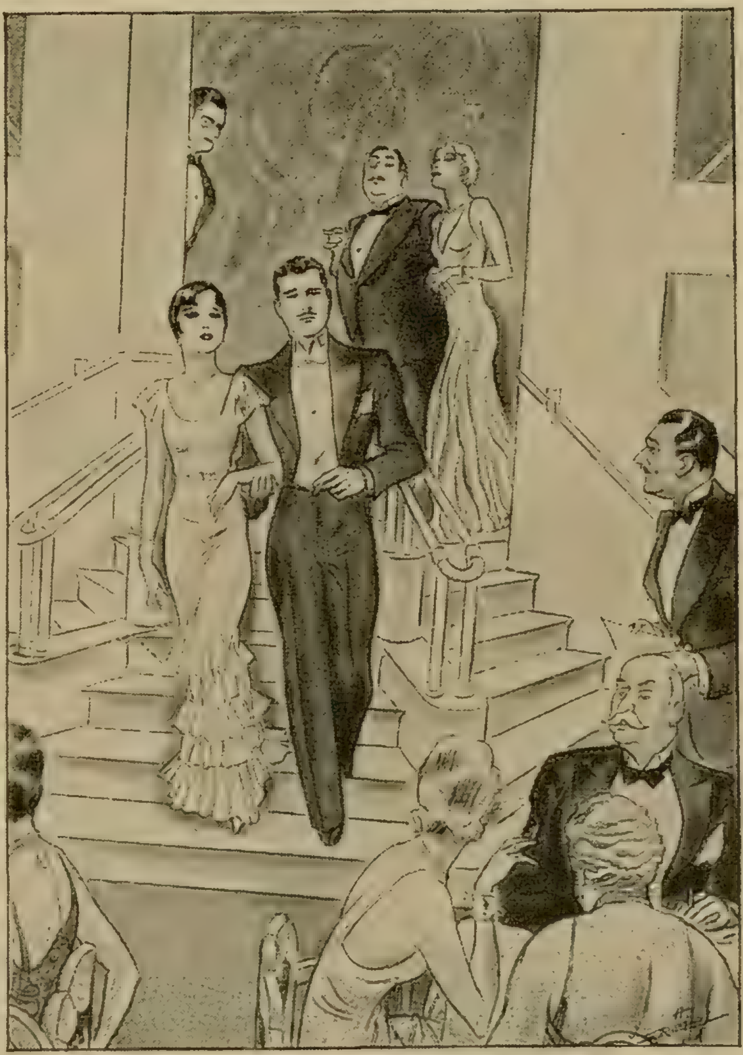
Pictures
by
J. H. STRIEBEL

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page forty-eight

stood me and who I could talk to as one understanding soul to another.

And just to think that now while I am sitting up here in this luxurious prison, this sented cell, he is toiling down there in that dark shipping room basement nailing up countless boxes of True Faith religious tracks to be sent away to all kinds of heathens who are better off than I am because at least they will be able to touch the same tracks that Dimi touched. But me, I am cut off from him utterly and completely without even having been able to say goodbye to him just leaving him standing there vainly waiting for me at our tryst in the Pure Food Cafeteria on Wabash Avenue.

I can see him standing there now with his dark somber eyes and proud difiant baring scanning each passerby eagerly vainly looking for me who will never see him more. Well, he's going to hear from me just the same. I'll smuggle a letter out to him some way even though I am being watched with such vicious determination. They can watch me until they are blue in the face but Cassidy is my friend and as soon as I can when he drives the station wagon down I will give him a letter to post for me and if he is descreet and faithful to me in this my hour of need I will reward him handsomely as soon as I am back in the good graces of my family and can invegle some money out of them.



You drink cocktails until nine o'clock and then you walk down the grand staircase—if you can—looking very blank and haughty.

Daddy asked me all the way back on the train from Chicago how I got the money to run away but I would be torn to pieces with red hot pinchers before I would let them know that Cassidy befriended me in my hour of need and loaned me the money out of his savings though how he can manage to save anything out of what he's paid which is something like $25 a week is beyond me because I found by experience in Chicago money just melts away when you're out in the world and faced by the problem of paying rent and eating even in a cafeteria where you carry your own tray and always load up twice as much as you can eat especially deserts because as Dimi says the eye is more greedy than the stomach and that is what is the trouble with the world today because the rich want everything they see and rob the workers like Dimi who are planning secretly to revolt against this inhuman capitalistical system which Dimi says is riding for a fall. Oh how inspiring he was! Where will I find another Dimi??? Nowhere!!! There will never be anyone else in my life.

I MUST not close this chapter without mentioning Dixie who married my brother Teddy and for why I don't know when she was a movie star and didn't need to be dragged into this family which Teddy brought her over to meet last night of all nights just as daddy got back from Chicago with me.

She must have a fine opinion of us and I daresay its deserved but I liked her right away as I knew I would and she liked me too which is something as I haven't a friend in the world except daddy who doesn't dare to be too friendly because Mother blames him for encouraging me and she also blamed Dixie last night too which was a complete surprise to Dixie because she hadn't received my note which I wrote to her in Chicago and when I told her I went to see her and was held captive by that snake at the Drake she said she was dreadfully sorry and I knew she meant it because she's the kind of person who says what she thinks and I'm sure once she gets over being in awe of Mother there is going to be fireworks and I'd like to be around when they come off.

Well they're going away on their honeymoon Dixie and Teddy off to Paris to buy beautiful clothes and dine in the Bois which must be heaven when you are in love and with the one you love and while I wish them every happiness I cannot help but think how different it is with me alone and a prisoner in this grate gloomy house far away from my loved one who doesn't even know where I am or who I am and probably thinks I am false and heartless and is hating me while I sit here alone with my thoughts, alone and lonely loving him and yearning for him with streaming eyes and breaking heart and so in utter desolation I bring to a close this the third and most sorrowful chapter of my Memoirs.

MR & MRS TEDDY PAGE HOLLYWOOD CAL
SS ILE DE FRANCE
FRENCH LINE PIER NYC
BON VOYAGE AND BEST WISHES FOR HONEYMOON HAPPINESS
SOL NEBBICK COLOSSAL FILMS CORP

MR & MRS TEDDY PAGE WESTBURY LI
SS ILE DE FRANCE
FRENCH LINE PIER NYC
MAY THIS BE THE BEGINNING OF A GLORIOUSLY HAPPY VOYAGE ON THE WIDE BLUE SEA OF LIFE ALL MY LOVE
PATRICIA

MR & MRS TEDDY PAGE BROOKLYN NY
SS ILE DE FRANCE
FRENCH LINE PIER NYC
GOOD BYE GOOD LUCK GOD BLESS YOU
PA MA NITA AND SAMMY

On board S.S. Ile de France

FIRST DAY

This is my first trip to Europe. I must remember to refer to it as a crossing. Wonder should I tell people it's my first. It seems from the way they talk all around me that unless you have made at least a dozen crossings you simply don't rate. And yet any one of the stewards make twice that many every season and don't brag about it.

It's like that story daddy used to tell about the member of the House of Commons in Ireland who was bragging about the number of his children and another member rose in his place and replied he didn't see why the gentleman should be so proud of himself in such a special department of activity in which every jackass was his equal and every jackrabbit his superior. Guess I'll tell them this is my first.

I'll tell them it's my first honeymoon too although that seems to be equally *gauche.* That's a new word I've learned. It's French slang for wet smack. I've started learning French. Made up my mind I must know French, bridge, and the last names of people who are always being referred to as Alice and John and Mary and Grace when Teddy and his society friends get together. So far as I can gather this far, anyway, society conversation consists of first names, bridge hands, places one should not be seen and French words like *gauche.*

This boat is a good place to start learning French. *Chaud* means a hot water tap, *froid* the cold water, *bains* is a bath but you pronounce it like a sheep singing mammy. Wouldn't that slay you? Teddy's been over half a dozen times but he doesn't even know that much. Says you don't need to know any other language but English. You holla hey and hold out money, and they understand you miraculously. So there is a universal language. I guess I'd better learn English. That will keep me busy.

I must learn to say Oh really like Joan. You roll it around in your tonsils before you let go of it. Oh rrrillly? Oh rrullly? With a kind of hitch kick at the end. And the eyebrows! They must go up. You can get by with an awful lot if you can do that. It seems to be the complete answer to almost everything. And gives the impression that you could really slay them with a wisecrack but you are really too tired of it all to make the effort. Sick-making is good, too, so if you don't like something you say, My dear isn't it just sick-making?

Divine is good, too. When you like something—a hat or a horse—you just say it's divine. Well this boat is divine. Teddy and I have the most divinest suite, a bedroom with real twin beds in it and a living room in which we can dine if we want to and a bathroom with so many kinds of strange apparatus in it it looks like a power house. Two kinds of bath water, salt and fresh, feature that. And a gaget I never saw before. Teddy says you find them all over France. Very well. The French they are a funny race *parlez-vous?* I've got to learn the rest of that verse. Can't find anyone who can tell me what it is. That's one of the worse things about being a girl you don't hear any good stories until they're so old you know the men have heard them already and they're only listening to you with polite interest.

The dining room is called *salle à manger* but it's pronounced like Adolphe Menjou. I wonder what became of him? All the stewards here look a little like him. Must have been a great traveler in his youth. That isn't bad. I must spring that one on the Princess Hohenhof-Coburg-von-Schnitzlebank and shock her out of a few hyphens. That isn't her real name. It's Hohenhof, I saw it on the passenger list but I added the rest on to make it look better. Teddy knows her and says I'm going to meet her.

There's a lot more society people on board. Names I've read in the society columns ever since I was a kid. I wonder what they're like? I wonder how I should talk. Better keep my mouth shut I guess. I guess they'll be full of rrrillys and *gauches*, too, although they look different from this gang on Dixon's ranch. More refined if you know what I mean. I guess I'll have to start learning refinement too. Refinement, French, bridge, and how to ride a horse. I tried it out on the ranch so I could go out with Teddy instead of Joan, but honeymoons and riding lessons don't go together. As Moran and Mack used to say, I found that out. I will now write down the menu we had for dinner and call it a day.

Crème de Céleri
Potage Ambassadeur
Consommé Croûte au Pot
Consommé Froid Rubis en Tasse

Striped Bass Poché Sauce Nantua

Noix de Ris de Veau Glacé aux
Tomates Farcies

Epinards Frais aux Fleurons

Haricots Verts Frais au Beurre Fin

Caneton de Long Island à la Broche
Apple Sauce

Salade de Saison

Bombe Nesselrode

Gâteau Laurencia

Fromages

Corbeille de Fruits

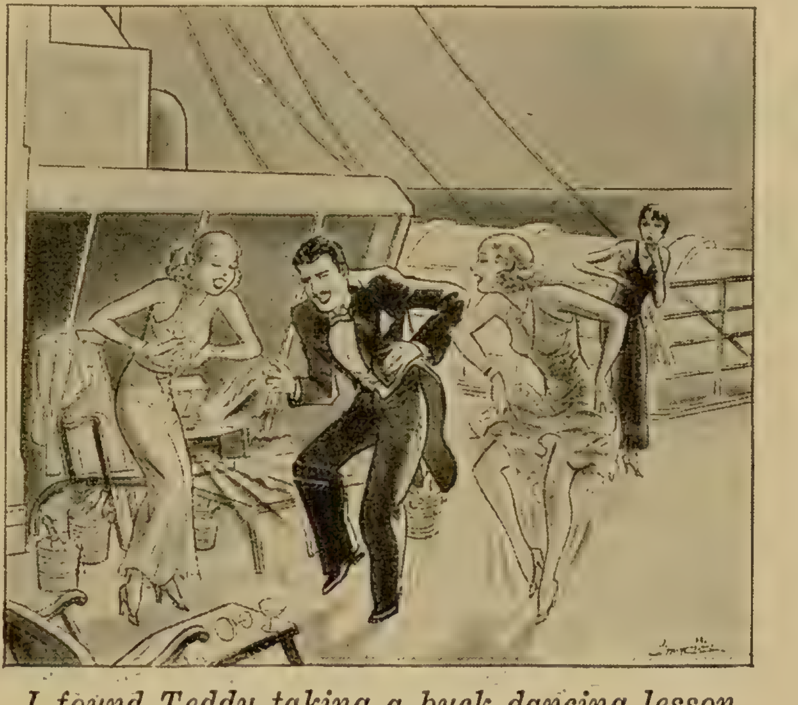
Thé de Chine et Ceylan—Thé Orange Pékoe—Tilleul—
Camomille—Menthe—Verveine
Café Filtré à la Demande
Café—Café Américain

What price Childs Fifth Avenue now!

Aboard S.S. Ile de France

SECOND DAY

I must try to set down everything I see and hear on this trip so I will always remember what it was like.



I found Teddy taking a buck dancing lesson from the two Sterling twins.

The ocean is smooth and blue and all the gulls have disappeared. There are no boats in sight and everybody is walking around the deck or sitting in chairs and looking at everybody else as though they were sure they weren't going to like them. You sit away back in the chair and hold your legs out and the steward wraps you up so tight in a rug it would take a caesarian operation to get you out alive. It's really called a caesarian section but who knows that? I read it some place. Funny how you read so many things that don't matter and remember all of them. They publish a newspaper on board the boat and everyone sits around and reads it all the way through. This is one of the hot items:

WEATHER BREEDERS THROUGH THE AGES

300 B. C., by Theophrastus (whoever he was):

"It is a sign of rain if the raven searches for lice perched on the olive trees."

1453 (MS Harl):

"Yf Chrystmas day on the Fryday be, the fyrste of winter harde shalbe, the chylde that ys borne that day shall longe lyve and lecherowus be aye."

And here's an American Indian one: "When the locks turn damp in the scalp house surely it will rain."

You can see how useful all that is.

There are also ads: "felt hats for 100 francs; your own hat shall be made on your head by Chez Comme Ci," and a list of unclaimed radiograms for a Miss Kountze and Ben Lissberger—"please apply to the wireless office, main hall, pont B." *Pont* is bridge. Well, live and learn.

HANDY phrases for shipboard: As the boat goes down the river you begin asking each other when does the bar open and try to guess how long it will take at this rate to get outside of the twelve mile limit. All the cocktails have American names so that simplifies the French problem enormously. If you want one you say *un* and hold up your finger. *Un* is pronounced like getting hit in the stomach,—ugh. When you want two you say *deux* and hold up two fingers. If you want two of the same you say *la même chose, deux*—and two fingers.

Teddy says this will take you across the ocean on a French boat and everywhere in Europe except Czechoslovakia and London. In London you simply cannot get along without English and since Americans can't learn it they don't go there if they can help it, excepting those who go to shoot grouse and they go to Scotland where the best Scotch whisky comes from although they've learned to do pretty well in Brooklyn since Prohibition.

Teddy and I have a little table for two right in front of the captain's table and we dressed last night which was the second night out because you don't dress the first night out or the last either—it just isn't done. Rrrully! I had a very simple, long, tight-fitting white dress with orchids which Teddy's father sent me and I floated down the grand staircase into the dining salon and certainly would have been a sensation only I came down too early and there was hardly anybody there. Now I know better. To be real elegant you stay in the smoking room and drink cocktails until nine o'clock and then you walk down the grand staircase—if you can—looking very blank and haughty which gives the rabble something to talk about through dessert which they are bolting while you are still toying with your caviar d'astrakan.

In the smoking room Teddy and I had a new blue cocktail, *le Cocktail Bleu,* which starts out like a kiss from

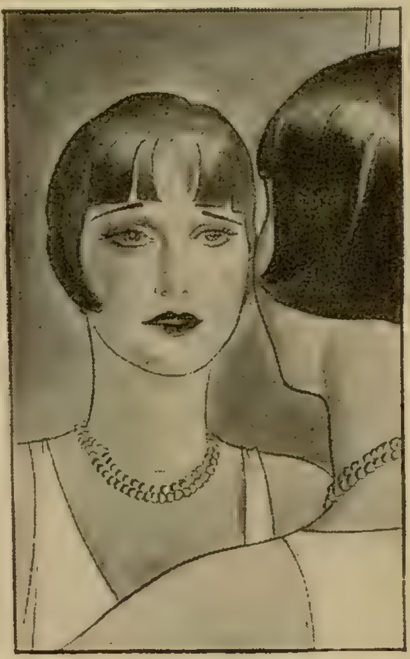
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page fifty-one

your mother and winds up like a sock on the jaw. It was after two of these I first met Teddy's Newport playmates, the ones I was so scared of, the Bristeds, Auchinclosses, and an Italian Prince Pio something or other who was very I kiss your hand madame and looks like hot stuff.

Well, all but the Prince were frigid at first but by this time I am getting to be quite an expert on eyebrows. I can time them so that I know before their owners when they're going to start up. In fact I've been practicing on my own in front of the glass and a few more weeks and a few more *bleus* and Dixie will be able to hold her own with anything short of a duchess.

People on the boat are beginning to look either more human or less so. They seem to be dividing up into groups: snoozers who lie in their chairs all day and read a magazine until it hits them in the face and wakes them up—hikers who go around and round the deck. They wear rough sport clothes and the women walk like men and the men lope along like camels, but very English. Then there are the hidaways who don't come out until cocktail hour in the evening and finally the serious drinkers who sit in the smoking room and keep one eye on the bar and the other on the hat pool which is some kind of a system for betting how many miles the ship goes every day as though it wouldn't be a simple thing to ask the captain, who by the way is a swell egg and has invited me up to the bridge. Teddy says there is one more class—passengers who don't show up until the last day and come up out of the scuppers looking like stowaways.



TEDDY got hooked into a bridge game with the Princess Hohenhof after dinner and I sat in the bar and talked with a Norwegian shipbuilder who has been around the world dozens of times in sailing vessels and has a weather beaten face that looks like it was chopped out of a block of oak. He told me all about boats and fish and how they live in Norway and I did the big brown eyes stuff and listened so hard he thought I was talking. He told me the Bremen was built with a bulbous bow because all the fastest fish were like that and not sharp snooted like other boats and he told me he learned how to design ships not by going to school but by sailing them and working on them and that all the Norwegian colleges were like American colleges—overcrowded with boys who couldn't be educated because they didn't have enough brains and would rather wear white collars and starve as bum lawyers than put on a pair of overalls and make a good living as competent workmen. Then he asked me what my husband did and I said he flew aeroplanes, golfed, played polo, made love, and drank like a fish, but he was going to work after he got back to America but he really didn't have to because he had more money now than he knew what to do with.

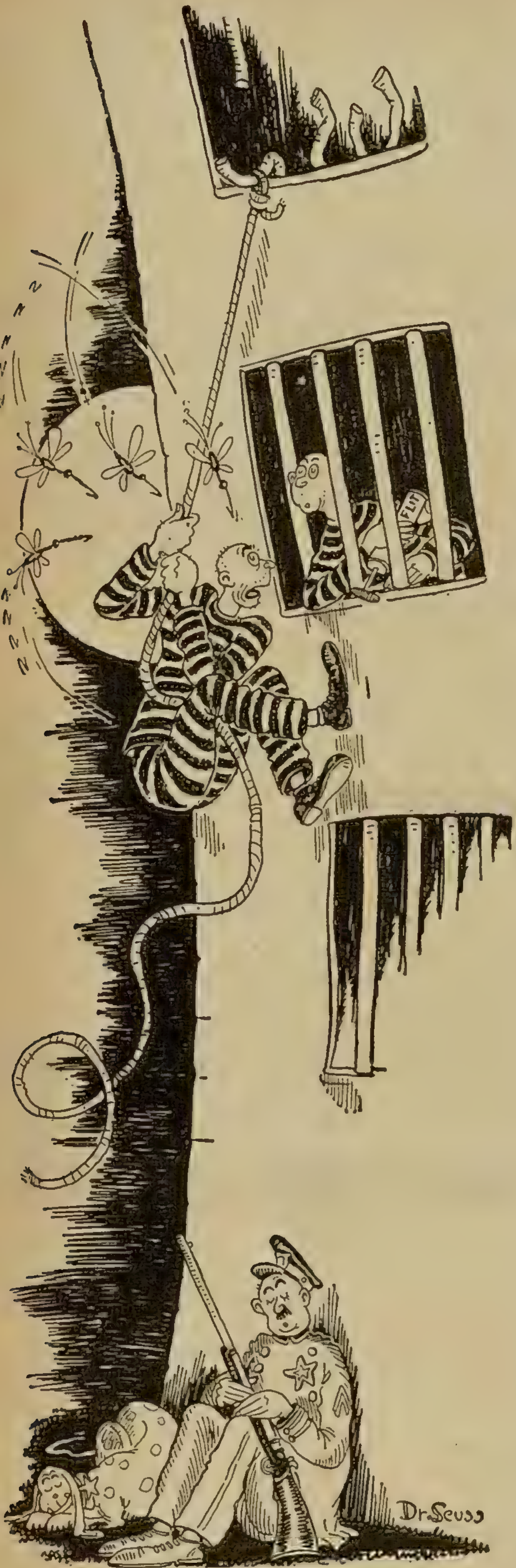
And then he asked me if that's all I ever did too and I said no I was just a Brooklyn Dugan who kicked up her heels in the chorus and made faces at a movie camera and who up to a few weeks ago didn't know anything about society except what I read in the society columns and pictures in the rotogravure sections showing Miss Consuelo Whoosis crossing her legs on Palm Beach and Bailey's Beach and the Lido Beach and that's just what I was going to do too from now on.

WELL says my grim old Norwegian skipper, you'll find playing all the time isn't going to make you happy and I said I've tried working all the time, too, and that isn't so hot either. So we split another bottle of Pol Roger and I began to feel sorry for poor Teddy playing bridge in the salon so I went out to drag him off to bed when believe it or not to my great astonishment there was no bridge game and no Teddy in sight. I made a tour of the boat and finally wound up on the top deck where there were plenty of couples in corners pretending to be interested in the moon, but still no Teddy.

Just as I was about to give up I heard a phonograph going and rounding a corner I found Teddy taking a buck dancing lesson from the two Sterling twins, a sister act which is going over to London. There was empty champagne bottles in buckets all around and all three of them were cock-eyed and kicking up crazy and here I had been sitting around feeling sorry for Teddy stuck in a bridge game and he drinking champagne all that time and dancing his head off in the moonlight with these two girls.

Well I got him away and put him to bed and sat up for hours looking out the port hole at the moonlight on the sea and wondering if the rest of my life was going to be running after Teddy and dragging him away from other women and putting him to bed and forgiving him in the morning.

In next week's installment of the story you'll get the lowdown on Dixie's encounter with Prince Pio Pochito, who is "handsome as the devil and twice as hot."



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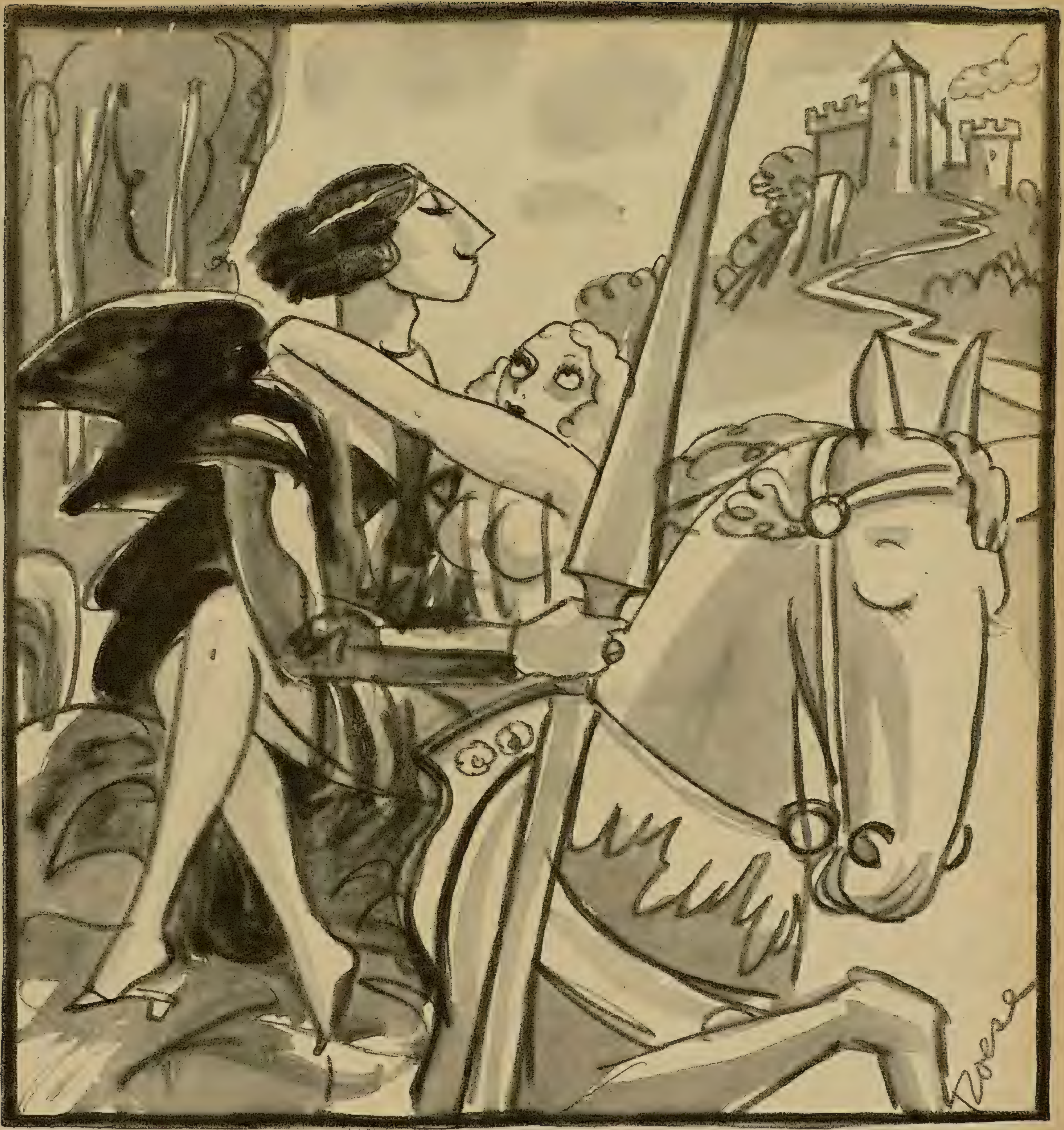

Milgrig wasn't particularly crazy about going, but a prince is a prince, and she knew enough to keep her mouth shut.

Happy Childhood Tales

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by HERBERT F. ROESE

(Reading time: 4 min. 45 sec.)

WE have had so many stories lately dealing with the sordid facts of life, about kitchen sinks and lynchings and young girls thrown out into the streets by mean old farmers who live in horsehair trunks, to say nothing of incidental subjects, such as gin and cold oatmeal and unfortunate people who have only one glove apiece, that a reaction is taking place in the mind of the reading public and a demand is going up for some of the fanciful happy tales of our youth.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

"Enough of these stories of crime and unhappiness!" the people are crying. "Tell us again some of the ancient myths of an older day, the gay little legends on which we were brought up before the world grew grim and sordid."

And so, my little readers, I am going to try to recall to you some of the charming fairy tales, or, at any rate, to make up some like them, and I hope that after this little trip back into the Never-Never Land of our youth, those little cheeks of yours will be blooming again and that you will shut your traps. For, after all, there must be *some* good in the world, else why were erasers put on the ends of lead pencils?

ENDREMIA AND LIASON

(From the Greek Mythology)

ENDREMIA was the daughter of Polygaminous, the God of Ensilage, and Reba, the Goddess of Licorice. She was the child of a most unhappy union, it later turned out, for when she was a tiny child her father struck her mother with an anvil and turned himself into a lily pad to avoid the vengeance of Jove. But Jove was too sly for Polygaminous and struck him with a bolt of lightning the size of the Merchants Bank Building which threw him completely off his balance so that he toppled over into a chasm and was dashed to death.

In the meantime, Little Endremia found herself alone in the world with nobody but Endrocine, the Goddess of Lettuce, and her son Bilax, the God of Gum Arabic, to look after her. But, as Polygaminous (her father; have you forgotten so soon, you dope?) had turned Endremia into a mushroom before he turned himself into a lily pad, neither of her guardians knew who she was, so their protection did her no good.

But Jove had not so soon forgotten the daughter of his favorite (Reba), and appeared to her one night in the shape of a mushroom gatherer. He asked her how she would like to get off that tree (she was one of those mushrooms which grow on trees) and get into his basket. Endremia, not knowing that it was Jove who was asking her, said not much. Whereupon Jove unloosed his mighty wrath and struck down the whole tree with a bolt of lightning which he had brought with him in case Endremia wouldn't listen to reason.

This is why it is never safe to eat the mushrooms which grow on trees, or to refuse to get into Jove's basket.

MILGRIG AND THE TREE WILFS

(Something like Hans Christian Andersen)

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Milgrig, believe it or not. She lived in the middle of a deep dark forest with her three ugly sisters and their husbands, who were charcoal burners. Every night the three ugly sisters used to take little Milgrig and pull out a strand of her golden hair, so that by the time she was thirteen years old she looked something awful. And after the three sisters had pulled out her hair, their three husbands (I forgot to tell you that the three husbands were even uglier than the three sisters and much nastier) would stick pins into little Milgrig until she looked like a war map.

One night, when little Milgrig was so full of pins that she couldn't see straight, a fairy prince came riding up to the door of the charcoal burners' hut and asked if he had lost his way.

"How should I know?" replied the oldest sister, who was uglier than all the rest. "What was your way?"

"My way was to the king's castle," replied the prince, "and I must get there before midnight, for my father is torturing my mother with red-hot irons."

"Your father sounds like a good egg," replied the oldest husband, who was uglier than all the rest. "We must ask him down some night."

The prince, however, did not think that this was very funny and asked if little Milgrig might not be allowed to show him the way to the castle.

THE ugly husbands and sisters, thinking that Milgrig would not know the way and would get the prince lost in the forest, agreed heartily to this suggestion, and the pins were pulled out of Milgrig to make it possible for her to walk.

"Good luck and a happy landing!" they all called out after the two young people as they set forth on their perilous journey.

But the prince was no fool, and knew his way through the forest as well as you or I do (better, I'll wager), and he took little Milgrig to the palace just as fast as his palfrey would carry him.

She wasn't particularly crazy about going, but a prince is a prince, and she knew enough to keep her mouth shut.

When they reached the palace and the prince found that his father had already killed his mother, he turned to little Milgrig and said:

"Now you are queen."

At this, little Milgrig was very pleased and immediately dispatched messengers to the charcoal burners' hut, where her three ugly sisters and three still uglier brothers-in-law were burned alive in a slow fire. Little Milgrig and the prince, happy in this termination to their little affair, lived happily ever after.

And so now, my readers, you must toddle off to bed, for we have had an evening with the happy, happy story-tellers of an earlier day and have had a vacation, for one night at least, from the drab, unpleasant sordidness of present-day writing.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

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We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 21

1—The Black Hawk War.

2—A narrow arm of the sea.

3—Tokyo.

4—A kind of Highland Scotch cap for men.

5—Vermont.

6—The animals living within a given area or a stated period.

7—Six hundred and sixty.

8—Abou Ben Adhem, by Leigh Hunt.

9—The Permanent Court of International Justice.

10—The Catskills.

11—Five o'clock P. M.

12—In Rome, Italy.

13—Australia.

14—Great Britain.

15—A region of calm, squalls, and light baffling winds, near the equator; also, depressed condition of mind.

16—A battalion.

17—The passage of the earth between the moon and the sun.

18—Sharp practice; trickery.

19—The Deserted Village, by Oliver Goldsmith.

20—The doing of a lawful act in an unlawful manner.

In Necessity and Honor

A Short Short Story

By

J. FRANK DAVIS

who used to be a newspaper man in the East before he took up his residence in San Antonio, Texas, fifteen years ago and started writing fiction. A great number of his short stories and serials deal with Texas Rangers.

(Reading time: 5 min. 46 sec.)

LIZANDO TOVAR, whose whispered nickname in another day and another land may be translated "The Pest Remover," sat comfortably smoking and chatting in his little house in San Antonio with his young friend José Salinas. A few blocks to the east of them, beyond the old Plaza des Armes, a bustling American city went about its hectic gringo business and amusements; but Tovar's small bachelor establishment, for all the evening noises that came through its open window, might have been five hundred miles the other side of the Rio Grande.

"A certain thing came to my ears today," Salinas remarked after a little pause. "It concerns things political below the border." He hesitated. "It was presented to me in secrecy. Yet I may trust you, no?"

"You know that," Tovar replied. "Things political, eh? Is there perhaps some new junta?"

The young man nodded. His face, even darker than Tovar's—and Tovar had only one-eighth of Spanish blood mixed with his Indian—expressed admiring and deferential esteem, but also something of further hesitation.

"Yes," he said. "A junta with a plan that has hope. I am allowed to bring the matter to others, but only to those of whom I myself know that they are fully to be depended upon. . . . I have wondered if you would like to return in safety to the old land. You have been here many years."

Longing came into the flat black eyes of Tovar, and there were the wrinkles of a wistful smile above his high cheek bones and beside his faintly pockmarked nose.

"Yes, I would like to return," he said simply. "I live here—as a small money lender in this Yanqui city—but it is not my home. . . . Does this new plan seek to restore the old days? Is there sufficient organization, and do a sufficient number of the army chiefs pledge support?" He confessed: "There was a time when I was always consulted in such matters. But for the past few years—"

"Forgive me—it is not altogether a courteous thing to say to one so much older," said Salinas, "but I must know, before I am allowed to speak, that you have not only the willingness to be of service, but the courage. Would you be able—"

HE looked apprehensively toward the open window. Outside, passing by, a little group chattered in the musical syllables of old Mexico. From a distance came the muted twanging of guitars and the plaintive harmony of male voices singing La Golondrina in the Hay Plaza beside the great market house. "Someone, spying, might hear," he said.

"Close it and lower the shade," Tovar told him. "And we are alone in the house; the servant will not return until morning. You asked?"

"I have heard that back in the good old days you did certain things. I was but a small child then, and I do not know. Are the stories true?"

"Perhaps. Although always there are lies mixed with truth. What stories?"

"As to brave and loyal deeds. Forgive me if I seem to intrude upon matters that one keeps private. Yet if I am to tell you of this plan which may return us to our own land with honor, power, money— There was a story regarding one Cruz. His other name, as I heard it, was Evangelo."

And now it was Tovar who hesitated.

"In truth I did not wish to be impertinent," the young man assured him earnestly. "I thought perhaps because you have known me for a year—ever since I came to San Antonio—and because I have found you so wise an adviser— Forgive the question and forget it. We shall talk of other things."

"No," Tovar said. "One does not often speak of such matters, but to you, my good friend, and in such circumstances—"

He shrugged his shoulders in modest deprecation.

"It was a simple matter, not different from others in which as a young man I was concerned. I was attached to El Presidente, one of his bodyguard. This Evangelo Cruz was a fomenter of rebellion in the State of Jalisco. El Presidente heard of it and sent for him—ah, he was a shrewd man, El Presidente!—giving him safe-conduct to come and go. Merely to talk with him and perhaps grant him the reforms he wished, you understand. So Cruz came to the National Palace. He was seated to wait in an anteroom alone. El Presidente said to me, 'There is a man in such and such a room. He is a pest.' Such were his customary words in such cases. I went into the room. Cruz was a larger man than I and not any older, and if he had been possessed of brains he would have suspected the truth. But I was quick, and sure. . . . As usual, it was given out that he had killed himself."

"His kin? Did they not seek vengeance?"

TOVAR shook his head. "The kin of other men did," he said, "so that when the next revolution came I was fortunate to get to this side of the river alive; but Cruz had no brothers."

The youth nodded approval of the tale. "And have you the courage still to do such deeds—and the skill?" he asked. "Have you remained in practice? Do you still carry a pistol?"

"A pistol was never my best weapon," Tovar told him. "But that which I used then is still by me." From beneath his armpit he produced a sheathed knife. "I have carried it for close to twenty years. I am no longer so young, but I have not dissipated. I could use it as well today as ever."

Salinas smiled. "You have satisfied me," he said. "What I have heard of you is true. . . . That is an unusual knife. Do I see an inscription upon the hilt?"

Tovar drew the blade from its sheath and passed it to him. "Read for yourself," he said. "It is a very ancient steel, supposed to have come over with Cortez."

Gravely the young man read aloud, then leaned confidentially toward his host.

"And you have so drawn it—and I shall so sheathe it," he whispered. "Look last into the eyes of José Salinas Cruz, son of Evangelo."

No one outside the room heard the Pest Remover's scream. . . .

"Plumb cold; it must have been done last night sometime," decided Detective Captain Lanning. "And there won't be no fingerprints that anybody can identify on a fancy hilt like this. Chances are it was Tovar's knife, anyway, or the killer, whoever he was, wouldn't have left it. It's the first time I ever knew any hombre to kill another with a knife and then take the trouble to sheathe it before he made his get-away. There's something engraved on it. In Spanish. Read it, Maldonado."

Detective Maldonado bent over the weapon.

"It says," he translated, "'Do not draw me except in necessity, or sheathe me except in honor.'"

THE END

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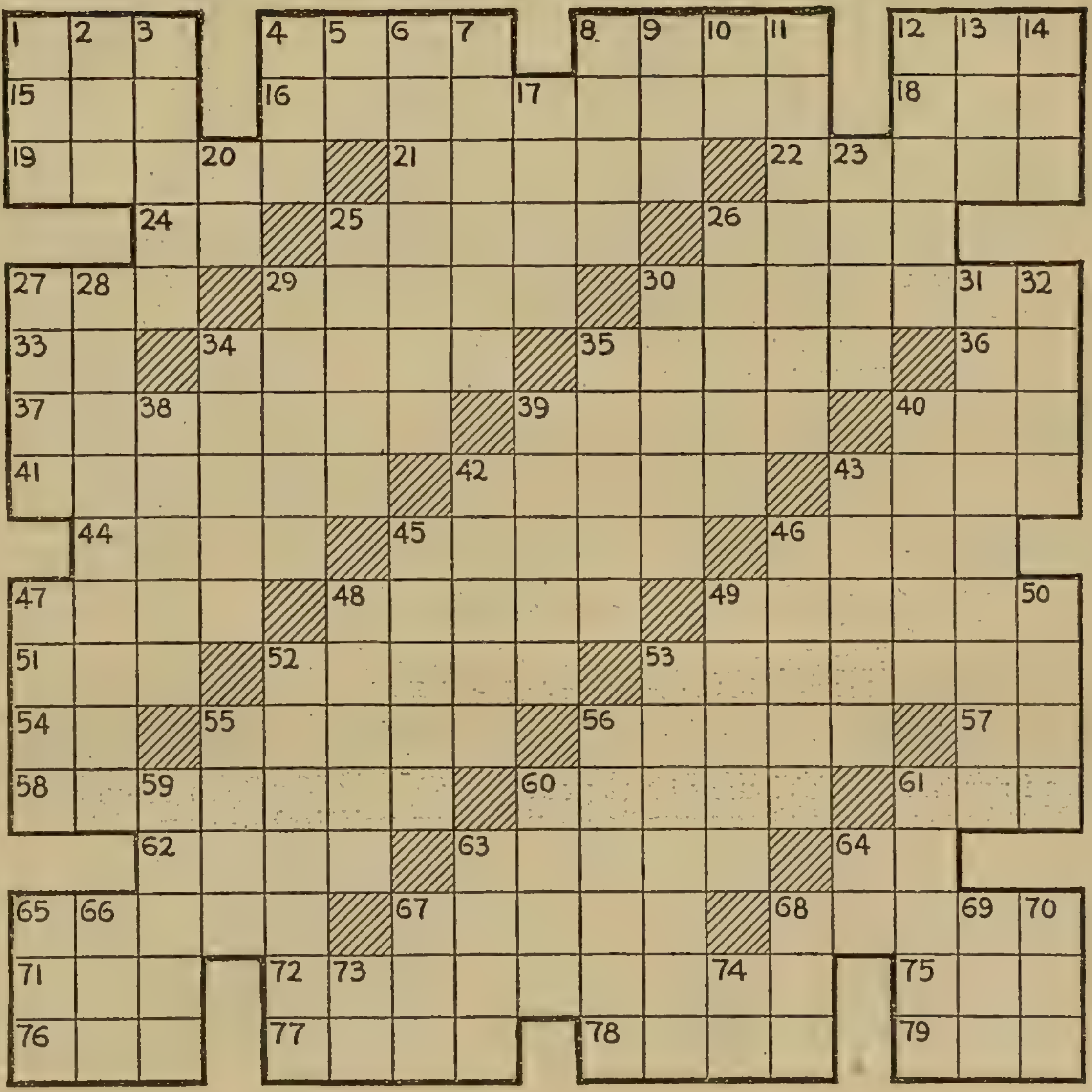


HORIZONTAL

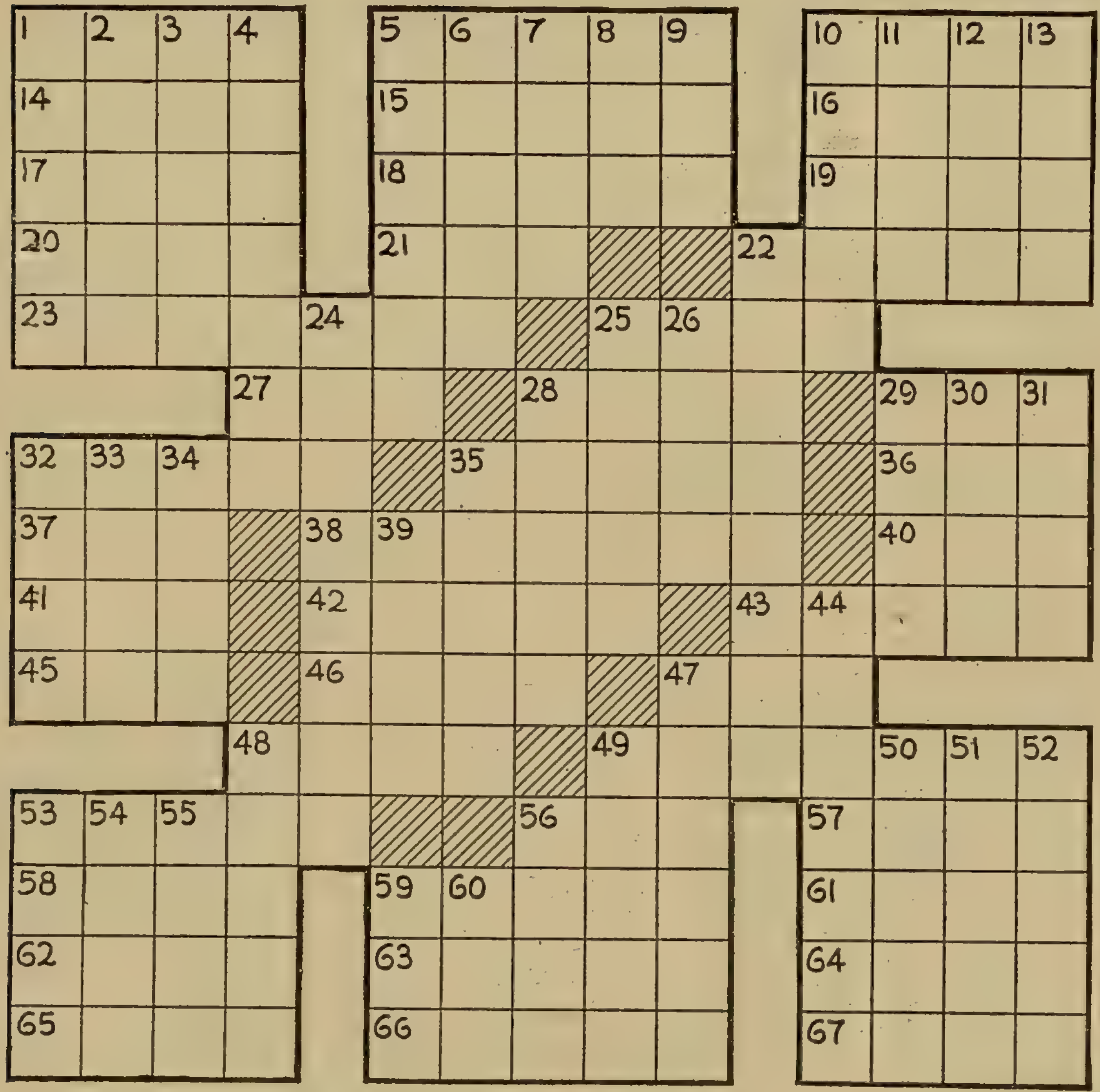
1 Vehicle
4 Gone by
8 A container
12 A joker
15 Indian
16 Distributes; allots
18 Wing
19 Lukewarm
21 In a state of separation
22 Luminous train of a comet (plural)
24 One indefinitely
25 Correct
26 Weapons
27 Wages for work
29 Ant
30 Make level
33 Above
34 Infants
35 Stare earnestly
36 Pronoun
37 Shot into a long stem, as a plant
39 Demented
40 Cloth woven from the hair of camels
41 Auditor
42 Edible part of a ruminant's stomach
43 Arabian military commander
44 Old
45 A dice game
46 Kind of fly
47 Measures of area
48 Yours
49 Small
51 Title of respect
52 Part of a harness
53 Mortuary chapel
54 Into
55 Go up
56 Fastidious; reserved
57 Measure of distance used in Japan
58 A fine fibrous variety of talc
60 Gross; coarse
61 An equine
62 Assumed part
63 River in France
64 Either
65 Beast of burden
67 Holy person
68 To lay in surrounding matter
71 Past
72 Erasers
75 Old money of account used in England
76 Scarify
77 Obsolete; extinct
78 Periods
79 A color

VERTICAL

1 A cleft; gash
2 Bewilderment
3 Remunerate
4 Cushion
5 An element (symbol)
6 Shut noisily
7 Sun helmets
8 To prepare wool for spinning
9 Coin of an Asiatic country
10 Japanese measure of area
11 Narrow arm of the sea at a river's end
12 Region of the body
13 Entire
14 Aëriform fluid
17 Professional jargon
20 Within
23 Stake at poker
25 Yellowish resin
26 Render glossy
27 Shove
28 Seeming
29 Supplied with earlike appendages
30 Slaps
31 Exacerbates
32 Adjacent
34 Denudes
35 Seize; grasp
38 Avid
39 Wading bird
40 With full force
42 An instant
43 Ingress
45 Pursue
46 Dresses; equips
47 A continent
48 Commonplace
49 Aspect
50 A city in ancient Greece
52 Quavered
53 Special privilege
55 Genus of South African plants
56 Cower
59 Protective covering
60 Piece of money
61 Bower
63 Praise
64 Syllable used in Hindu worship
65 Rotating piece in machinery
66 Turkish commander
67 Spring
68 Kind of worm
69 Sooner than
70 Parent
73 An element (symbol)
74 Egyptian deity

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-eight

Cross Word Fans



HORIZONTAL

1 To prepare for publication
5 Pertaining to the poles
10 Deity in Hindu mythology
14 To load
15 Ascend
16 Part of a Japanese costume (plural)
17 Roman road or highway
18 To endeavor to persuade
19 Character in an old Teutonic alphabet
20 Rip
21 Let out or cause to flow by piercing
22 Matched
23 Made an effort to perform
25 Town in Cheshire County, New Hampshire
27 Vulgar fellow
28 Labor that oppresses the body or mind
29 Woman's name
32 Tardier
35 Declaim
36 Piece forming the upper part of an apron
37 Eggs
38 Formulates by thought; contrives
40 Cardinal number
41 Something prized for great beauty
42 Alter so as to fit a new use
43 Doctrine
45 Sooner than
46 Wind between a stiff breeze and a hurricane
47 By; in place of
48 Borders
49 Brings to any inferior state in rank
53 Loses freshness or brightness
56 Billow
57 Breathe quickly or laboriously
58 To own or acknowledge frankly
59 A fusible substance
61 Rise and fall of the waters of the sea
62 Rouse the passion of resentment in
63 Decree of a Turkish sultan
64 Enough
65 River in Germany
66 Met defiantly; challenged
67 Moisture condensed upon the surfaces of cool bodies

VERTICAL

1 The choice part
2 The fruit of a palm (plural)
3 Notions
4 Platform of earth
5 Struck or beat gently; tapped
6 A nymph of mountains and hills
7 Lacking firmness or strength
8 Small venomous snake of Egypt
9 Immerse, as flax, hemp, or timber
10 Fish of the eel kind
11 To reach or touch with an end
12 Baseball team
13 Employed
22 Meddled with unwarrantably
24 Amounts measured in yards
25 To brown
26 Prescribed form for conducting religious service
28 Edible part of a ruminant's stomach
29 Black
30 Trailing or creeping plant
31 Instigate
32 Box or stall, as in a theater
33 Declare
34 To bring to a state of subjection
35 Ellipses
39 Kind of cheese
44 Became active, as a geyser
47 Rang
48 Chopper
49 Author of Peg Woffington
50 English novelist and poet
51 Enrich; invest
52 Boils
53 A game at cards
54 Greedy
55 Charity gift
56 Asterisk
59 Surrounded by
60 Period

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-eight

MENTHOLATUM TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ONE TUBE SERVES TEN VACATION NEEDS

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CHAFING
INSECT BITES
PRICKLY HEAT
CRACKED LIPS
CUTS
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BRUISES
TIRED FEET
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LIBERTY OFFERS

$500 a Week

FOR FINISHING

Limericks

PRIZE winners in the completion of the first Limerick, the one which appeared in Liberty dated May 16, will be announced next week instead of on this page as originally scheduled. The flood of last lines received has made it impossible for the judges to complete their survey of the entries at the time this page goes to the printer. We could have rushed the judging through---but we would not. In all fairness, every Limerick last line submitted is entitled to the same careful consideration as every other, no matter how many come in. Only on this equal basis will Liberty make its contest awards. So, although the judges are well along in their task, to obtain the time that guarantees complete accuracy we have postponed the announcement of winners for one week.

Liberty is sure that you will be more than willing to wait another seven days in order to get results arrived at with painstaking care and absolute precision. Beginning next week, each succeeding issue will contain a list of Limerick contest winners in the order in which the Limericks have appeared on this page.

In the meantime, get busy on the new Limerick published at the right.

Cash Prize Schedule!

First Prize, $250

Second Prize, $100—Third Prize, $75

Fourth Prize, $50—Fifth Prize, $25

Now read the rules on this page, study the Limerick that needs a last line, get out the old pencil, and GO TO IT!

The RULES

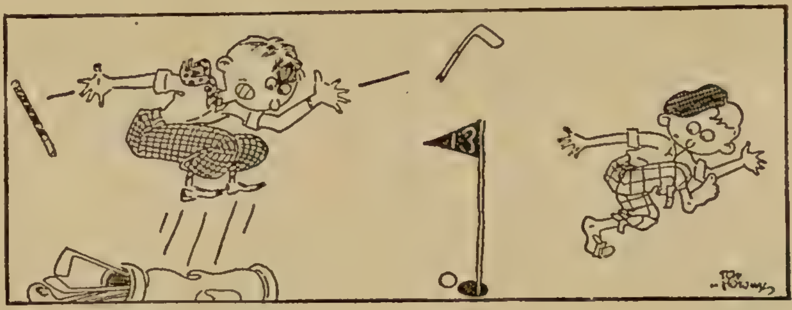
Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families.

And Here Is

THIS WEEK'S LIMERICK



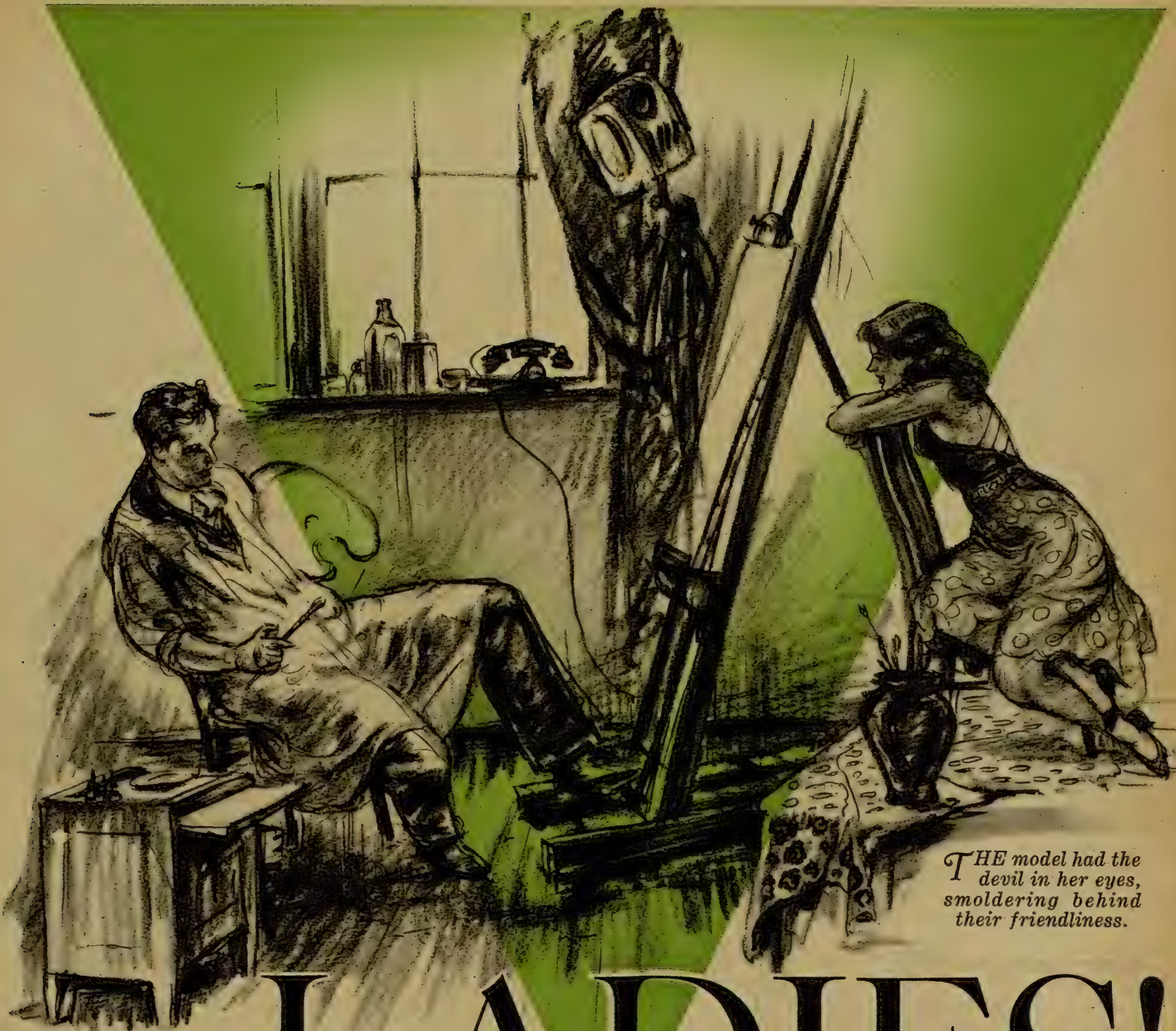
Fred Golfer at last reached the green
At the cost of twelve strokes and much spleen.
Then three putts went awry
Which, dear friends, may be why

. . . .

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight June 13. This gives everyone ample time to enter. Results will be published in Liberty for July 18.

ANOTHER UNFINISHED LIMERICK AND $500 MORE IN PRIZES NEXT WEEK



THE model had the devil in her eyes, smoldering behind their friendliness.

The LADIES!

GOL DARN 'EM

A Story for Married Men—and Their Wives

(Reading time: 31 min. 5 sec.)

—By—

CHARLES J. MCGUIRK

who has been a newspaper man in Chicago, Boston, and New York. Now he makes his home in the last-named city and spends his time writing articles and fiction for magazines.

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

"THE trouble with me, Dick, is that I love you, and the trouble with you is that you are married."

"To a wife who doesn't understand me."

"Yes. To a wife who doesn't understand you. That sounds awfully old and trite. Doesn't it? But I believe you when you say it. I believe you do love me. Don't you?"

"I'm crazy about you, Blanche."

"And you'd marry me if you could?"

"In a minute. Why, I never knew what love meant till I met you."

"It *is* wonderful. Isn't it, dear? A thing of moonbeams and soft lights and kisses. Oh, sweetheart, I wonder if you do really love me."

"Oh, how can you ask me that after all we've been to each other? Why, I'd do anything in the world for you!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE LADIES! GOL DARN 'EM
Continued from page fifty-nine

"Anything, Dick?"

"Yes, anything."

"Dick?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"Would you get a divorce and marry me?"

"Well— Why, yes, I would, but—"

She laughed, and her laugh was soft and bitter.

"You love me enough to do anything for me—but marry me."

"There you go, Blanche. Acting just like a woman. Unreasonable. You know the reason I can't divorce Helen. She's the mother of my two children. And I can't desert my children. I haven't the money to keep up two establishments. It wouldn't be fair either to them or you. And I don't want those kids to grow up thinking their father is just a rumor. Can't you see my position? Try and put yourself in my place. What would you do?"

"I'd get a divorce—if I had ten children. I'd give up everything for you. That's the difference between a man and a woman. 'Man's love of man's life is a thing apart. 'Tis woman's whole existence.'"

Silence.

A thoughtful, uncomfortable, and slightly resentful silence in which they puffed on their cigarettes.

Blanche Stowell lay back in a reading chair, a shapely, pretty brunette with soft brown eyes and a willful mouth, looking charming and distrait in her orange negligée.

Dick Lowe crouched on a footstool beside her, a slim, dark man with a shapely head, blue eyes under heavy brows, and a thick-lipped mouth. There were faint paint smudges, or the shadows of them, upon his long fingers. He was an artist. They were in Miss Stowell's apartment. It was two o'clock in the morning.

She was thinking:

I am a fool to be in love with a married man. Here I am getting close to thirty and I'm further away from marriage than I was ten years ago. Well, he'll either do something about it or I'll break up this affair. I can find somebody else. Somebody single. If he loved me, he *would* divorce his wife. All I am to him is a diversion. If anything happened, he'd run back to her. Oh, I can't give him up! He's so lovable, so sweet—

He was thinking:

She's snappish tonight. I wonder who the sap was who thought up that line about love being a thing apart from a man's life? It certainly is a favorite with the women. I've been running into it for fifteen years now. Why can't a woman get a little pleasure out of a romance? None of them do. They go along fine for a while and then they get talking marriage. They don't realize that a man'd like to forget he's married. Guess I'll go home. Helen will be a relief at that. Pretty good scout, Helen. I don't appreciate her enough. I wonder if she knows anything about me? I thought sure she'd get wise when I called her Emily the other day. Blanche has that martyr's look. Storm signals. Let's go.

HE took out his watch and looked at it.

"Gosh!" he said. "After two. Guess I'll be starting."

"For home," she said. "Well, why not? She is your wife. She has first claim on you. I'm just someone to fill in the time with."

He got up and slipped on his overcoat.

"Oh, Dick. Don't pay any attention to me. I'm a little blue tonight, I guess."

"That's all right, baby. I know how you feel. Look here, Blanche. Why don't you and I break off this affair? It isn't fair to you. Placed the way I am, I can't marry. And you're a wonderful woman. You'd make some lucky devil a fine wife."

"All right. If you want to get rid of me, I'm willing to let you go. Even I have my pride."

There she was starting the dramatics!

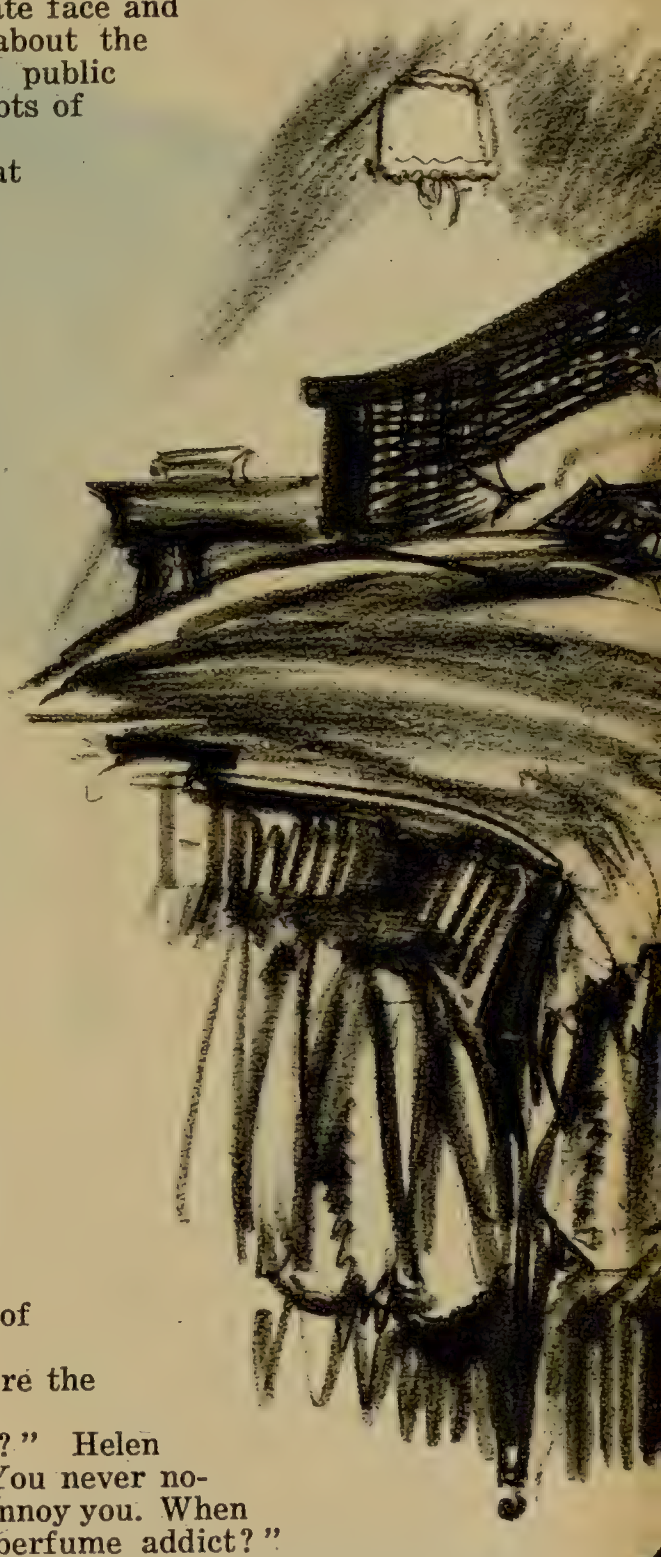
"Now, baby! You know that's no way to talk to me. You know I was thinking of you. Do you realize what it would mean to me if I couldn't have you to talk to and to confide in? Why, you're the only person in the whole world who understands me! Do you realize what that means?"

"Oh, Dick! I'm just a bad girl. I'm sorry. Of course, I understand. You get right out of here and go home and get a good sleep. Give me a kiss. We had a lovely evening, didn't we? The show was so good. Good night, dear."

She sat for a long time after he had gone, wondering whether he was thinking of her. He wasn't. He was in a taxicab embroidering the story to tell Helen about the evening, in the remote event that she would be interested. He had called her up and told her that Chick Bannion, an old Chicago friend, had dropped into New York unexpectedly and he would be showing him the town.

But she probably wouldn't. She was too wrapped up in the children. Junior's tonsils were aching to be taken out. Grace wasn't eating as she should. Occupied with those problems Helen would forget he had ever existed. She had done a pretty good job of forgetting even without them. Which wasn't so bad for him. Made it easier for him to play. He was pretty tired. What kind of a girl would he do for the illustrations of Mabel Dredd's story about Hollywood? A nice slinky blonde, maybe, with a passionate face and inclined to be bulgy about the chest and hips. The public liked its women with lots of sex appeal.

Here they were at home! It was good to be home. Good to have a home and a wife to come to after a day of work and a night of play. Made you feel like you were on a ship sailing into a quiet harbor after a rough voyage. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." There was a lot of truth in that old song.



HELEN, however, was going to be interested in him this morning. When he came in, he found her propped up in bed reading and she laid her book down with ominous gentleness when he kissed her.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

"Why," he said looking at her surprised, "I told you I was with Chick Bannion. We went to dinner and then to a show."

"That's right. You did. Just the two of you?"

"Certainly. How are the kids?"

"What do you care?" Helen asked reasonably. "You never notice them unless they annoy you. When did Chick become a perfume addict?"

"Perfume addict! Chick? Oh say, Helen, that's good. I'll have to tell him that one. What made you ask such a funny question?"

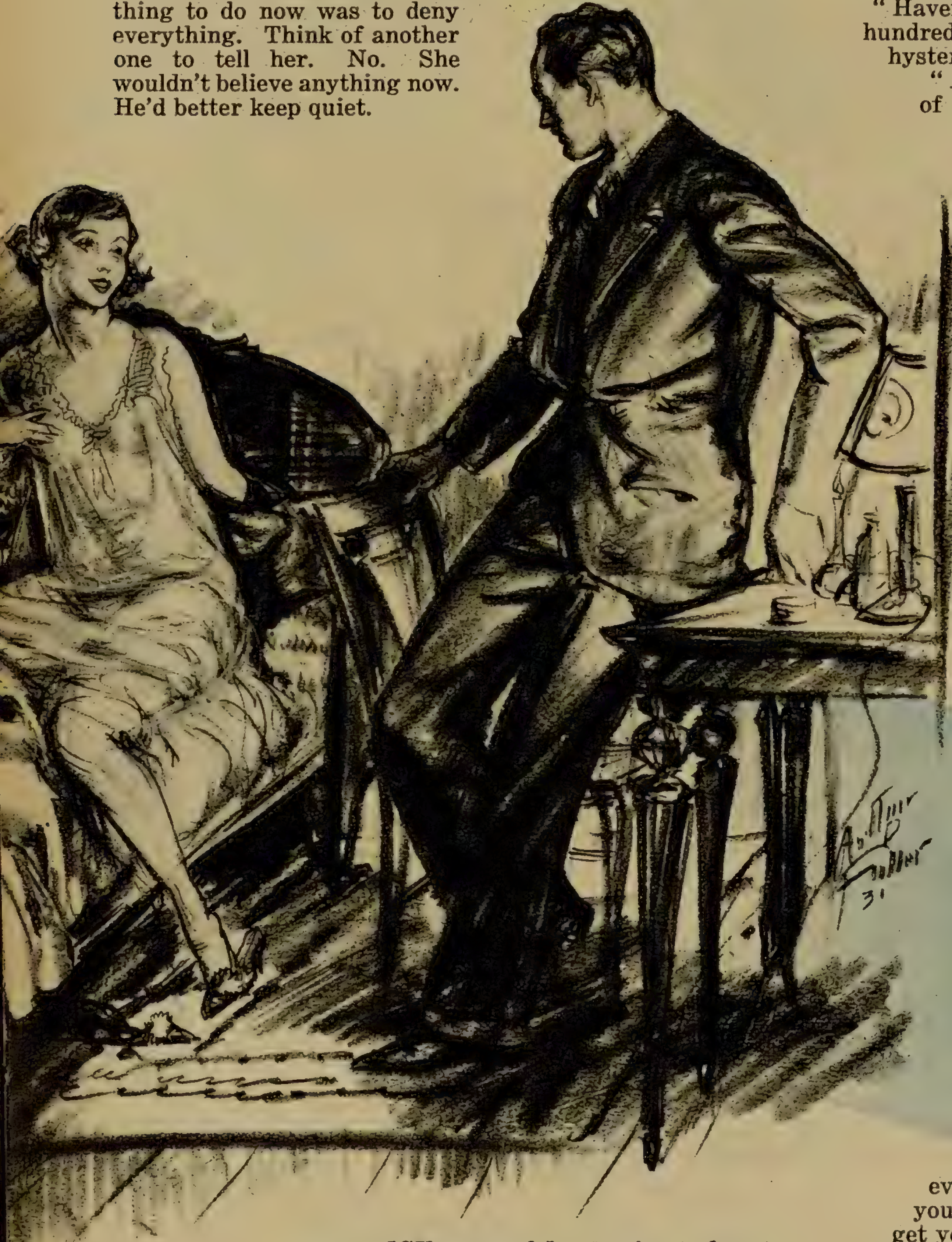
"Because you smell to high heaven of Nuit de Noël. It costs twenty-seven dollars an ounce, and as Chick was the only one you were with, naturally I thought you had contracted it from him. What time did you meet him? How is he?"

“He's great! I went up to his room at the Biltmore about six thirty and we had a couple of cocktails before we stepped out.”

“That's funny. Chick called you here at the apartment at quarter of eight. Said he'd just arrived and wondered if both of us wouldn't like to take in a show with him. And aren't you mistaken about his hotel? He told me he was stopping at the Ritz. Dick, you and I are going to have a little talk.”

She threw back the covers and, drawing her negligée over her sheer nightgown, she swung to the edge of the bed and thrust her slim, high-arched feet into her mules. She was smiling. The smile was inscrutable and a trifle grim.

What a tough break! Chick had really come to New York on the very night he was using him for an alibi. The thing to do now was to deny everything. Think of another one to tell her. No. She wouldn't believe anything now. He'd better keep quiet.



“DICK, you and I are going to have a little talk.” She threw back the covers and swung to the edge of the bed.

What would Helen do? He didn't know. After years of concentrated study of women all he knew about them was that whatever they did would be unexpected. He hoped it wouldn't be something terrible. Suddenly, through his fear, he was struck by his wife's beauty for the first time in more than a year. She was nice and slinky and blonde, with passionate features and slumberous eyes. Her slender figure was getting kind of bulgy about the chest and hips. Why, she was the girl he'd thought of for the illustrations of the Dredd woman's Hollywood story! Funny how he appreciated her now that he might lose her. What would he do if she walked out on him? His fear inflated into terror. He believed it would kill him. If he got out of this mess, never again!

“There must be some mistake,” he murmured through dry lips.

“Of course there is,” Helen agreed in an amused drawl. “But you should expect at least one mistake out of the hundreds of lies you've told me and gotten away with—or thought you had. The point is that I'm tired listening to them and I'm going to do something about it. I'm going to get a divorce.”

“Divorce! Why, you can't do that, Helen. You haven't any cause.”

“Haven't I?” She laughed. “I have about a hundred I could think of if I wanted to go into hysterics.”

“All right,” he bluffed. “What are some of them?”

“Oh, let's not take some of them. Let's be big-hearted and lump them all under one head. We'll call it Other Women. That would include this lady who wears Nuit de Noël.

“DICK, for a long time, now, I've had my nose in your love affairs. I've been able to follow them by the different perfumes that made you so fragrant around the house. Let's see. Before Nuit de Noël, there was a chypre bearer. Her predecessor liked mignonette; and before her there must have been a dark woman, a Spaniard or South American or something. While she interested you, you smelled like a geisha house permeated with sandalwood. And there was a girl who used miguet.”

“Helen, you're talking silly. You've got me all wrong.”

“Oh, hell!” She shrugged. “Please don't go on insulting my intelligence with your stupid lies. They burn me up worse than the women who cling about you like shadows. I find out about them through their perfumes that come home with you—and their mysterious telephone calls, and even by their letters you leave in your pockets. But I'm through.”

Her amused drawl disappeared and she got up and stood before him. “I won't stand it any longer! Do you hear?” She flared. “I'm going back to Nevada. Luckily, I'm still a citizen of my home state. I'll have my divorce twenty-four hours after I get there.”

“Wait a minute, Helen.”

“No!” She stamped her foot. “Not another minute. I've waited too long now. I was a fool to marry you. I've been a fool ever since. I made you, Dick Lowe. I raised you and the two children. I suppose you forget you were nobody on the Chicago Globe when I married you, a layout man with no future.

“I made you go to art school. I nagged you into asking for a chance to illustrate the Sunday features. And when you left the Globe to free-lance, I modeled for you because we didn't have enough money to pay a model.

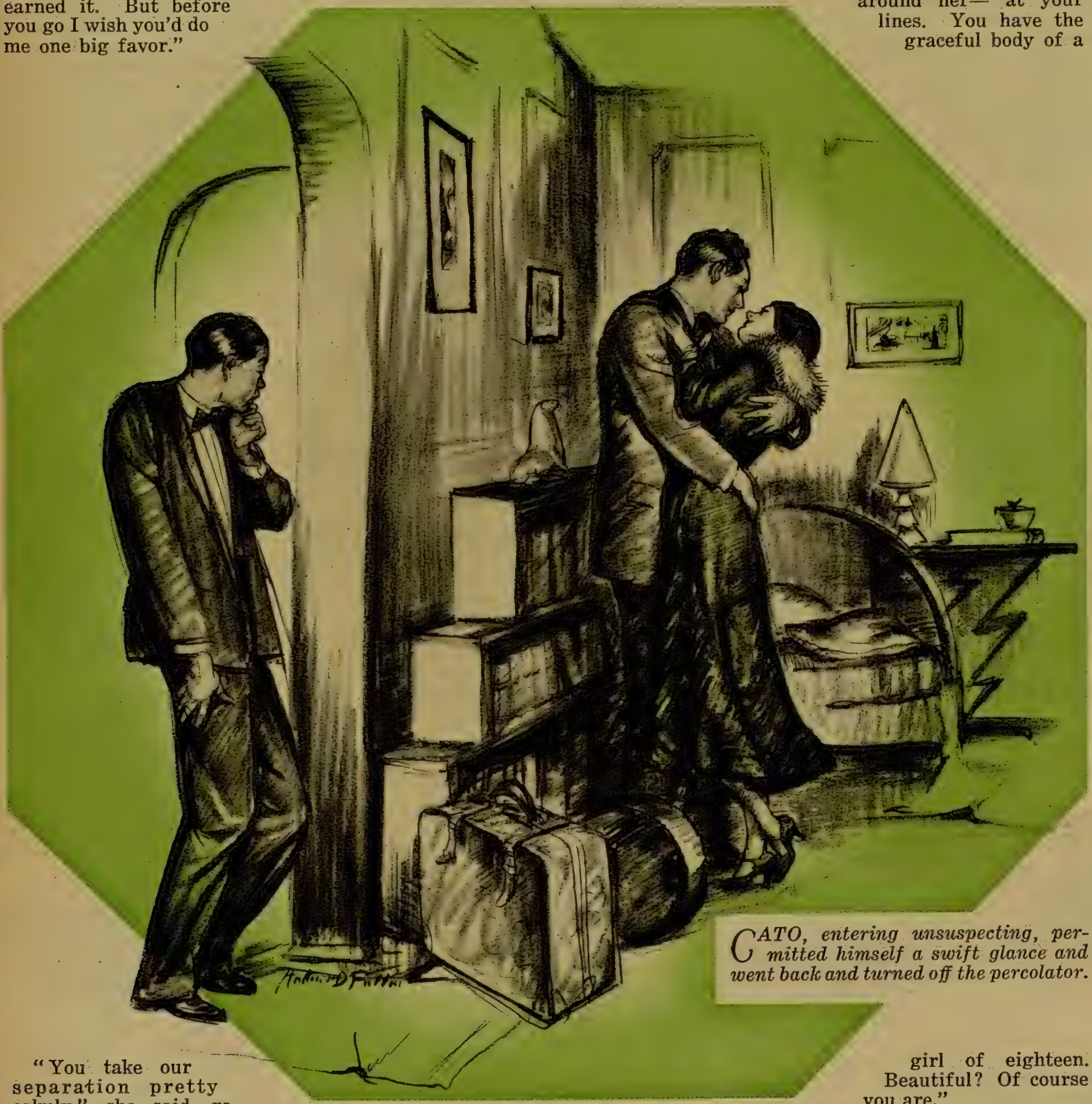
“If I hadn't kept after you night and day, you never would have come on to New York and so you never would have got into the real money. And all that time I was raising the children. And what do I get out of it? Well, I'll tell you what I'm going to get out of it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE LADIES! GOL DARN 'EM
Continued from page sixty-one

I'm going to get my freedom and enough alimony to keep myself and the children in comfort."

"All right," he soothed her. "You're mistaken about me, but if you feel that way I suppose it would be best for you to go. I promise you I'll give you everything you want. It's yours. You've earned it. But before you go I wish you'd do me one big favor."



CATO, entering unsuspecting, permitted himself a swift glance and went back and turned off the percolator.

"You take our separation pretty calmly," she said, regarding him with a sudden bitter suspicion. "I suppose you want to get free to marry this Nuit de Noël hussy. What's the big favor? Want me to be bridesmaid, or just write you a letter of recommendation?"

"I want you to pose once more for me before you go. I can't find a suitable model for a divorce story by Mabel Dredd. It calls for a beautiful and brilliant blonde. You know; lots of intelligence as well as beauty and shapeliness. I've looked over twenty models. They haven't got what I want. I was stumped until I found out tonight that the woman I've been dreaming for it is you."

She stood staring at him, the suspicion hardening in her eyes. Then under his steady impersonal gaze a slow blush grew and died away into a throbbing at her throat. "Dick," she said uncertainly, watching him, "you're either a devil or a darling. Do you really think I'm still beautiful?"

"What difference does what I think make?" he asked simply. "Look in your mirror. Look," he said—and pulled the negligée from around her—"at your lines. You have the graceful body of a girl of eighteen. Beautiful? Of course you are."

"If I am," she asked softly, "why haven't you appreciated it?"

"Because I've been a fool, I guess. I never knew how much you meant to me till now when you are leaving me."

"Oh, Dick, I really can't blame other women for being in love with you. I am."

"Then you'll pose these pictures for me? It won't take more than a week. Then you can go. I know you're fed up with me."

"I'm not! It's those damned other women. You seem to be born to woman trouble as the sparks fly upward. If I could only be sure you wouldn't have anything to do with them, you couldn't drive me away."

"Helen, you're a peach!" He held out his arms and she crept into them. "Really there aren't any other women, but if there were, I'd promise you on my word of honor that I will—would never have anything more to do with any of them."

He meant it. Whew! That was a close one. If he hadn't thought fast, she'd be on her way that day, she and the children. And he'd be lost. He'd have to break it off with Blanche right away. Invite her to lunch and do it. And he'd have to be more careful. Especially about those perfumes.

"I promise," he said down to her, "not to look at another woman except in line of business. Oh, Helen, you're wonderful!"

A POIGNANT sense of loss assailed him eleven hours later as he sat facing Blanche Stowell across the luncheon table in an old rendezvous of theirs, a little restaurant on Fiftieth Street. She was so immaculate and charming in her brown tweed suit and close-fitting little hat of the same color. Her eyes were so alive, her skin so clear, her mouth so tender when she smiled, her voice so soft. She was so obviously in love with him. He had a moment of sullen rebellion looking at her, watching the tiny lights dancing in her eyes, listening to her soft laughter. Why should he give her up? She was the salt of his existence. She was Romance. He always thought of roses and moonlit nights and a restless tide when he was with her. And a gentle, stirring fragrance. Nuit de Noël.

He shivered suddenly as he remembered the way Helen pronounced Nuit de Noël. If she ever knew he was with Blanche now— No. Much as he hated it, he would have to give Blanche up. He began to perspire. It was going to be hard. Awful! But Helen would make it harder for him if he didn't.

But Blanche, unexpectedly, made it easy for him. As the waiter served the coffee and departed, she leaned toward him.

"Now, Dick," she said, "what's this terrible news you're so afraid to give me? Out with it."

"Why— Well, I'll tell you, Blanche. Helen—that is—"

She straightened slowly back in her chair, watching him.

"I see." She nodded. "Helen knows about you and me and she's told you that unless you give me up she'll divorce you. Is that it?"

"No," he denied. "Not exactly. She doesn't know who you are, but she knows there is a woman. And—"

"But I'm right about the rest of it. Well, what are you going to do, Dick?"

"Why, I don't know, Blanche. You see—"

She was studying him through narrowed eyes, her face expressionless.

"Yes. I see." Her laugh was amused, but her mouth was drawn and there was pain in her eyes.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE VAST MAJORITY DEMANDS GILLETTE

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THE LADIES! GOL DARN 'EM
Continued from page sixty-three

"There can't be any question of the result in an issue between the wife and 'the other woman.' The wife always wins. That's in the cards."

"I'm—I'm awfully sorry, Blanche."

"Of course you are," she soothed him. "Sorry and safe. Never mind. I understand. Too well. I know you, Dick, better than you know yourself. So I'm going to give you some advice. Mind? No? All right, then. Here it is: Dick, don't you ever let your wife divorce you, because if you do, some wicked, designing woman is going to compromise and then marry you. You're just the type.

"There are thousands of you, Dick, married men who play the game with women from behind the protection of marriage. You have all the fun without too much danger. When a woman is foolish or unlucky enough to fall in love with one of you, you regretfully point out the obligation you owe your wife and family, and the woman has no comeback. But don't forget my warning. Don't get unmarried. Remember what happened to Humpty Dumpty."

"What has Humpty Dumpty got to do with it?"

"Why, don't you know what happened to Humpty Dumpty?

'Humpty Dumpty sat safe on a wall.
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
And all the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't give Humpty his safety again.'

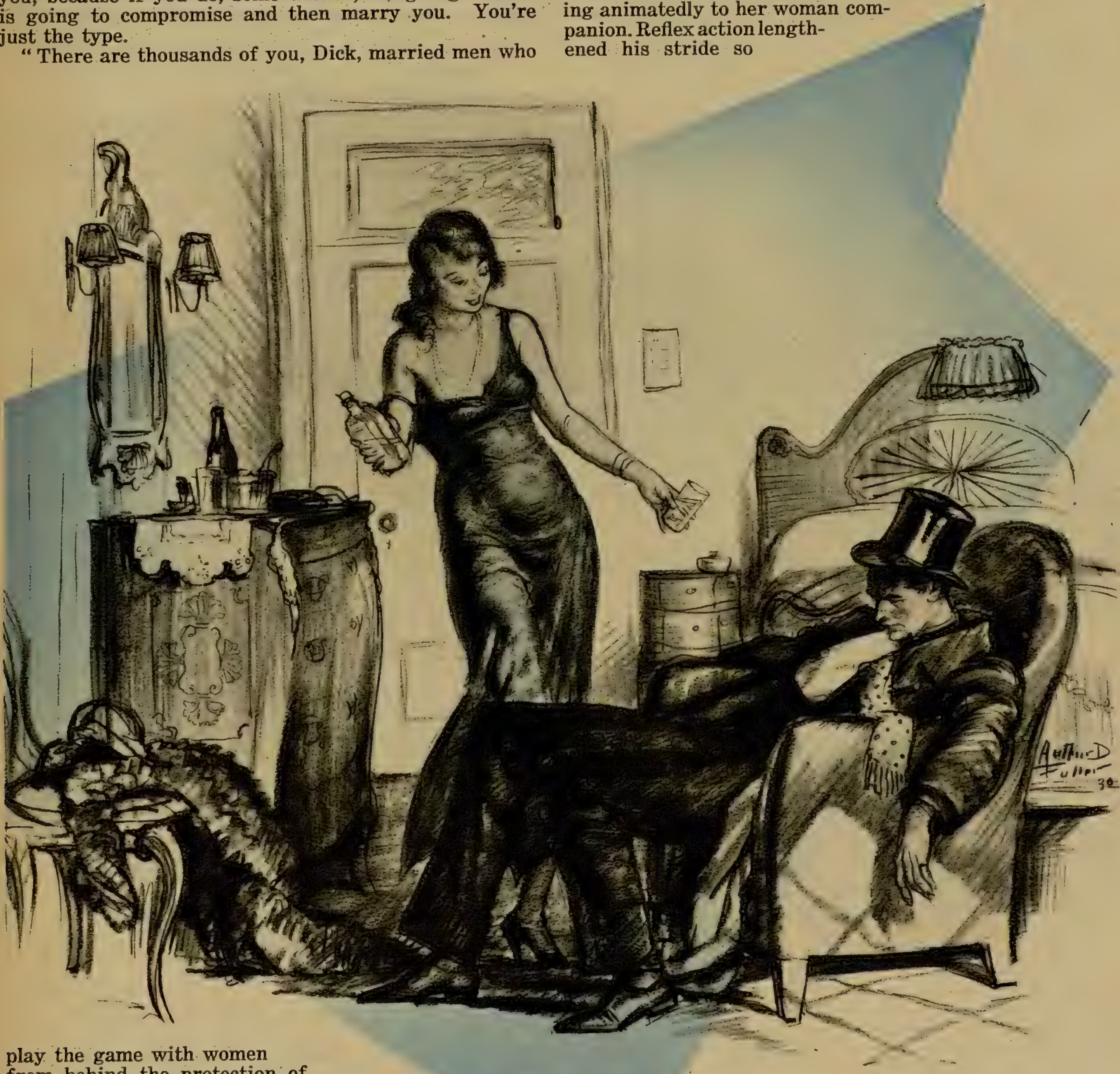
"Oh, Dick, pay the check and let's get out of here. I'm afraid I'm going to bawl."

He had never admired her so much as he did on that short walk through the crowded little restaurant toward the door. She was so game. Nobody looking at her amused smile and her bright eyes would ever guess that she had just been dealt a hard blow and was on the verge of tears. He had almost decided to let Helen go ahead and get her divorce so he could marry Blanche. And at that moment he saw his wife. She was seated at a side table facing directly toward the one he and Blanche had just left and she was talking animatedly to her woman companion. Reflex action lengthened his stride so that he was waiting for Blanche when she reached the door. He put her in a taxicab.

"Good-by, Dick." Her hand fell into his. "Be as good and as careful as you can. And be sure not to get divorced."

"'By," he said absent-mindedly. "I won't."

As he turned and walked swiftly away his mind was wholly occupied with Helen. Wonder if she'd seen him. Didn't seem to. She was too busy talking. But that



THE woman was standing beside him holding a bottle and a glass. "Want a drink, darling?" she asked.

was it. She was too busy to be natural. She could hardly have helped seeing him. And if she had, everything was off.

Never in twelve thousand years could he convince her that he was up there for the sole purpose of breaking off an affair. Wasn't that the damnedest luck? Here he'd gotten away with murder for years on Helen, and the first time he tried to do the right thing she catches him with all the appearances against him. Still, maybe she hadn't seen him. If she had, he'd hear from her. No use worrying about it.

But he couldn't help worrying. He couldn't think of anything else. Couldn't concentrate on his work. At three o'clock he called her up. And sighed with relief.

"Hello, there," she answered. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Thought I'd call you up to see how everything was."

"Everything's just fine. My, this is a surprise! Do you know, you haven't called me up for no reason at all in I don't know when. How are you getting along?"

"All right," he said. "Maybe I'll be home early tonight."

"Well—all right. Be a good boy till I see you again. And good-by."

HE spent the rest of the afternoon working intermittently and regretting his break with Blanche. That was the trouble with getting panicky. The break wasn't necessary. And he'd almost been caught in a compromising position when he was only trying to do a good deed. Maybe he could fix things up again with Blanche. What Helen didn't know wouldn't hurt her. And Blanche was a wonderful woman.

He got home a little after six o'clock that night. He was hungry, because he had eaten very little at lunch. There was nobody there. He called Helen and then Junior and then Grace. When nobody answered he walked through the rooms and came upon evidence of hasty packing. He found a note on the dresser. It read:

"You're so clever I'm afraid to bring up the children around you. They might grow up to be a confidence man or woman. I am taking them to mother while I get my divorce. It shouldn't take more than a week. I haven't any plans after that. You can sell the furniture and give me my share in alimony. Your dress clothes are in the children's closet and your studs in the upper right-hand drawer of the dresser. You need new socks. I was an awful fool to think you had reformed. A leopard cannot change his spots. The woman you were with today is quite pretty, but she looks deceitful to me. I hope you enjoy your freedom. I meant it this afternoon when I said good-by over the phone. HELEN."

He sat down, oppressed by a deep sense of injury. He would never forgive Helen for leaping to the wrong conclusion about seeing him with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Look closely at the picture— but more closely at the name

THE smart styles of these three swimming suits should mean much to anyone who plans to swim a stroke in 1931. The name "Spalding" in each suit should mean even more—it's the most assuring name *any* athletic garment can bear!

■ It means that 55 years' of experience in clothing the human body for play has gone into the design of the suit . . . that the special lively wool follows every movement like your own well-trained skin . . . that, even in the Sunback models, the straps will stay up on your shoulders as if they were sewn there . . . that the flattering fit stays flattering . . . that the buttons are unbreakable, the reinforcements deft, and the seams unobtrusive.

■ This year, know complete swimming-suit satisfaction. This year, invest in a Spalding Suit! $4.50 and $5.50 at Spalding Dealers and Spalding Stores. Or write, for a folder of the new 1931 styles, to A. G. Spalding & Bros., 105 Nassau St., N. Y. C.

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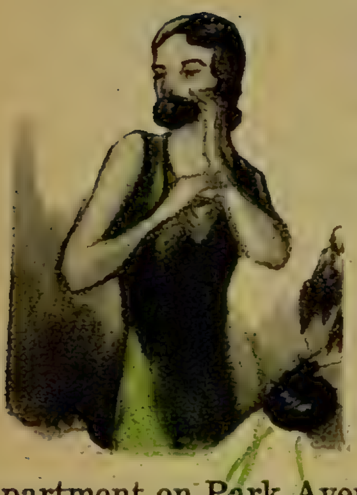
A. G. Spalding & Bros.

THE LADIES! GOL DARN 'EM
Continued from page sixty-five



Blanche. She couldn't love him like she said she did or she wouldn't distrust him so.

"MAN," said Dick Lowe to Chick Bannion with ponderous gravity as he carefully set down an empty highball glass on the table, "was not made to live alone. That's in the Bible, Chick, and the old boy who wrote it down sure knew his stuff."

They were sitting in Dick's apartment on Park Avenue, submitting to the ministrations of Dick's Jap servant. It was a little more than a year after the Nevada courts had granted Mrs. Helen Lowe a divorce and alimony from Richard Lowe, artist, on the grounds of mental cruelty.

"Well, you don't do a lot of it, do you?" Chick chuckled, watching the Jap fill the glasses. "You probably have the most complete list of telephone numbers in New York."

"It's obsolete now. Chick, women have lost all their kick for me. Funny thing! While I was married I was little old Don Casanova himself. But when Helen accused me wrongfully and walked out on me, I found they didn't mean a thing.

"I don't know what I'd have done if you hadn't been transferred to New York when you were. Showing you the town I learned the man's side of it: Madison Square Garden, the fights, the shows, golf—and the bootleggeries."

"Twelve thousand of them. And we've made about eleven thousand five hundred."

"This year I've had less to do with women than I ever had before. I've done more and better work. Doubled my income and my pictures are bringing better prices. I admit I've done more drinking too."

"You've done your share tonight. You're getting sentimental. Here's mud."

"Mud. No, I'm lonesome. I'd like a nice wife. Someone to confide in. And a home to go to."

"Someone to run out on, you mean. You never went home when you had one."

"I would if I had one now. I'd marry tomorrow if I could find the right one. But I've only known two women I'd give up my freedom for. One was my wife, my ex-wife, rather. And the other was a beautiful little brunette who loved me. Between the two of them they destroyed my faith in womanhood. One divorced me for no reason at all and the other walked out of a burning love affair with me to marry an Oklahoma oil man within two weeks. Women are all right, Chick, but you can't trust them. Too emotional."

With the Jap's tactful assistance, he finally got to bed. But his head was clear and he felt very sorry for himself. He bogged down at last into heavy slumber, to dream of a new wife who, somehow, was a combination of Helen and Blanche, preserving the best features of both.

AN insistent whirring jangle reached down to where he huddled in deep sleep. He cursed and tried to burrow down deeper, but a respectful hand tapping on his shoulder dragged him to reluctant wakefulness. The Jap stood in full sunlight by the bedside, the telephone in his hand.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "But there's a lady on the wire. Says she is your wife."

Dick took the telephone, visioning vague calamity.

"Hello," he said shakily. "Hello. That you, Helen?"

"Dick?" her clear voice came to him. "I'm sorry to have waked you."

"That's all right. Anything the matter? Where are you?"

"No. Nothing's the matter. I'm at the Grand Central. Dick, do be a darling and tell me which hotel to go to. ere are so many and I'm half asleep."

"Why, I don't know. Biltmore, Ritz— Look here, Helen, why don't you come up here? You haven't had breakfast, have you? Good! Have it with me. No, bring your bags with you. We'll find you a place later in the morning."

"Well— I don't know. Do you think it would be all right?"

"Don't be silly. This is New York. And I won't tell on you. You should be here in twenty, twenty-five minutes. So long. Cato, bring me a pick-me-up in the bathroom. And it will be breakfast for two." . . .

Their eyes slid past each other like rapiers in a duel of swift appraisal as she came into the living room, smiling uncertainly but happily.

She's changed, he thought. The harassed look is gone out of her eyes. I did that to her. She's put on a little weight. Made her lines more graceful. She's even prettier than I remembered. I'm going after her.

"Hello!" he welcomed, striding toward her with both hands outstretched. "You're not as nice as you were. You're nicer. Is a kiss for a poor discarded tramp too much to pay for a meal?"

He looks worn out, she thought. There's that twist in his lips that I've dreamed about ever since I left him. I think it's that which keeps women chasing him. That or his hair. Or his eyes. He's been drinking. And working too hard. He always did. I mustn't let him know how I love him.

"Well—" She hesitated. "I don't know. Do you think it would be all right?"

It started as a sedate and formal peck and it melted suddenly into a blind, primitive expression of their year-old hunger for each other. Cato, entering unsuspecting to announce that breakfast was served, permitted himself a swift glance and went back and turned off the percolator. These two would not eat for, maybe, a long time.

WATCHING her pour his coffee an hour later, Dick knew she was lovelier than she had been on their wedding day. More mature, more knowing, and more tolerant. She knew she would never leave him again, married or unmarried. How could two people become unmarried any more than a person could become unborn? And knowing this, she said:

"I must be going soon, dear. I want to get unpacked before I do some shopping. Which hotel do you recommend, Mr. Lowe?"

"You're staying here," he said shortly. "You got away from me once. You're not going to do it again."

"I suppose," she said, "that this is your indecent way of proposing an honorable marriage."

"It is," he admitted. "We'll get married when we get around to it. What's the hurry? We're as married as we would be by someone muttering some words over us." . . . .

A month later he began to notice women again. They were dressing more alluringly, he noticed one morning as he swung down Fifth Avenue on his way to the studio and felt his eyes climbing from a girl's ankles to her smiling eyes. The model, posing for his illustrations of an adventure story, had the devil in her eyes, smoldering behind their friendliness. He smiled back at her and then bent more industriously to his painting.

He wondered if she had a lover. He wondered where Blanche was and how she had taken marriage. He wondered how many telephone numbers in his notebook were still good. He wondered. He wished he could go to a party some place. He was the unregenerate husband of his pre-divorce days. "Rest," he told the model, and blocking in his background he reminded himself that he and Helen would have to get down to City Hall and take out their marriage license, though Helen didn't seem to worry. Women were strange. Maybe that's what made them wonderful. They were wonderful.

He'd like to step out. Without Helen. Nothing serious. Just a diversion. He needed it. He'd been working pretty steadily. And this picture finished his commissions. Chick Bannion stepped in with the answer to his prayer. Merta Devlin was giving a party at her studio that night. Would they go? They would.

IT was just another studio party. He watched men and women milling around and listened to voices pitched in every key. He was disappointed, but the liquor wasn't bad and Merta mixed a mean side-car. He had drunk quite a few when Merta introduced him to Bernice Bland as "the woman who always gets her man."

She was a woman in her forties and pathetically unwilling to look it. In her face were the smeared vestiges of a former beauty that must have been extraordinary. Her auburn hair had been disguised under countless seas of henna. Her eyes were slightly faded but still seeking. Her mouth was generous and given to laughter, but her chin was determined and strong. Her structure had been graceful, but now she bulged in the wrong places. And between her past beauty and her present lack of it her conversation strove to close the gap.

"Married?" she acknowledged the introduction.

"Well, yes," Dick admitted judiciously. "And again, no."

"That's the correct answer," she told him. "I've said 'Yes' three times. I never said 'No' in my life. I'm hunting a fourth husband."

"And you always get your man."

"Well, nearly always."

She amused him and her charm increased through a haze that deepened over both of them with every drink they took. She was a fascinating woman. Understood things. Make a fine wife. Vaguely he found himself talking to her earnestly in some still place to which the noise of the party came faintly. Then there was a blank space out of which he emerged to gravely consider her proposal that they "go over to Jersey and get married." He did not know what he decided because oblivion descended upon him like a mallet blow. . . .

He awoke to sunshine. He was in an easy-chair at an open window in a high building. Whoever had brought him here had not even taken off his hat and overcoat. He moved his eyes painfully to take in his surroundings. It was a hotel room. He stiffened as his gaze stopped at the bed.

A woman, her dress awry about her, sprawled upon it. Helen? No. A

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Hard Ways to End Fat

No longer necessary

Under old ideas, the ways of fighting excess fat were hard and slow, and very often harmful. Abnormal exercise and diet were required.

But science discovered, a few years ago, that a certain gland largely controlled nutrition. Its chief function is to help change food into fuel and energy. When it is defective—weak—too much food goes to fat.

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THE LADIES! GOL DARN 'EM
Continued from page sixty-seven

woman with hennaed hair which straggled about her waxy, pallid, oldish face. It was that Bernice woman. What was her last name? He went over and gently shook her. She smacked her lips and woke.

"Hello!" She grinned. "Well, how does it feel to be married again? I think it feels awful. There are some drinks on the dresser, Dick. Get one for me, will you? My head's splitting."

"Married!" He stared at her.

"Why, yes. Don't you remember going over to Hoboken and waking up a justice of the peace? You didn't act that drunk. Here, I'll get the drinks. You're as white as a sheet."

HE stumbled blindly back to the chair. Married! To that woman! Oh, my God! It couldn't be! He sat there staring blindly out into the sunshine. What was he going to do? What would Helen say? Then he remembered Blanche. Saw her sitting at the table, heard her voice:

"Dick, don't you ever get unmarried or some wicked, designing woman is going to compromise and marry you. There are thousands of you, Dick, married men who play the game with women behind the protection of marriage. Remember what happened to Humpty Dumpty.

"'Humpty Dumpty sat safe on a wall.
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
And all the king's horses and all
the king's men
Couldn't give Humpty his safety
again.'"

The woman was standing beside him holding a bottle and a glass.

"Want a drink, darling?" she asked.

He looked at her and shuddered and shut his eyes.

"Yes," he said. "And make it a big one. Fill it up to the top."

THE END

Alternate ending—the story goes right on.

The fiery liquor burned courage into him, but not enough of it to allow him to open his eyes. He couldn't bear the sight of her just yet. Take a little time. But he'd have to get used to seeing a lot of her. She was his wife. To him came the sound of an opening door, of the woman talking to someone:

"Hello, Chick. How did you and I get in the wrong rooms? I told the boy friend we were married and he's over there dying slowly, Egypt, dying. I didn't think he'd care for it this morning even though he was so passionate about it last night."

His eyes flew open and he was out of his chair, clutching Chick by both shoulders. "Is that true?" he said. "Aren't we married?"

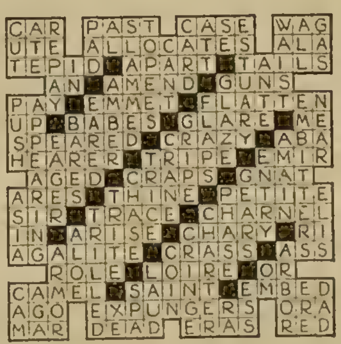
"No," Chick said, disgusted. "But you might have been. You sure had a marrying complex. You'd better fan out of here or you'll find Helen gone again." He was out the door, into the elevator, hailing a taxicab. Helen was pouring the coffee.

"Where were you all night?" she demanded. "Dick, I'm through. I won't stand—"

"You're wrong. You're just starting. I've just been through hell. We're going over to New Jersey and get married. Right now. We shouldn't be living this way. It isn't right. And it's damn' dangerous all around."

THE END

Editor's Note—Mr. McGuirk submitted his story in rather strange form, with two endings. We are printing both. If you don't approve this method, pardon us and Mr. McGuirk.



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 AGED■CRAPS■GNAT
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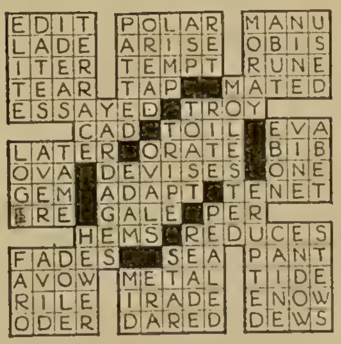
Answer to the puzzle on page 56



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   HEMS■REDUCES
FADES■■SEA PANT
AVOW METAL TIDE
RILE IRADE ENOW
ODER DARED DEWS
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Answer to the puzzle on page 57

Try Anything Once

A New For the Love o' Lil

IT was June, but Mrs. Smithers had just gotten around to spring house cleaning. Her dining-room rug was out on the lawn collecting dandelion down, and her parlor curtains were flapping over the porch rail, where the wind was wringing the necks of several peacocks in the wild green design.

This week's cover picture.

" Some year," Mrs. S. yelled above the noise of the vacuum cleaner, " we'll get through spring house cleaning before Labor Day. Then we can hang out a flag and the neighbors will think we're patriotic." She ran a finger over the top of a painting. " Don't forget the pictures," she said.

Tess was on her knees under the piano.

" Nosey dust hunter! " she mumbled. " You gimme a pain in me achin' housemaid's knee."

Mrs. S. had long ago given up listening when Tess mumbled. Something told her she'd be happier in ignorance. After all, couldn't she fry chops, stew tomatoes, and boil potatoes? Mrs. S. didn't care what her fat biddy said behind her back so long as she kept her nourished.

" After you've cleaned the parlor," she said, " fold up the curtains and put them in the third drawer of the hall closet, on top of Mr. Smithers' yachting pants. Then I'll come and help you switch the furniture around."

" Do what to the furniture? " Tess asked.

" Move it around," Mrs. S. laughed, " so things will look different." And she went to the pantry to read and to eat chocolate éclairs.

" Gee! " Gwendolyn shrieked as she came around the corner with Red Hancock. " Look at my dining-room rug gettin' aired on my front lawn! If I was a sissy, I'd sit right down on it and play with my sweet, adorable, cunning cutey-cutey dollies."

" Ladies love babies," Red said, " so girls oughter love dolls. Girls who don't love dolls—"

" Some ladies *hate* babies," she giggled, " an' I know one girl who *hates* dolls. But come on, let's quit the nursery gossip an' play in my garage. If my mother sees me in the street she'll make me carry in that rug, an' my arms are tired from writin' five-times-ten on the blackboard."

They sneaked around the side of the house as stealthily as two tramps with stolen chickens, and they tossed their schoolbooks into a dirty corner where they were obliged to associate with a greasy mop, a stiff paintbrush, and hard wads of chewed gum.

" If this was the old days," Red grumped as he sat down on a box, " we could take out a horse. I've never had reins in these two fists—but I'd try anything once. I'd try—"

" So would I," Gwen singsonged from the vicinity of a shelf filled with paint pots. " I'd try doin' a fancy waltz on snowshoes, or I'd—" She stopped.

" You'd what? " Red demanded.

" I'd try smoking! " she whispered, suddenly holding a pipe, matches, and a cigar under his nose.

It took a good many matches and a good many puffs to get their " smokes " going. Then tears came to their eyes; they coughed and they spat.

" This is a swell smoking party," Gwen said through the haze, " but my tongue feels like a balloon an'—an' I must've swallowed smoke. My stomach—"

" Quit talking about your stomach," Red groaned, dropping his cigar. " Mine feels worse."

And there they sat, dizzy, sick, and groggy, not caring who was who or what was what!

(Next week's cover adventure: Stilts)

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THE FLAVOR LASTS
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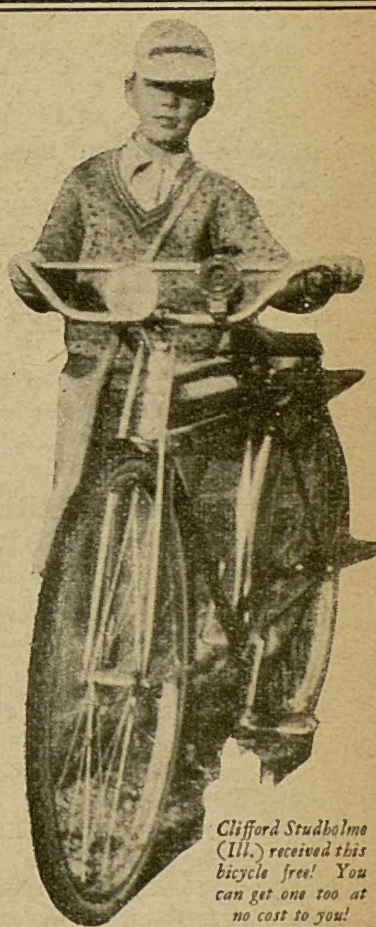
Good for the mouth

Good for the breath



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Get One *FREE!*

GEE, boys, you can't beat this chance to get a dandy bike free. Don't envy your friends who have good bikes. Own one yourself and enjoy the thrill of hitting the trail on real trips. You can make money every week besides. Just work in some of your spare time in your own neighborhood. No experience needed. Everything supplied by us. Thousands of boys are earning money every week and getting free prizes too. So can you! Send the coupon today and we will mail you our big catalog of free prizes and full details.

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who is a native of Baltimore, Maryland, where he was born thirty-nine years ago. In 1920 he was graduated from the University of Kentucky with the degree of Civil Engineer, and since then, with the exception of a period of six months, he has practiced his profession as a member of the engineering staff of the Texas and Pacific Railway Company. Mr. Fried lives at 1923 Hemphill Street, Fort Worth, Texas.

Here is the third group of awards. Another list, including the name of the winner of the fourth prize, will appear next week.

Winners of $25 Prizes

V. A. Allen, Mobile, Ala.; **Ora L. Baisley**, Dayton, O.; **Ralph J. Bishop**, Tacoma, Wash.; **Elizabeth Clark**, Findlay, O.; **R. L. Coe**, Nashville, Tenn.; **Victor Croley**, Rapid City, S. D.; **O. C. Custer**, Xenia, O.; **Paul H. Dow**, Cleveland, O.; **George F. Dutt**, Charleston, W. Va.; **Mrs. Emma Horton**, Hartford, Conn.; **June Iverson**, Salt Lake City, U.; **W. K. Kierulff**, Los Angeles, Calif.; **E. A. Kordick**, Cleveland, O.; **Colonel James E. McMahon**, Omaha, Neb.; **Marie May**, Egan, S. D.; **Ernest Mueller**, Los Angeles, Calif.; **Ruth G. Myers**, Marion, O.; **Mrs. F. O. Parrish**, Akron, O.; **Hugh W. Patterson**, Seattle, Wash.; **Fay Prater**, Millport, Ala.; **H. B. Rainey**, Knoxville, Tenn.; **D. A. Ripple**, San Mateo, Calif.; **Flora A. Ruggiero**, San Francisco, Calif.; **Mrs. H. E. Shackelford**, Marion, O.; **Earl Raymond Swallow**, Oakland, Calif.; **Theron T. Taylor**, San Francisco, Calif.; **Albert V. Uhls**, Spokane, Wash.; **C. M. West**, Seattle, Wash.; **E. C. Whelan**, Omaha, Neb.; **Charles M. Young**, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Winners of $10 Prizes

CONNECTICUT

New Haven—Francis T. Hannigan, Donald W. Wanderlee.

Hartford—John Jepeal, Philip A. Moles.

Bridgeport—Mrs. L. Atwater.

Waterbury—Helen King Allen, James C. Minnis.

Rest of State—Alton Adair, Stamford; Mildred Louise Benke, New Britain; Mrs. Robert H. Bennet, New Canaan; J. F. Jones, New Britain; Roy Millon, Meriden; Mrs. Genevieve Nevers, South Norwalk; Kenneth W. Sims, South Coventry; Helen Vincent, Greenwich.

DELAWARE

Wilmington—W. H. Grady, Ellwood A. Unger.

Rest of State—Stewart Hopkins, Newark.

OHIO

Cleveland—A. J. Albert, Glen Baird, Carl A. Bemman, Herbert Carter, Mrs. Leola B. Coe, A. J. Freeh, F. E. Gebhard, Ruth M. Harvey, Jane Hazlett, G. Jacobson, Jean Krupman, Margaret M. Lyons, Ralph McDonald, Sophie Marko, Frances Miklavcic, Egbert R. Morrison, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Peck, Dorothy L. Roberts, Eugene E. Sensel, Edith M. Stephens, William F. Well.

Cincinnati—John W. Bean, Mrs. Frank J. Boesken, Thomas L. Cheek, Freda Closs, F. E. Flach, Mrs. W. H. Kruse, Birdo Marsh, Edward Meyers, I. D. Mumby, Thomas O'Connell, Carl E. Smith, L. W. Spencer, Samuel E. VanLieu, Walter Ziegler.

Columbus—John T. Corrodi, Dr. W. K. Garrett, Erwin Kerscher, Chas. F. Lowe, Mrs. Lucille Rice, Ralph W. Soule, Charles W. Spicer, Eleanor B. Stephens.

Dayton—Carl Heer, Robert I. Moore.

Toledo—Ann M. Dixon, E. L. Pierson, Bernice Richards, Mrs. Joe H. Ringold.

Akron—Mrs. Allan D. Bower, Elmer J. Green, Mrs. C. E. Mankin.

Canton—J. W. Kasserman, Mrs. Frances M. Klingelsmith, Mrs. Wm. Kolp, James Miller, Wm. J. Rimmele.

Youngstown—Elizabeth B. Gaston, Virginia Lou Scullen, Mrs. Dorothy Walls.

Springfield—C. E. Clary, Thelma Harker, John W. Powers, Mrs. Earl F. Woodward, Edna Zerkle.

Rest of State—Mrs. George C. Artus, Lakewood; Jewell Bramhall, Zanesville; Mrs. H. W. Burnett, Washington Court House; Mrs. John A. Burnett, Hamilton; Mrs. Howard E. Camp, Wooster; Helen Carter, Bedford; Chas. E. Conwell, Xenia; Mrs. C. W. Cowan, Wilmington; Minor Davies, Venedocia; Mary E. Downum, Portsmouth; M. C. Herrick, Shaker Heights; Robert L. Janes, Jeffersonville; Carl Levering, Mt. Vernon; M. A. McCann, Uhrichsville; Ruth E. McFarland, Wapakoneta; Mrs. Frederick Metz, Leetonia; Everett Leroy Oakes, Lakewood; Francis A. Pliickebaum, Delaware; Mrs. Albert A. Schneider, Wapakoneta; George A. Shuster, Napoleon; Georgia Singer, Middletown; Warren H. Townsend, Mt. Healthy; Helen Elizabeth Wellman, Granville.

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City—Mrs. Edwin H. Barnes, Harry Nunn, W. R. Nunn, Mrs. J. R. Stanford.

Tulsa—O. D. Ellefson, M.D., Margaret Gooderham, Helen Shaffer, Nellie Jane Steins, E. A. Thoen, Juanita Williams.

Rest of State—W. C. Arnold, Okemah; Mrs. Dewey D. Meade, Chickasha; Mrs. Joe F. Terry, Claremore; Mrs. M. M. Turlington, Jr., Seminole; Willard Watson, Blackwell.

OREGON

Portland—Mrs. L. P. Buchanan, Eleanor Caspary, Leo J. de la Fontaine, Herman W. Erren, Charlotte Marie Graves, Kathleen H. Leckie, Mrs. C. L. Swain.

Rest of State—Leslie Fries, Forest Grove; Mabel Haggard, Eugene; Frank W. Keating, St. Helens; Mrs. Alger Ryan, Sherwood.

RHODE ISLAND

Providence—Alice G. Feely, Elizabeth A. Reichheld, Earl Russell Shepherd.

Rest of State—Gene A. Beaudet, Woonsocket; Jessie E. Doll, Pawtucket; G. C. Miller, Conimicut; Harry W. Tisdall, Newport.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Columbia—James S. Farr, Jr., Mrs. Jas. McMurtry.

Charleston—L. A. Riols.

Rest of State—J. E. Aughtry, Lyman; R. W. Coggeshall, Jr., Darlington; Mary Grace McLendon, Bennettsville; R. J. Wardlaw, Liberty Hill.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Lucy M. Condran, Mitchell; Mrs. E. D. Hoxsey, South Shore; Alice E. Lane, Custer; Margaret L. Lee, Platte; Virginia Reynolds, Aberdeen; Dr. W. J. Rivett, Aberdeen; Mrs. John B. Soldat, Sturgis.

TENNESSEE

Memphis—Lucille Dice, E. K. Hayley, Lucille H. Johnston, Margaret McCarthy, Gertrude Michel.

Nashville—Roy H. Smiley.

Chattanooga—Ruth Emerson, Clara Goodson, Helen B. Michel, Wallace Page.

Rest of State—Mrs. W. J. Bailey, Crossville; Mrs. T. N. Carruthers, Columbia; Carl H. Emmert, Bristol; Mrs. Mabel Hoffman, Jackson; Robert H. Logan, Old Hickory; Mrs. Edna Parrack, Knoxville; C. C. Reams, Lebanon; Louis M. Wellons, Grand Junction.

UTAH

Salt Lake City—Robert C. Earley, George F. Parker.

VERMONT

Mrs. Frances L. Bradley, Rutland; Amy L. Bulley, Bennington.

WASHINGTON

Seattle—William Corcoran, Irene E. Duddleston, M. P. Kerivan, Jack W. Kittrell, Lucile Merriott, Louise Hawley Noon, R. J. Reid, Mrs. E. H. Sargent, R. J. Seifert, Olive Stevens, T. S. Swanson.

Spokane—Joseph H. Boyd, Margaret Iris Price, Mrs. Hester Roberts, Arthur A. Weis.

Tacoma—Louise Betzold, Mrs. R. F. Graham,

Rest of State—Mrs. Russell J. Boyd, Yakima; Elsie M. Conrad, Aberdeen; Mrs. C. W. Deuter, Bellingham; Della Frances Engleking, Puyallup; F. W. Erickson, Aberdeen; Clara M. Grignon, Selah; Ada N. Swanson, Kelso.

There are many more winners to be announced. Watch for next week's list.

"Your services are no longer required"

Don't risk *your* job by offending with 'B.O.'

(Body Odor)

A GOOD JOB is worth hanging onto at all times. Nobody wants to risk dismissal. But are we always careful *enough?*

When business is slack, employers become more critical. Sometimes very little may turn the scales against us—especially if we let some personal fault like "B.O." (*body odor*) annoy those about us.

Take no chances!

Of course no one *means* to offend. But we're far too likely to trust to luck that we won't. "Surely I'd notice it myself if I did," we argue. All wrong! The offender is *always* the last to realize this fault, because we so quickly become used to an ever-present odor.

Yet pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily. Hotter weather increases the danger of offending. Play safe! Make Lifebuoy your toilet soap. Its creamy, refreshing, antiseptic lather penetrates and *purifies* pores—removes all odor. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you, "No danger of 'B.O.' now!"

Great for complexion

Massage face with Lifebuoy's gentle *deep-cleansing* lather once a day. It will free pores of clogged impurities—keep the skin fresh, clear, glowing with health. Women will find these simple Lifebuoy "facials" the finest of all beauty treatments.

Try Lifebuoy Free

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try it, send this ad. with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 446, Cambridge, Mass. Two full-sized cakes will be sent you without cost.

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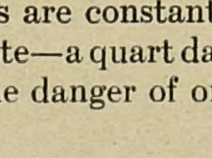

soothes
lubricates
and protects

GET IT TODAY AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S

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HEALTH SOAP

—stops body odor—

Feel *the difference* • **Hear** *the difference*

TASTE THE DIFFERENCE!

Like an oasis in the dusty desert of dried tobacco, the new Camel Humidor Pack brings you the joy of fine quality cigarettes in prime mild condition.

Now, wherever you go, you can always be sure of getting a *fresh,* throat-easy cigarette when you demand Camels.

It's easy to tell the difference. Your sense of touch detects it as you roll a cigarette between your fingers. Dry tobacco is stiff and crumbly. Camels are full bodied and pliant.

Even your ear can tell the difference. For a dried out cigarette crackles when you roll it.

But the real test is taste and taste is causing a great nation-wide switch of men and women alike to Camels in the scientific new Humidor Pack.

As you draw in that fragrant, mild, cool smoke, redolent with the luxury of fine Turkish and mellow Domestic leaves, only then do you realize the full importance of this new Humidor Pack.

For scorched or dried tobacco is brash and tasteless and its smoke is unkindly hot to the tongue and throat.

If you are a Camel smoker you have already noticed the improvement the new Humidor Pack makes in this your favorite cigarette.

If you don't smoke Camels, try them for just one day to see how much you're missing. After you've known the mildness and joy of a really *fresh* cigarette, switch back if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

Smoke a fresh cigarette
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TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
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Smoke a fresh cigarette
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CAMELS

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